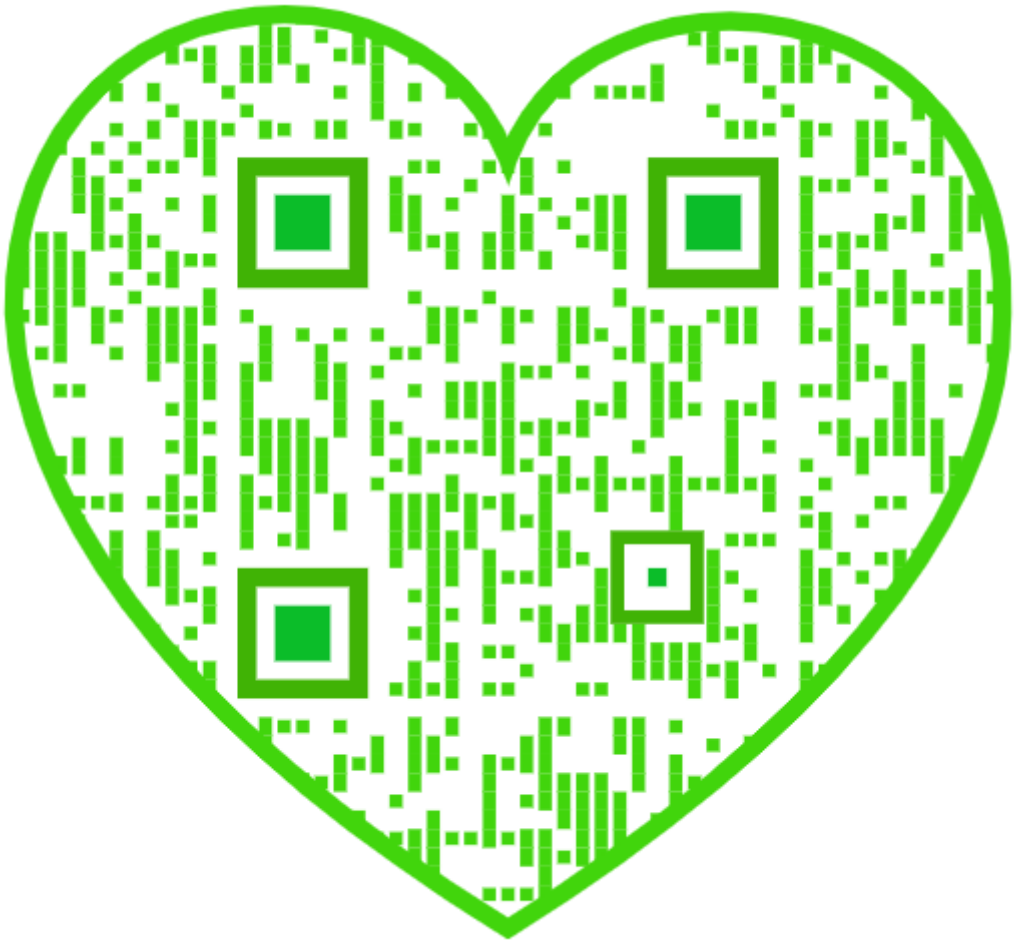

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WITH

RULES FOR READING,

AND

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION, DEFINING, ETC.

Revised and Improved

By Wm. H. McGUFFEY, LL. D.

REVISED STEREOTYPE EDITION

PUBLISHERS

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PREFACE.

This volume treads in the steps of its predecessors, as far as principle is concerned. The chief difference between this and the "Third Eclectic Reader" is, that the rules are more specific; the exemplifications more numerous; the list of errors in pronunciation and articulation more extended; and the questions more copious, embracing a wider range, and requiring a more vigorous exercise of thought. The mind of the pupil is presumed to have expanded, as he advanced through the preceding numbers of the "Series." In this book, therefore, he is to expect that higher claims will be made upon his powers of thought, both in the character of the lessons, and in the questions appended to them.

The lessons are of a higher grade than in the preceding volumes. The author, however, ventures to predict, that if any of them shall be found unintelligible to the younger classes of readers, it will not be those of the highest character for thought and diction, and especially in the selections from poetry. Nothing is so difficult to be understood as nonsense. Nothing is so clear and easy to comprehend as the simplicity of wisdom.

By the questions, all the pupil knows, and, sometimes more, will be put in requisition. This will not be unpleasant to those whose minds are sufficiently active and vigorous, to take delight in new efforts, and fresh acquisitions. It may even happen that some of the questions can not be answered by the *instructor*. Still, there is nothing which an intelligent teacher of a "common school" might not be expected to learn, or easily acquire. Nothing is so well taught as what has been recently learned. It is, however, the wish of the author, to incite the teacher to the adoption of the interrogative method *orally*, rather than confine him to the printed questions.

From no source has the author drawn more copiously than from the Sacred Scriptures. For this certainly he apprehends no censure. In a Christian country, that man is to be pitied, who, at this day, can honestly object to imbuing the minds of youth with the language and spirit of the word of God. Among the selections from the Bible are some elegant specimens of sacred poetry, as arranged by Bishop Jebb and Dr. Coit.

To the present remodeled and enlarged edition, are added an introductory article on reading; definitions of the more difficult words in each lesson, in which the proper pronunciation is indicated and the part of speech denoted by the usual abbreviations; a notation, to a considerable extent, of the proper inflection and emphasis, together with questions, and explanations of the same; and *grammatical questions*. To the latter the attention of the teacher is especially invited, as they form a very important and valuable feature of the work. No teacher is aware, until he tries it, how far the study of grammar and that of reading may be united, with decided advantage to both.

The exercises on Articulation placed between the lessons, are also, in this edition, very much enlarged and considerably varied.

With regard to the general plan of this series, as it has met so universally the approbation of intelligent critics, it needs here no explanation or defense.

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DIRECTIONS FOR READING.

SECTION I.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

The great object to be accomplished in reading as a rhetorical exercise is, to convey to the hearer, fully and clearly, the ideas and feelings of the writer. In order to do this, it is necessary that the reader should himself thoroughly understand those sentiments and feelings. This is an essential point. It is true, he may pronounce the words as traced upon the page, and, if they are audibly and distinctly uttered, they will be heard, and in some degree understood, and, in this way, a general and feeble idea of the author's meaning may be obtained.

Ideas received in this manner, however, bear the same resemblance to the reality, that the dead body does to the living spirit. There is no soul in them. The author is stripped of all the grace and beauty of life, of all the expression and feeling which constitute the soul of his subject, and it may admit of a doubt, whether this fashion of reading is superior to the ancient symbolic or hieroglyphic style of communicating ideas.

At all events, it is very certain, that such readers, with every conceivable grace of manner, with the most perfect melody of voice, and with all other advantages combined, can never attain the true standard of excellence in this accomplishment. The golden rule here is, that the reader must *be in earnest*. The sentiments and feelings of the author whose language he is reading, must be infused into his own breast, and then, and not till then, is he qualified to express them.

In accordance with this view, a preliminary rule of importance is the following.

Rule.—Before attempting to read a lesson, the learner should make himself fully acquainted with the subject, as treated of in that lesson, and endeavor to make his own, the feelings and sentiments of the writer.

For this purpose, every lesson should be well studied beforehand, and no scholar should be permitted to *attempt* to read any thing, which he can not easily understand. When he has thus identified

himself with the author, he has the substance of all rules in his own breast. It is by going to nature that we find rules. The child or the savage orator, never mistakes in inflection, or emphasis, or modulation. The best speakers and readers are those who follow the impulse of nature as felt in their own hearts, or most closely imitate it as observed in others. As the first and most important step, then, let the reader or speaker enter deeply into the feelings and sentiments, which he is about to express in the language of another. This direction is placed at the threshold of this subject, because the prevailing fault in reading is listlessness and dullness, and the principal cause of this fault, is want of interest in the subject which is or ought to be before the mind.

The directions which follow upon the subject of reading, are derived from observing the manner in which the best and most natural speakers and readers express themselves, and are presented to the learner as a standard for imitation, and by which he may judge of his deficiencies and departure from nature, and correct himself accordingly.

QUESTIONS.—What is the chief design of reading? In order to do this, what is first necessary? If a person reads without understanding the subject, what is the consequence? What method of communicating ideas was used in ancient times? When is a person qualified to read well? Repeat the rule For the purpose of being able to observe this rule, what must be done? From whence are all rules derived? Why is the direction, given in the rule, placed here?

SECTION II.

ARTICULATION.

THE subject, first in order and in importance, requiring attention, is ARTICULATION. And here, it is taken for granted, that the reader is able to pronounce each word at sight, so that there may be no hesitating or repeating; that he has been taught to read with a proper degree of deliberation, so that there may be no confusion of sounds; and that he has learned to read exactly what is written, leaving out no words and introducing none. The object to be accomplished, under this head, may be expressed by the following general direction.

Give to each letter (except silent letters), to each syllable, and to each word its full, distinct, and appropriate utterance.

For the purpose of avoiding the more common errors under this head, it is necessary to observe the following rules.

RULE I.—Avoid the omission or improper sound of unaccented vowels, whether they form a syllable or part of a syllable; as,

Sep'-rate for sep-*a*-rate; met-ri-c'l for met-ric-*al*; 'pear for *ap*-pear; com-p'tent for com-*pe*-tent; pr'-cede for pre-cede; 'spe-cial for *es*-pe-cial; ev'-dent for ev-*i*-dent; moun-t'n for mount-*ain*); (pro. *mount-in*); mem'ry for mem-*o*-ry; 'pin-ion for *o*-pin-ion; pr'pose for pro-pose; gran'lar for gran-*u*-lar; par-tic'lar for par-tic-*u*-lar.

In the above instances the unaccented vowel is omitted; it may also be improperly sounded as in the following examples; viz.,

Sep-*er*-ate for sep-*a*-rate; met-ric-*ul* for met-ric-*al*; *up*-pear for *ap*-pear; com-*per*-tent for com-*pe*-tent; d*um*-mand for de-mand; ob-st*ur*-nate for ob-st*i*-nate; mem-*er*-y for mem-*o*-ry; *up*-pin-ion for *o*-pin-ion; *rup*-pose for pro-pose; gra-*ny*-lar for gran-*u*-lar; par-ti-*cr*-lar for par-tic-*u*-lar.

In correcting errors of the above kind, or of any kind, in words of more than one syllable, it is very important to avoid a fault which is the natural consequence of an effort to articulate correctly. Thus, in endeavoring to sound correctly the *a* in *met'-ric-al*, the pupil is very apt to say *met-ric-al'*, accenting the last syllable instead of the first. In correcting the sound of *o*, in *pro-pose'*, he will perhaps pronounce it *pro'-pose*. This change of the accent, and all undue stress upon the unaccented syllable, should be carefully avoided.

RULE II.—Guard particularly against the omission, or the feeble sound of the terminating consonant.

Upon a full and correct sound of the consonants, depends very much, distinctness of utterance. The following are examples of the fault referred to in the rule; viz.,

An' or un for an*d*; ban' for ban*d*; moun' for moun*d*; mor-nin' for morn-in*g*; dess for des*k*; mos' for mos*que*; near-es' for near-es*t*; wep' for wep*t*; ob-jec' for ob-jec*t*; &c.

This omission is still more likely to take place, where several consonants come together; as,

Thrus' for thrus*ts*; beace for beas*ts*; thinks' for thinks*t*; weps' for wept'*st*; harms' for harms*t*; wrongs' for wrong*d'st*; twinkles' for twinkl'*d'st*; black'ns' for black'n'*d'st*, &c.

In all cases of this kind, these sounds are omitted, in the first instance, merely because they are difficult, and require care and attention for their utterance, although, after a while, it becomes a

matter of habit. The only remedy is, to devote *that care and attention*, which may be necessary. There is no other difficulty, unless there should be a defect in the organs of speech, which does not often happen.

RULE III.—Avoid uniting into one word, syllables which belong to different words.

This fault, when united with that last mentioned, forms perhaps the most fruitful source of error in articulation. The following lines furnish an example.

Here — res-e-zed upon th'lapper verth,
A youth tofor turnan tofa munknown,
Fairsci ensfrow noton ezum blebirth,
Unmel anchol emark dimfor erown.

With some difficulty these lines may be deciphered to mean as follows:

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Very full EXERCISES and directions for practice in ARTICULATION, may be found in the Eclectic Second and Third Readers of this series, to which it is supposed the reader has already paid some attention. In every reading lesson, this subject should receive its appropriate attention. Between the lessons in this book, also, are examples, constituting a series of exercises upon difficult combinations, and upon vowel sounds, which, it is believed, will be found of great utility, and to which the learner is directed for practice.

The teacher will recollect, that in correcting a fault, there is always danger of erring in the opposite extreme. Now, properly speaking, there is no danger of learning to articulate *too distinctly*, but there *is* danger of contracting a habit of *drawling*, and of pronouncing unimportant words with too much prominence. This should be carefully guarded against. It is a childish fault, but is not always confined to children.

QUESTIONS.—What subject is first in importance to the reader? Repeat the general direction. Repeat the first rule. Give some examples in which the vowel is left out. Give some in which it is improperly sounded. In correcting these errors, what fault is it necessary to guard against? What is the second rule? Give examples. When is the omission still more likely to take place? Give examples. What is the cause of this defect? What is the remedy? Is there often any defect in the organs of speech? What is the third rule? Illustrate it by an example. What kind of exercises are adapted for improvement in articulation? What error must be guarded against?

SECTION III.

TONES.

If any one will notice closely a sentence as uttered in private conversation, he will observe, that scarcely two successive words are pronounced in exactly the same tone. At the same time, however, there is a certain pitch or key, which seems, on the whole, to prevail. This *key note* or governing note, as it may be called, is that upon which the voice most frequently dwells, to which it usually returns when wearied, and upon which a sentence generally commences, and very frequently ends, while, at the same time, there is a considerable play of the voice above and below it.

This note may be high or low. It varies in different individuals, and at different times in the same individual, being governed by the nature of the subject, and the emotions of the speaker. The range of the voice above and below this note, is called its *compass*. When the speaker is animated, this range is great; but upon abstract subjects, and with a dull, lifeless speaker, it is small. If, in reading or speaking, too high a note be chosen, the lungs will soon become wearied; if too low a pitch be selected, there is danger of indistinctness of utterance; and, in either case, there is less room for variety of tone, than if one be taken between the two extremes.

On this point, let the following rule be observed.

Rule I.—The reader or speaker should choose that pitch, in which he can feel himself most at ease, and above and below which he may have most room for variation.

Having chosen the proper key note, he should beware of confining himself to it. This constitutes *monotony*, one of the greatest faults in elocution. One very important instrument for giving expression and life to thought, is thus lost, and the hearer soon becomes wearied and disgusted.

There is another fault of nearly equal magnitude, and of very frequent occurrence. This consists in varying the tones without any rule or guide. In cases of this kind, there seems to be a desire to cultivate variety of tone, without a knowledge of the

principles upon which it should be done. Sometimes, also, there is a kind of regular variation, but still not connected with the sense A sentence is commenced with vehemence, and in a high tone, and the voice gradually sinks, word by word, until, the breath being spent, and the lungs exhausted, it dies away at the close in a whisper.

The habit of *sing-song*, so common in reading poetry, as it is a variation of tone without reference to the sense, is a species of the fault above mentioned.

If the reader or speaker is guided by the *sense*, and if he gives that *emphasis*, *inflection*, and *expression*, required by the *meaning*, these faults will speedily disappear.

The tones of the voice should vary, also, in *quantity* or *expression*, according to the nature of the subject. We notice, very plainly, a difference between the soft, insinuating tones of persuasion; the full, strong voice of command and decision; the harsh, irregular, and sometimes grating explosion of the sounds of passion; the plaintive notes of sorrow and pity; and the equable and unimpassioned flow of words in argumentative style. In dialogue, common sense teaches, that the manner and tones of the supposed speaker should be imitated. In all varieties of style, this is equally proper, for the reader is but repeating the language of another, and the full meaning of this can not be conveyed, unless uttered with that expression which we may suppose the author would have given to it, or in other words, which the subject itself demands.

The following direction, upon this point, is worthy of attention.

RULE II.—The tones of the voice should always correspond with the nature of the subject.

If the following extracts are all read in the same tone and manner, and then read again with the expression appropriate to each, the importance of this point can not fail to be, at once, perceived.

"Come back! come back!" he cries with grief,
"Across the stormy water,
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.

A very great portion of this globe is covered with water, which is called the sea, and is very distinct from rivers and lakes.

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me?" he said;
"An't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!

"E'en in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

In our attempt to imitate nature it is important to avoid *affectation*, for, to this fault, even perfect monotony is preferable.

To improve the voice in all these respects, practice is necessary. To increase its *compass* or range of notes, commence, for example, with the lowest pitch the voice can comfortably sound, and repeat whole paragraphs and pages upon that key. Then rise one note higher, and practice on that, in the same way, then another, and so on, until the highest pitch of the voice is reached. The *strength* of the voice may be increased in the same way, by practicing with different degrees of *loudness*, from a whisper to full rotundity, taking care to keep the voice on the *same key*. The same note in music may be sounded *loud* or *soft*. So, also, a sentence may be pronounced on the same pitch with different degrees of loudness. Having practiced with different degrees of loudness on one key, make the same experiment on another, and then on another, and so on. It will be found, that the voice is capable of being changed and improved by exercise and practice to a much greater degree than is generally supposed.

QUESTIONS.—What is meant by the key note? Is this the same at all times, and in all individuals? What circumstances cause it to differ? What is meant by compass of voice? Under what circumstances is this range great? When is it small? If too high a key note be selected, what is the consequence? If the note be too low, what danger is there? What is the rule on this subject? What is monotony? What are the evils arising from this fault? What other faults of tone are mentioned? What manner of reading poetry is mentioned? How are these faults to be corrected? What is said with regard to varying the tones in quality or expression? What is said of the reading of dialogues, &c.? Repeat the second Rule. What must be guarded against in attempts to imitate nature? How may the voice be improved in compass? How, in strength?

SECTION IV.

INFLECTIONS.

I. NATURE OF INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS are slides of the voice upward or downward. Of these there are two. One is called the *rising inflection*, in which the voice slides upward, and is marked thus (′); as, Did you walk′? The other is called the *falling inflection*, in which the voice slides downward, and is marked thus (‵); as, I did not walk‵. They are both exhibited in the following question: Did you walk′, or did you ride‵? In pronouncing the word *walk′* in this question, the voice slides upward. On the contrary, the voice slides downward, in pronouncing the word *ride‵*. This is sometimes exhibited in the following way of writing the words: Did you *walk* or *ride*? It is important that these inflections should be familiar to the ear of the learner. In the following questions, the first member has the *rising*, and the second member, the *falling inflection*.

Is he sick′, or is he well‵?
Is he young′, or is he old‵?
Is he rich′, or is he poor‵?
Did you say valor′, or value‵?
Did you say statute′, or statue‵?
Did he act properly′, or improperly‵?*

In the following answers to these questions, the inflections are used in a contrary order, the first member terminating with the *falling*, and the second, with the *rising inflection*.

He is well‵, not sick′.
He is young‵, not old′.
He is rich‵, not poor′.
I said value‵, not valor′.
I said statue‵, not statute′.
He acted properly‵, not improperly′.

These slides of the voice are sometimes very slight, so as to be scarcely perceptible, but at other times, when the words are

* These questions and similar ones, with their answers, should be repeatedly pronounced with their proper inflections, until the distinction between the rising and falling inflection is well understood and easily made by the learner. He will be assisted in this, by emphasizing strongly the word inflected; thus, Did you *ride* or did you *walk*?

pronounced in an animated tone, and strongly emphasized, the voice passes upward or downward, through several notes. This will readily be perceived, by pronouncing the above questions or answers with a strong emphasis.

QUESTIONS.—What are inflections? How does the voice slide in the rising inflection? How, in the falling? Explain their use in the question given as an example. Explain the different inflections, in the questions, commencing with, "Is he sick', or is he well\?" Explain them, in the answers to these questions. Are these inflections always very plainly perceived? When are they most readily perceived?

II. FALLING INFLECTION.

RULE I.—The falling inflection is generally proper, wherever the sense is complete; as,

Truth is more wonderful than fiction\.
Men generally die as they live\.
By industry we obtain wealth\.

The falling of the voice at the close of a sentence is sometimes called a cadence, and properly speaking, there is a slight difference between it and the falling inflection, but for all practical purposes they may be considered as one and the same. It is of some importance, and requires attention to be able to close a sentence gracefully. The ear, however, is the best guide on this point.

Parts of a sentence often make complete sense in themselves, and in this case, unless qualified or restrained by the succeeding clause, or unless the contrary is indicated by some other principle, the falling inflection takes place, according to the rule; as,

Truth is wonderful\, even more so than fiction\.

Men generally die as they live\, and by their lives we must judge of their character\.

By industry we obtain wealth\, and persevering exertion will seldom be unrewarded\.

Exception.—When a sentence concludes with a negative clause, or with a contrast or comparison, (called also antithesis), the first member of which requires the falling inflection, it must close with the rising inflection. See Rule VI, and 2§, Note. Examples:

No one desires to be thought a fool/.
I come to bury\ Cæsar, not to praise/ him.
If we care not for others\, we ought at least to respect ourselves/.
He lives in England\, not in France/.

In bearing testimony to the general character of a man we say

He is too honorable′ to be guilty of a vile act\.

But if he is accused of some act of baseness, a contrast is, at once, instituted between his character and the specified act, and we change the inflections, and say,

He is too *honorable*\ to be guilty of such′ an act.

A man may say, in general terms,

I am too busy′ for projects\.

But if he is urged to embark in some particular enterprise, he will change the inflections, and say,

I am too *busy*\ for projects′.

In such cases, as the falling inflection is required in the former part, by the principle of contrast and emphasis, (as will hereafter be more fully explained,) the sentence necessarily closes with the *rising inflection.*

Sometimes also, emphasis alone seems to require the rising inflection on the concluding word. See exception to Rule II.

Remark.—As a sentence generally ends with the falling inflection, harmony and variety of sound seem to require, that the *last but one* should be the *rising inflection.* Such, in fact, is the very common custom of speakers, even though this part of the sentence, where the rising inflections would fall, should form complete sense. This principle may, therefore, be considered as sometimes giving authority for exception to the rule. This may be illustrated by the following sentence. If read according to the Rule, it would be inflected thus:

Hearken to thy father who hath cherished\ thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old\.

If read in accordance with the principle above stated, it would be inflected thus:

Hearken to thy father who hath cherished′ thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old\.

If the two words only, "cherished" and "old" are inflected the latter perhaps would be the correct reading, but let the word "mother" be also inflected, and the two principles no longer conflict with each other. It would then be read as follows:

Hearken to thy Father who hath cherished\ thee, and despise not thy mother′ when she is old\.

In many cases, however, it may be necessary that one or the other of these principles should give way. Which of them should yield, in any given case, must depend upon the construction of the sentence, the nature of the style and subject, and often, upon the taste of the speaker.

RULE II.—Language which demands strong emphasis, generally requires the falling inflection.

Under this head may be specified the following particulare:

1§. Command, or urgent entreaty; as,

Begone\,
Run\ to your houses, fall\ upon your knees.
Pray\ to the Gods to intermit the plagues.
Answer\ me, to what I ask you.
O save\ me, Hubert\, save\ me; my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

2§. Exclamation, especially when indicating strong emotion; as,

Oh, ye Gods\! ye Gods\! must I endure all this?
Hark\! hark\! the horrid sound
Hath raised up his head.
A present deity\! they shout around,
A present deity\! the vaulted roofs rebound.

For remarks on the interrogatory exclamation, see Rule V, Note.

3§. In a series of words or members, where each particular is specified with some degree of emphasis, if it be a *commencing series*, the falling inflection is proper at each word or member, except the *last*, which must have the rising inflection; if it be a *concluding series*, the falling inflection is given to each word or member, except the *last but one*, which requires the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES OF COMMENCING SERIES.

Wine\, beauty\, music\, pomp′, are poor expedients to heave off the load of an hour from the heir of eternity\.

Absalom's beauty\, Jonathan's love\, David's valor\, Solomon's wisdom\, the patience of Job\, the prudence of Augustus\, the eloquence of Cicero\, and the intelligence of all′, though faintly amiable in the creature, are found in immense perfection in the Creator\.

I conjure you by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you came to know it,) answer me;
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches\; though the yeasty waves

Confound and swallow navigation\ up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down\;
Though castles topple on their warder's heads\;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations\; though the treasures
Of nature's germens tumble altogether\,
Even till destruction sicken'; answer me
To what I ask\ you.

Such series as the above, whether in the beginning or middle of a sentence, if they do not conclude the sentence, are called *commencing series.* If, however, they close the sentence, they are called *concluding series.*

EXAMPLES OF CONCLUDING SERIES.

They passed o'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp;
Rocks\, caves\, lakes\, fens\, bogs\, dens', and shades of death\

They, through faith, subdued kingdoms\, wrought righteousness\, obtained promises\, stopped the mouths of lions\, quenched the violence of fire\, escaped the edge of the sword\, out of weakness were made strong\, waxed valiant in fight', turned to flight the armies of aliens\.

NOTE.—When the emphasis on these words or members, is not marked, they take the rising inflection, according to Rule IV; as,

They are the offspring of restlessness', vanity', and idleness\.
Love', hope', and joy' took possession of his breast.

4 §. When words, which naturally take the rising inflection, become emphatic by repetition or any other cause, they often take the falling inflection. For examples, see Exceptions to Rules IV. and V.

Exception to the Rule.—While the tendency of emphasis is decidedly to the use of the *falling inflection,* sometimes a word to which the falling inflection naturally belongs, when it becomes emphatic, changes this for the rising inflection; as,

Three thousand ducats\, 't is a good round *sum'.*
It is useless to point out the beauties of nature to one who is *blind'*

Here *sum* and *blind,* according to Rule I, would take the falling inflection, but as they are emphatic, and the object of emphasis is to draw attention to the word emphasized, this is here accomplished, in part, by giving an unusual inflection. Some speakers would give these words the circumflex, but it would be the *rising* circumflex, so that the sound would still terminate with the rising inflection.

RULE III.—Questions, which *can not* be answered by *yes* or *no*, together with their answers, generally require the falling inflection; as,

Where has he gone\`?	Ans. To New York\`.
What has he done\`?	Ans. Nothing\`.
Who did this\`?	Ans. I know not\`.
When did he go\`?	Ans. Yesterday\`.

NOTE.—If these questions are repeated, the inflection is changed, according to the principle stated under the Exception to Rule II; as,

Where did you say he had gone′?
When did he go′?

QUESTIONS.—What is the first rule for the use of the falling inflection? Give an example. When this occurs at the close of a sentence, what is it called? What is said about the manner of closing a sentence? What is the best guide on this point? Where else may the sense be complete? What inflection must be used in this case? Give an example. What is the exception to the first rule? Give an example. What is antithesis? What is the substance of the remark? Explain the example. Repeat the second rule. What is the first particular under this rule? Give an example. What is the second particular? Give an example. What is the third head under this rule? What is a commencing series? What is a concluding series? Give examples. Repeat the note, and give the examples under it. What is the fourth head under this rule? Repeat the exception. Give the examples. What is supposed to be the reason of the exception? Repeat the third rule for the use of the falling inflection. If these questions are repeated, what inflection is used?

III. RISING INFLECTION.

As the completeness of the sense forms the first rule for the use of the falling inflection, so the converse of that principle forms a guide for the use of the rising inflection, and may be expressed thus:

RULE IV.—Where a pause is rendered proper by the meaning, and the sense is incomplete, the rising inflection is generally required; as,

To endure slander and abuse with meekness′, requires no ordinary degree of self-command\`.

Night coming on′, both armies retired from the field of battle\`.
As a dog returneth to his vomit′, so a fool returneth to his folly\`.

The person or object addressed, comes under this head; as,

Fathers′! we once again are met in council.
My lords′! and gentlemen′! we have arrived at an awful crisis.
Age′! thou art shamed.
Rome′! thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

Exception.—Where a word, which, according to this rule, requires the rising inflection, becomes emphatic, it generally must have the falling inflection, according to Rule II; as,

When we aim at a high standard, if we do not *attain*\ it, we shall secure a high degree of excellence.

Those who mingle with the vicious, if they do not become *depraved*\, will lose all delicacy of feeling.

So also, when a child addresses his father, he first says, Father′! but if he repeats it emphatically, he changes the inflection, and says, Father′! Father′!

NOTE.—The principle of this rule will be found to apply especially to the last pause before a cadence, as that is generally the most interesting point of suspension. See examples under Rule II, 3§. Harmony of sound, also, seems to require the rising inflection at this place, even when other reasons would indicate the contrary. See Rule I, Remarks.

RULE V.—Questions which *may* be answered by *yes* or *no*, generally require the *rising*, and their answers the *falling inflection;* as,

Has he arrived′? Yes\.
Will he return′? No\.
Does the law condemn him′? It does not\.

Exception.—If these questions are repeated emphatically, they take the falling inflection, according to Rule II; as,

Has he arrived\?
Will he return\?

NOTE.—When a word or sentence is repeated as a kind of interrogatory exclamation, the rising inflection is used, according to the principle of this Rule; as,

You ask, who would venture\ in such a cause? Who would *venture′!* Rather say, who would not\ venture all things for such an object?

He is called the friend\ of virtue. The *friend′!* ay! the enthusiastic lover\, the devoted protector\, rather.

So, also, when one receives unexpected information, he exclaims, ah′! indeed′!

In the above examples, the words "venture," "friend," "ah," &c., may be considered as interrogatory exclamations, because, if the sense were carried out, it would be in the form of question; as, "Do you ask who would *venture'?*" "Do you say that he is the *friend'* of virtue?" "Is it possible'?" and thus, they would receive the rising inflection according to this rule.

QUESTIONS.—Repeat Rule IV. Of what rule is this the converse or opposite? Give some of the examples under this rule. What inflection has the person addressed? Give examples. Give the exception to Rule IV, and examples. To what does the principle of this rule especially apply? Repeat the exception. Repeat Rule V Give examples. Repeat the note, and explain the examples.

IV. BOTH INFLECTIONS.

RULE VI.—The different members of a sentence expressing comparison, or contrast, or negation and affirmation, or where the parts are united by *or* used disjunctively, require different inflections; generally the *rising inflection* in the *first* member, and the *falling inflection* in the *second* member. This order is, however, sometimes inverted.

1§. Comparison and contrast. This is also called antithesis.

EXAMPLES.

By all things approving ourselves the ministers of God; by honor′, and dishonor\; by evil′ report, and good\ report; as deceivers′, and yet true\; as unknown′, and yet well\ known; as dying′, and behold we live\; as chastened′, and not killed\; as sorrowful′, yet always rejoicing\; as poor′, yet making many rich\; as having nothing′, and yet possessing all\ things.

Europe was one great battlefield, where the weak struggled for freedom′, and the strong for dominion\. The king was without power′, and the nobles, without principle\. They were tyrants at home′, and robbers abroad\.

Negation and affirmation.

EXAMPLES.

He desired not to injure′ his friend, but to protect\ him.
We desire not your money′, but yourselves\.
I did not say a better′ soldier, but an elder\.

If the affirmative clause comes first, the order of the inflections is inverted; as,

He desired to protect\ his friend, not to injure/ him.
We desire yourselves\, not your money/.
I said an elder\ soldier, not a better/.

The affirmative clause is sometimes understood; as,

We desire not your money/.
I did not say a better/ soldier.
The region beyond the grave, is not a solitary/ land.

In most negative sentences standing alone, the corresponding affirmative is understood; hence the following

NOTE.—Negative sentences, whether alone or connected with an affirmative clause, generally end with the rising inflection.

If such sentences are repeated emphatically, they take the falling inflection, according to Rule II; as,

We do *not*\ desire your money.
I did *not*\ say a better soldier.

3 §. *Or* used disjunctively.

EXAMPLES.

Did he behave properly/, or improperly\?
Are they living/, or dead\?
Is he rich/, or poor\.

Does God, having made his creatures, take no further/ care of them, or does he preserve, and guide\ them?

NOTE.—Where *or* is used conjunctively, this rule does not apply; as,

Will the law of kindness/ or of justice/ justify such conduct/?

QUESTIONS.—What is the Rule VI? What is the first head unde this rule? Give an example. What is the second head? Give examples If the affirmative clause comes first, in what order are the inflections used? Give examples. Is either clause ever omitted? Repeat the note. If sentences requiring the rising inflection are repeated emphatically, what inflections are used? What is the third head under this rule? Give examples. Repeat the note.

V. CIRCUMFLEX.

THE circumflex is a union of the rising and falling inflections upon the same sound. Properly speaking, there are two of these, the one called the rising circumflex, in which the voice slides *down* and then *up;* and the other, the falling circumflex, in which the

voice slides *upward* and then *downward* on the same vowel. They may both be denoted by the same mark; thus (^). The circumflex is used chiefly to indicate the emphasis of irony, or of contrast, or of hypothesis.

Queen. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.
Hamlet. Madam, yôu have my father much offended.

This is the emphasis of contrast. The queen had poisoned her husband, of which she incorrectly supposed her son ignorant, and she blames him for treating his father-in-law with disrespect. In his reply, Hamlet contrasts her deep crime with his own slight offense, and the circumflex upon *yôu*, becomes proper.

They offer us their protec`tion. Yes`, sûch protection, as vûltures give to lâmbs, côvering and devôuring them.

Here the emphasis is ironical. The Spaniards pretended, that they would protect the Peruvians, if they would submit to them, whereas, it was evident, that they merely desired to plunder and destroy them. Thus their protection is ironically called *sûch* protection as *vûltures* give to *lâmbs*, &c.

I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel; but when the parties met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*; as, if you said sô, then I said sô; O ho! did you say sô? So they shook hands and were sworn brothers.

In this example, the word "so" is used hypothetically, that is, it implies a condition or supposition. It will be observed that the rising circumflex is used in the first "so," and the falling, in the second, because the first "so" must end with the rising inflection, and the second, with the falling inflection, according to previous rules.

QUESTIONS.—What inflections are united to form the circumflex? Explain the two kinds of circumflex. What does the circumflex indicate? Give an example in which it is used to indicate the emphasis of contrast, and explain it. Explain the one in which the emphasis of irony is illustrated. Give the last example and explain it.

VI. MONOTONE.

WHEN no word in a sentence is inflected, it is said to be read in a *monotone;* that is, in nearly the same tone throughout. This uniformity of tone is occasionally adopted, and is fitted to express solemnity or sublimity of idea, and sometimes intensity of feeling. It is used, also, when the whole sentence or phrase

is emphatic. In books of elocution, when it is marked at all, it is generally marked thus (—), as in the fourth line following.

Hence! loathed Melancholy!
Where brooding darkness spreads her jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ēbon shādes and lōw-brōwed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian darkness ever dwell.

QUESTIONS.—When is a sentence said to be read in a monotone? When is the monotone appropriate? Which line in the example is to be read in this way? Why?

SECTION V.

ACCENT

IN every word, which contains more than one syllable, one of the syllables is pronounced with a somewhat greater stress of voice, than the others; as, *love'*-ly, where this stress is on the first syllable; and, re-*turn'*, where it is on the last syllable. This syllable is said to be *accented.* The accented syllable is distinguished by this mark (′), the same which is used in inflections.

In most cases, custom is the only guide for placing the accent on one syllable rather than another. Sometimes, however, the same word is differently accented, in order to mark its different meanings; as,

Con'-jure, to practice enchantments, and	con-*jure'*, to entreat.
Gal'-lant, brave.	gal-*lant'*, a gay fellow.
Au'-gust, a month.	au-*gust'*, grand, &c.

A number of words, also, have their accent on one syllable when verbs or adjectives, and on another, when nouns; as,

Sub'-ject,	the noun; and	to sub-*ject'*,	the verb.
Pres'-ent,	"	to pre-*sent'*,	"
Con'-duct,	"	to con-*duct'*,	"
Ob'-ject,	"	to ob-*ject'*,	" &c.

QUESTIONS.—When is a syllable said to be accented? Give an example. How is the accented syllable marked? What is generally the guide for placing the accent? When is the same word differently accented? Give an example under each head.

SECTION VI.

EMPHASIS.

THAT stress of voice which marks the accent, when increased, forms EMPHASIS. A word is said to be *emphasized*, when it is uttered with a greater stress of voice, than the other words with which it is connected. This increased stress is, generally, not upon the whole word, but only upon the accented syllable. The object of emphasis is, to attract particular attention to the word upon which it is placed, indicating, that the idea to be conveyed, depends very much upon that word. This object, as just stated, is generally accomplished by increasing the force of utterance, but sometimes, also, other methods are used, as, for instance, a change in the inflection, the use of the monotone, or by uttering the words in a very low or whispering tone. Emphatic words are often denoted by italics, and a still stronger emphasis, by capitals. Emphasis constitutes the most important feature in reading and speaking, and, properly applied, gives life and character to language. Accent, inflection, and, indeed, every thing yields to emphasis. The inflections, especially, are auxiliary to it. In the article on that subject, it has already been observed, how often they yield to emphasis, or are used to enforce it. In the following examples, it will be seen that accent, in like manner, is governed by it.

What is done, can not be *un*done.
There is a difference between *giv*ing and *for*giving.
He that *de*scended is the same that *as*cended.

Some appear to make very little difference detween *de*cency and *in*decency, *mo*rality and *im*morality, *re*ligion and *ir*religion.

There is no better illustration of the nature and importance of emphasis, than the following example, which is substantially the same with one given by Blair, and which has been often quoted. It will be observed that the meaning and proper answer of the question varies with each change of the emphasis.

Did *you* walk into the city yesterday? Ans. No, my *brother* went.
Did you *walk* into the city yesterday? Ans. No, I *rode*.
Did you walk into the *city* yesterday? Ans. No, I went into the *country*.
Did you walk into the city *yesterday?* Ans. No, I went the day *before*.

I. ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

SOMETIMES a word is emphasized simply to indicate the importance of the idea. This is called ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

The following are examples:

To *arms!* they *come!* the *Greek!* the *Greek!*
STRIKE—till the last armed foe expires,
STRIKE—for your altars and your fires,
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires,
GOD—and your native land.

Woe unto you PHARISEES! HYPOCRITES!

Days, *months*, *years*, and *ages*, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll.

In instances like the last, it is sometimes called the *emphasis of specification.*

II. RELATIVE EMPHASIS.

WORDS are often emphasized, in order to exhibit the idea they express, as compared or contrasted with some other idea. This is called RELATIVE EMPHASIS. The following are examples:

It is much better to be *injured*, than to *injure.*
They fight for plunder, *we*, for our country.
Homer was the greater genius, *Virgil*, the better artist.

This is sometimes carried through several sets or pairs of antithesis, or contrasted words; as,

A *friend* can not be *known* in *prosperity;* an *enemy* can not be *hidden* in *adversity.*
They follow an *adventurer* whom they *fear; we* serve a *monarch* whom we *love.*

In many instances one part only of the antithesis is expressed, the corresponding idea being understood; as,

A *friendly* eye would never see such faults.

Here the *unfriendly* eye is understood.

King Henry exclaims, while vainly endeavoring to compose himself to rest,

How many *thousands* of my *subjects* are at this hour *asleep.*

Here the emphatic words *thousands*, *subjects*, and *asleep* are contrasted in idea with their opposites, and if the contrasted ideas were expressed, it would be done something in this way:

While *I alone*, their *sovereign*, am doomed to *wakefulness.*

III. EMPHATIC PHRASE.

SOMETIMES, several words in succession are emphasized. The following are examples.

Shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but of the Alps themselves—shall I compare myself with this HALF—YEAR—CAPTAIN?

Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the LAST TEN YEARS.

> And if thou said'st, I am not peer
> To any lord in Scotland here,
> Lowland or Highland, far or near,
> Lord Angus—THOU—HAST—LIED!

IV. EMPHATIC PAUSE.

AN emphatic expression of sentiment often requires a pause, where the grammatical construction authorizes none. This is sometimes called the rhetorical pause. Such pauses occur, chiefly, before or after an emphatic word or phrase, and sometimes both before and after it. Their object is, to attract attention to the emphatic idea, or to give the mind time to dwell upon it, and thus increase the impression. Examples:

> Rise—fellow men! our country—yet remains!
> By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
> And swear *for her—to live—with her—to die.*

> But *most*—by numbers judge the poet's song;
> And smooth or rough, with them is—*right* or *wrong.*

> He said; then full before their sight
> Produced the beast, and lo!—*'t was white.*

QUESTIONS.—When is a word said to be emphasized? Upon what part of the word is the increased stress placed? What is the object of emphasis? In what other way, than the one just mentioned, can this be accomplished? How are emphatic words marked? What is said of the importance of emphasis? What other things yield to emphasis? Give some examples in which accent yields to it. What is *absolute emphasis?* Give examples. What is meant by *relative emphasis?* Give the examples, and show the words contrasted. Give the examples, in which the emphasis is carried through several *sets* of contrasted words, and point out which words are opposed to each other. Is the idea corresponding to the emphatic word ever left out? Explain the two last examples under this head, and show what is the idea opposed to *friendly,* in the one, and what are opposed to *thousands, subjects,* and *asleep,* in the other. What is meant by the *emphatic phrase?* Give the examples. What do you understand by the *emphatic pause?* Where does it occur? What is its object? Give examples.

SECTION VII.

POETIC PAUSES.

In poetry, we have three sets of pauses, viz., grammatical pauses, rhetorical pauses, which two are common to poetry and prose, and poetic pauses, which are peculiar to poetry. The object of these latter is simply to promote the melody.

At the end of each line, a *slight* pause is *generally* proper, whatever be the grammatical construction or the sense. The purpose of this is, to make prominent the melody of the measure, and, in rhyme, to allow the ear to appreciate the harmony of the similar sounds.

There is, also, another important pause, somewhere near the middle of each line, which is called the *cesura*, or *cesural pause*. In the following lines it is marked thus,

There are hours long departed—which memory brings,
Like blossoms of Eden—to twine round the heart,
And as time rushes by—on the might of his wings,
They may darken awhile—but they never depart.

The cesural pause should never be so placed as to injure the sense. The following lines, if melody alone were consulted, would be read thus,

With fruitless la—bor, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch—the gushing wound;
The Monk with un—availing cares,
Exhausted all—the churches prayers.

This manner of reading, however, it will be readily perceived, would very much interfere with the proper expression of the idea. This is to be corrected, by making the cesural pause yield to the sense. The melody is not injured by this, as much as might be supposed. The above lines should be read thus,

With fruitless labor—Clara bound,
And strove to stanch—the gushing wound;
The Monk—with unavailing cares,
Exhausted—all the churches prayers.

Sometimes, where the sense requires it, *two* cesural pauses may be made instead of one, as in some of the following lines:

Soldier, rest!—thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep—that knows not breaking;
Dream—of battle fields—no more,
Days of danger—nights of waking.

"Ah, wretch!"—in wild anguish—he cried,
"From country—and liberty—torn!
Ah, Maratan!—would thou hadst died,
Ere o'er the salt waves—thou wert borne."

In lines like the following, three cesural pauses are proper The first and last are slight, and are sometimes called demi cesuras.

Our bugles–sang truce—for the night cloud–had lowered,
And the sentinel stars—set their watch–in the sky;
And thousands–had sunk—on the ground–overpowered;
The weary–to sleep—and the wounded–to die.

QUESTIONS.—How many kinds of pauses are used in poetry? Which of them are common to both poetry and prose? Which is used in poetry alone? What is the object of this latter kind of pauses? Where is a *slight* pause generally proper? What is its object? What other pause in poetry is used? What is it called? Point it out in the example. What caution is given with regard to its use? Explain this by the example given in the lines "With fruitless labor," &c. When may there be two cesural pauses? When there are three, what are the first and last called?

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION AND EMPHASIS.

In these examples, the words to be inflected and emphasized have the appropriate mark, and the principles applicable to them are explained by reference to the proper rule.

ON THE DEATH OF FRANKLIN.

(*To be read in a solemn tone.*)

Franklin is DEAD‘. The genius who freed *America'*, and poured a copious stream of knowledge throughout *Europe'*, is returned unto the bosom of the *Divinity‘*. The sage to whom *two worlds'* lay claim, the man for whom *science'* and *politics'* are disputing, indisputably enjoyed an elevated rank in human nature.

The cabinets of princes have been long in the habit of notifying the death of those who were *great'*, only in their *funeral orations‘*. Long hath the etiquette of *courts'*, proclaimed the mourning of *hypocrisy‘*. *Nations'* should wear mourning for none but their *benefactors‘*. The *representatives'* of nations should recommend to public homage', only *those* who have been the heroes of *humanity‘*.

All the inflections in the above extract are explained by Rules I and IV, SEC. IV.

BONAPARTE.

He knew no *motive'* but *interest‘*; acknowledged no *criterion* but *success‘*; he worshiped no *God'* but *ambition‘*, and with an

eastern devotion' he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry`. Subsidiary to this, there was no *creed'* that he did not *profess`*, there was no *opinion* that he did not *promulgate`;* in the hope of a *dynasty'*, he upheld the *crescent`;* for the sake of a *divorce'*, he bowed before the *cross`;* the *orphan* of *St. Louis'*, he became the adopted *child* of the *republic`;* and with a parricidal ingratitude', on the ruins both of the *throne* and the *tribune'*, he reared the throne of his *despotism`*.

At his touch', *crowns' crumbled`; beggars' reigned`; systems vanished`;* the *wildest theories'* took the color of his *whim`;* and all that was *venerable`*, and all that was *novel'*, changed places with the rapidity of a *drama`*. *Nature* had no *obstacle'* that he did not *surmount`; space* no *opposition'* he did not *spurn`;* and whether amid *Alpine rocks`*,—*Arabian sands`*,—or *Polar snows'*,—he seemed *proof`* against *peril'*, and empowered with *ubiquity`*.

The inflections in the above extract are chiefly explained by the principle of antithesis and series. Rules VI and II, 3¾, Sec. IV.

HAMLET'S REFLECTIONS ON SEEING THE SKULL OF YORICK.

Alas! poor Yorick`![1] I knew him, *well`*,[2] Horatio';[3] a fellow of infinite jest',[4] of most excellent fancy`.[2] He hath borne me on his back',[3] a thousand times`;[2] and *now'*,[3] how abhorred in my imagination is this skull`![2] My gorge rises` at it.[2] Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft`.[2] Where are your gibes`,[6] *nôw?** your *gambols`?*[5] your *songs`?*[5] your flashes of *merriment`*,[5] that were wont to set the table in a roar`?[5] Not *one'*,[6] now, to mock your grinning'?[6] quite *chopfallen'?*[6] Now get you to my lady's chamber`,[8] and tell her',[3] if she paint *an inch thick`*,[7] yet to this favor'[3] will she come at last`.[2]

[1]Sec. IV, Rule II, 2¾. [2]Rule I. [3]Rule IV. [4]Rule I, Remark. [5]Rule III. **Now* is contrasted with the past, and the circumflex is proper. [6]Rule V. [7]Rule IV, Exception or Rule II, 4¾. [8]Rule II, 1¾

EXTRACT FROM A DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD

Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew'[1]
With wavering flight`,[2] while *fiercer* grew
Around',[1] the battle yell .[2]
The border slogan rent the sky`,[2]
A *Home`!*[3] a *Gordon`!*[3] was the cry`;[2]
Loud'[1] were the clanging blows`;[2]
Advanced',[4]—forced back`,[4]—now low'[4]—now high'[4]
The pennon sunk'[4]—and rose`;[4]
As bends the bark's mast in the gale',[1]
When rent are rigging`,[6] shrouds`,[5] and sail ,[8]
It wavered 'mid the foes`.[2]

The war',[1] that for a space did fail',[1]
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale\',[2]
And'[1]—*Stanley\!*'[3] was the cry\';[2]
A light on Marmion's visage spread',[6]
And fired his glazing eye\':[2]—
With dying hand',[1] above his head',[1]
He shook the fragment of his blade',[6]
And shouted',[1]—"*Victory\!*'[3]
Charge\',[7] Chester',[1] *charge*\!'[7] *On*\',[7] Stanley ,[1] *on*\!'[7]"—
Were the last words of Marmion.[2]

[1]SEC. IV, Rule IV. [2]Rule I. [3]Rule II, 2§. [4]Rule VI, 1§. [5]Rule II, 3§. [6]Rule I, Remark. [7]Rule II, 1§.

SHYLOCK'S REPLY TO ANTONIO.

Seignor Antonio',[1] many a time',[1] and oft',[1]
In the Rialto, you have *rated*'[1] me
About my *moneys*\',[2] and my *usances*\':[2]
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug\';[2]
For *sufferance*'[1]—is the badge of all our tribe.
You called me'[1]—*misbeliever*\'[2]—*cut-throat dog*\',[2]
And SPIT'[3]—upon my Jewish gaberdine\';[2]
And all for use of that which is my *own*\'.[2]
Well\',[8] then\',[8] it *now*'[1] appears you need my *help*\'.[2]
Go to, then\',[8] you come to me',[1] and you say',[1]
"Shylock', we would have *moneys*\'."[2] *You*[4] say so ,[3]
You,[4] that did void your rheum upon my beard\',[2]
And *foot*'[3] me, as you spurn a stranger *cur*'[3]
Over your threshold\'.[2] *Mônеys*[4] is your suit\'.[2]
What should I say\' to you?[5] Should I not say',[6]
Hath a *dôg*[4]—*môney*?[4]—is it possible',[6]
A CUR[4]—can lend three thousand ducats'?[6] or',[1]
Shall I bend *low*\',[9] and in a bondman's key',[1]
With bated breath',[1] and whispering *humbleness*',[1]
Say *this*\?[9]
"Fair sir'[1] you *spit*\'[7] on me, on Wednesday last',[1]
You *spurned*'[7] me, such a day';[1] another time'[1]
You called me'[1]—*dog*\';[7] and for *these*—*coûrtesies*,[4]
I 'll lend you thus much—*moneys*\'.[2]?"

[1]SEC. IV, Rule IV. [2]Rule I. [3]Rule IV, Exception, and Rule II, 4§. [4]Circumflex, because his present request is *contrasted* with his former abuse. Dôg, cûr, and coûrtesies are also used ironically [5]Rule III. [6]Rule V. [7]Rule II, or I. The order is inverted. The regular order would be thus: "*On Wednesday last', you spit*\ *on me.*" "*On such a day', you spurned*\ *me.*" [8]Rule II, 2§. These phrases have the nature of exclamation. [9]Rule VI, 3§.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

To read with an appropriate tone, to pronounce every syllable properly and distinctly, and to observe the pauses, are the three most difficult points to be gained in making good readers. These points will require constant attention throughout the whole course of instruction upon this subject. Such other directions for reading, and such general rules as are considered of practical utility, will be found in the Introductory Article, and preceding the several lessons.

If teachers will classify with reference to particular defects, it will much abridge the labor of teaching. Let all who read in a low voice, be put in one class; all who pronounce indistinctly, in another; and those who read too fast, in a third class, and let especial attention be paid to each of these faults. If pupils are required to criticise each other's reading, and go toward the head of the class as they correct faults, it sustains interest in the exercise, and makes them more careful in reading.

But while one thing should be prominently attended to at a time, many things may be joined collaterally, if proper pains be taken. Let a class be called to read. The teacher requires the pupil to pay particular attention to *emphasis*. But he may, at the same time, direct them to stand at different distances while they read the lessons; and thus secure a proper attention to force or loudness of utterance. Let the teacher sometimes place his class as far from his desk as the room will permit, and require the lesson to be read in a suppressed tone, but so distinctly as to be audible throughout the room; and in this way he will most effectually secure distinct articulation.

But this book is designed for other purposes than merely to teach the pupil to read. The selections have been made with constant reference to the improvement of the *mind*, as well as to the cultivation of the voice. Many of these lessons require thought, and an extensive range of reading, in order to be appreciated, and before they can be comprehended. Let the *teacher* then, as well as the pupils, study the lessons. Let him require, that the substance of what has been read, be continuously narrated by the pupils, *without* recurrence to the book. Let him direct that this be *written down* with no other appliances at hand than pen, ink, and paper. Let each pupil be so situated, that he can derive no assistance from his fellow pupil; and then let the narratives, both oral and written, be the subject of severe but candid criticism by the teacher and the other pupils, as to the style, pronunciation, grammar, and penmanship.

Let the teacher sometimes read aloud a lesson to his class, having previously removed every means of taking *notes* while he reads; and then let him require each pupil, within a given, but sufficient time, to render in writing, but from recollection, an abstract of what he has read. This exercise improves the attention, practices the pen, gives fluency of expression, and a readiness of employing the ideas gained in reading, as capital of our own; and will be found very interesting to the pupils, and improving in a greater variety of ways, than many other highly approved methods of recitation.

FOURTH READER.

LESSON I.

The EXERCISES in ARTICULATION are, in this edition, placed *between* the lessons instead of *before* them, as in former editions.

The COMMON ERRORS in articulation and pronunciation are *prefixed* to the lessons instead of *following* them.

The WORDS to be SPELLED and DEFINED, which in former editions were added at the close of each lesson, are here merely marked † in the body of the lesson. See "†practice" and "†occupation" in the first paragraph of this Reading Lesson.

The lessons themselves, are in no respect changed, so that this book can be used, without the least difficulty, with former editions.

PRONOUNCE correctly the following words found in this lesson.—Oc-cu-pa-tion, not *oc-ky-pa-tion:* list-en-ed, pro. *lis'n'd:* cel-lar, not *sul-ler:* op-po-site, not *op-per-site:* half-penny, pro. *hap-pen-ny* or *ha-pen-ny.*

WORDS TO BE SPELLED AND DEFINED.

3. Re-du'-ced, *p.* brought to poverty.
4. Vi'-o-late, *v.* to break, to transgress.
5. In-vest'-i-gate, *v.* to inquire into.
   Di'-a-lect, *n.* a form of speech.
6. Con-front', *v.* to stand face to face.
7. Im-pos'-tor, *n.* a deceiver.
   At-tor'-ney, *n.* a lawyer.
   I-den'-ti-ty, *n.* sameness.
   Ex-trem'-i-ty, *n.* the utmost distress
   Op-por-tu'-ni-ty, *n.* a suitable time.

RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH REWARDED.

1. IN the city of Bath, not many years since, lived a barber who made a †practice of following his ordinary †occupation on the Lord's day. As he was pursuing his morning's employment, he happened to look into some place of worship, just as the minister was giving out his text, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He listened long enough to be †convinced that he was constantly breaking the laws of God and man, by shaving and dressing his customers on the Lord's day. He became uneasy and went with a heavy heart to his Sabbath task.

2. At length he took courage, and opened his mind to his minister, who advised him to give up Sabbath dressing, and worship God. He replied, that †beggary would be the †consequence. He had a flourishing trade, but it would almost all be lost. At length', after many a sleepless night spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast all his care upon God', as the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent'.

3. He discontinued Sabbath dressing', went constantly and early to the public †services of religion', and soon enjoyed that †satisfaction of mind which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and that peace of God which the world can neither give nor take away'. The consequences he foresaw, actually followed. His genteel customers left him, and he was nicknamed a Puritan', or Methodist'. He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop, and, in the course of years, became so reduced', as to take a cellar under the old market house, and shave the common people'.

4. One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the †hostler, to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses, *as he did not like to violate the Sabbath.* This was touching the barber on a tender chord. He burst into tears; asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did' so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty' to which the poor man must be reduced'.

5. When shaved, he said, "There must be something †extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half a crown for you. When I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name'?" "William Reed'," said the astonished barber. "William Reed'?" echoed the stranger: "William Reed'? by your dialect you are from the West'." Yes, sir, from Kingston, near Taunton." "William Reed', from Kingston', near Taunton'? What was your father's' name?" "Thomas'." "Had he any brother?" "Yes, sir; one after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies', and, as we never heard' from him, we supposed him to be dead'."

6. "Come along', follow me'," said the stranger, "I am going to see a person who says *his'* name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taunton. Come' and †confront' him. If you prove to be indeed he who you say you are', I have glorious news for you. Your uncle is dead', and has left an immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of, when all †legal doubts are removed."

7. They went by the coach'; saw the †pretended William Reed', and proved him to be an impostor'. The stranger, who was a pious attorney', was soon †legally satisfied of the barber's identity, and told him that he had †advertised him in vain. Providence had now

thrown him in his way', in a most extraordinary manner, and he had great pleasure in †transferring a great many thousand pounds' to a worthy man', the rightful heir of the property'. Thus was man's extremity', God's opportunity'. Had the poor barber possessed one *half-penny*', or even had credit for a *candle*', he might have remained unknown for years'; but he trusted God', who never said, "Seek ye my face" in vain.

EDINBURGH PAPER

QUESTIONS.—What excited the barber's attention on the subject of keeping the Sabbath? To what conclusion did he come? What was the effect upon his business? What circumstance led to his becoming acquainted with the fact that he was heir to a large property? Who evidently brought about all these things? Are men always rewarded for obeying God? Where are they rewarded?

In the 5th paragraph, at the words "William Reed," why is the falling inflection used in the first instance (Rule III), and the rising inflection, the three other times the words are used? (Rule V, Note.) In the 6th paragraph, why is the falling inflection used at the words "along," "come," "confront?" (Rule II, 1§.) Why the falling inflection at the words "half-penny," and "candle," in the last sentence? (Exception to Rule IV, also Rule II, 4§.) Why would these words have the rising inflection, if they were not emphatic? (Rule IV.) Give rules for the other inflections marked. (I, II, III, and IV.)

TO TEACHERS.

In addition to the words at the *head* of each lesson, which are given as examples of the *manner* in which the exercise of spelling and defining should be conducted, *others* are also selected in the *body* of the lesson, indicated by †, to be spelled and defined, for the purpose of affording practice to the pupil, and accustoming him to judge, for himself, of their meaning by their connection. This is a very important exercise, and should by no means be neglected, as it imparts highly valuable knowledge of the use of words.

In DEFINING words, that meaning is given which is appropriate to them in the connection in which they are used. When they are used in a figurative or peculiar sense, the definition here given will not be found in a dictionary. When there is a wide departure from common use, this is sometimes indicated.

In ORTHOGRAPHY, Dr. Webster's authority is followed, as presented in the last revised edition of his work; this being the well-established usage of intelligent educators and literary men.

ARTICULATION.

To Teachers. — Each difficult word should be uttered clearly, first by its elements, and then by their combination, omitting silent letters: as, *r-i-bz, ribs, d-ē-th, death.* (See Eclectic Second Reader, pages 5 and 13, and Third Reader pages 10 and 11.) Then read the sentences *carefully* and *distinctly.*

Ribs, death, cry, crime, orb'd, act, acts, &c.

The *ribs of death.* Can you *cry, crackers, crime, cruelty, crutches?* The *orb'd* moon. It was the worst *act* of all *acts.* It is a *mixed government.* The *idle spindle.* Long *droves of cattle.* Their *deeds show* their feelings. The *length, and breadth, and depth* of the thing. It was *highly and holily* done.

LESSON II.

Pronounce correctly the following words in this lesson. Fel-low, not *fel-ler:* vent-ure (pro. *vent-yur*), not *ven-ter,* nor *ven-tshur:* stim-u-la-ted, not *stim-my-la-ted:* thou-sand, not *thou-sun:* back-ward, not *back-wud:* forward, not *for-ud:* ig-no-rant, not *ig-ner-unt:* el-o-quence not *el-er-quunce: e-lev-en* (pro. *e-lev'n*), not *lev-un.*

WORDS TO BE SPELLED AND DEFINED.

1. At-test', *v.* to bear witness to.
3. Ac'-tion, *n.* a claim made before a court.
   As-si'-zes, *n.* a court of justice.
6. Plaint'-iff, *n.* the person who commences a suit at court.
7. Pre-ca'-ri-ous, *a.* uncertain
   Ju'-ry-man, *n.* one who serves on a jury, and whose business it is to hear the evidence and decide which party is right in any given case.
   Ex-cept', *v.* to object.
10. Dex'-trous, *a.* skillful, artful.[gument
    Ad-du'-ced, *p.* brought forward in ar-
11. Plead'-er, *n.* one that argues in a court of justice.
    De-po'-sed, *v.* gave evidence on oath.
    Ver'-dict, *n.* the decision of a jury concerning the matter referred to them.
12. Fore'-man, *n.* the chief man of a jury
14. Dem-on-stra'-tion, *n.* certain proof.
15. Soph'-ist-ry, *n.* false reasoning.

THE JUST JUDGE.

1. A gentleman who possessed an estate worth about five hundred a year, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest being of a †rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years, his father died; when the younger son, destroying his will, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead', and †bribed false witnesses' to attest the truth' of it.

2. In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but came come in †destitute circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, and told him that he was an †impostor and a cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago; and he could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a sad situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and, at last, to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's story, replied, "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your cause and lose' it, it will bring me into disgrace', as all the wealth and evidence' are on your brother's' side.

3. "However, I will undertake it on this condition; you shall enter into an †obligation to pay me one thousand guineas, if I gain the estate for you. If I lose' it, I know the consequences'; and I venture with my eyes open'." Accordingly, he entered an action against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

4. The lawyer, having engaged in the cause of the young man, and being †stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best method to gain his end. At last, he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult the first Judge of his age, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly, he hastened up to London, and laid open the cause, and all its circumstances. The Judge', who was a great lover of justice', heard the case attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power'.

5. The lawyer having taken leave, the Judge contrived matters so as to finish all his business at the King's Bench, before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When within a short distance of the place, he dismissed his man and horses, and sought a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation', and making himself quite agreeable', he proposed to the miller to change *clothes*' with him. As the Judge had a very good' suit on, the man had no reason to object.

6. Accordingly, the Judge shifted from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with a miller's hat, and shoes, and stick, he walked to Chelmsford, and †procured good lodging, suitable for the assizes, that should come on next day. When the trials came on, he walked like an ignorant country fellow, backward and forward along the county hall. He observed narrowly what passed around' him; and when the court began to fill', he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff'.

7. As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him "Honest friend'," said he, "how is your cause like to go' today?" "Why, my cause is in a very precarious situation', and, if I lose it, I am ruined for life'." "Well, honest friend'," replied the miller, "will you take my advice'? I will let you into a *secret*', which perhaps you do not *know*'; every Englishman has the right and

privilege to except against any one juryman out of the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power."

8 Accordingly, when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty. "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against *that* gentleman?" "I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

9. The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?" After a short time, taken in †consideration, "My lord," says he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen in;" and looking round the court—"my lord, there is that *miller* in the court; we will have *him*, if you please." Accordingly, the miller was chosen in.

10. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dextrous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten golden guineas into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, "How much have *you* got?" "Ten pieces," said he. But he concealed what he had got himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up, were †adduced in his favor.

11. The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed, as well as the judge. The witnesses deposed, that they were in the self-same country when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counselors pleaded upon this †accumulated evidence; and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation; "and now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just."

12. They waited but for a few minutes, before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The judge said, "Gentlemen, are you agreed? and who shall speak for you?" "We are all agreed, my lord," replied one, "and our foreman shall speak for us."—"Hold, my lord," replied the miller; we are *not* all agreed." ×"Why?" said the judge, in a very surly manner, "what's the matter with *you*? What reasons have *you* for disagreeing?"

13. "I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller: "the first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury *ten*

broad pieces of gold, and to me but *five*; which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the †contradictory evidence of the witnesses." Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which discovered such a vast penetration of judgment, such extensive knowledge of law, and was expressed with such manly and energetic eloquence, that it astonished the judge and the whole court.

14. As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in great surprise, stopped him. "Where did you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller; "my name is Mathew Hale; I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the †iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore, come down from a seat which you are nowise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again."

15. Accordingly', Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from its very commencement', and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He evinced the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; †unraveled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

ANONYMOUS.

QUESTIONS. — What were the circumstances, under which the younger brother took possession of his father's estate? How did he treat his elder brother upon his return? What did the elder brother do? What plan did Chief Justice Hale pursue? What influenced him to take all this trouble?

What are the rules for the inflections in the last sentence of the first paragraph? (Rules I and IV.) What, for those in the last sentence of the 2d paragraph? What, for those marked in the 7th paragraph. (Rules I, II, III, IV, and V.) Give the rules for the inflections marked in the 12th paragraph. (Rules I, II, III, IV, and V.) Why do the words "ten" and "five," in the 13th paragraph, receive different inflections? (Rule VI. Contrast.)

There are thirteen nouns in the last sentence of the lesson: which are they? What is the singular number of each of them? The plural number? What does the word noun mean? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar.

☞ TO TEACHERS. — Grammatical questions are introduced somewhat extensively into this volume, and will be found profitable and interesting to the pupil. The teacher may increase and vary them, with advantage, and without interfering, at all, with the more direct objects of a reading lesson. This union of grammatical study with the daily reading exercise, will give additional interest and value to both, and should not be neglected by the teacher.

ARTICULATION.

Earth, heart, holds, attempts, hold, hands, &c.

ARTICULATE distinctly the difficult sounds. *Earth that entomb'st* all my *heart holds* dear. *His attempts were faith*less. *Hold off your hands, gentlemen.* The *sounds of horses' hoofs were heard.* What *want'st thou* here? It was *wrenched* by the *hand of violence.* Their *singed tops*, though bare, *will stand.* The *strength of his nostrils is terrible.* A gentle current *rippled* by. He *barb'd* the dart. How do you like *herbs* in *your broth?* Thou *barbs't* the dart that *wounds* thee. Thou *barb'd'st* the dart.

LESSON III.

PRONOUNCE correctly the following words found in this lesson: Fig-ure (pro. *fig-yur*), not *fig-ger:* sor-row, not *sor-rer:* mel-an-chol-y, not *mel-un-chul-y:* fi-nance', not *fi'-nance:* def'-i-cit, not *de-fi'-cit:* mis-al-cu-la tion, not *mis-cal-ky-la-tion.*

1. Ex-te'-ri-or, *n.* outward appearance.
2. De-pict'-ed, *p.* painted, represented.
3. Rev'-e-nues, *n.* annual income from taxes, public rents, &c., belonging to the public.
4. As-sid'-u-ous, *a.* very attentive.[state.
5. Fi-nance', *n.* income of the king or
6. Def'-i-cit, *n.* a deficiency, want.
7. De-fault'-er, *n.* one who fails to account for public money entrusted to his care.
8. Ex-per-i-ment'-al, *a.* derived from experience.
9. In-junc'-tion, *n.* a command.

THE MANIAC.

1. A GENTLEMAN who had traveled in Europe, relates that he one day visited the hospital of Berlin, where he saw a man whose exterior was very striking. His figure, tall and commanding, was bending with age, but more with sorrow; the few scattered hairs which remained on his temples were white, almost as the driven snow, and the deepest †melancholy was depicted in his countenance.

2. On inquiring who he was, and what brought him there, he started, as if from sleep, and after looking around him, began with slow and measured steps to stride the hall, repeating in a low but audible voice, "Once one is two; once one is two."

3. Now and then he would stop and remain with his arms folded on his breast, as if in †contemplation, for some minutes; then again resuming' his walk, he continued to repeat', "Once one is two'; once one is two." His story', as our traveler understood it, was as follows'.

4. Conrad Lange′, collector of the revenues of the city of Berlin′, had long been known as a man whom nothing could divert from the paths of honesty‵. †Scrupulously exact in all his dealings′, and assiduous in the discharge of all his duties′, he had acquired the good will and esteem of all who knew him, and the confidence of the minister of finance‵, whose duty it is to inspect the accounts of all officers′ connected with the revenue‵.

5 On casting up his accounts at the close of a particular year, he found a *deficit*′ of ten thousand ducats‵. Alarmed at this discovery′, he went to the minister, presented his accounts′, and informed him that he did not know how it had arisen‵, and that he had been robbed′ by some person bent on his ruin‵.

6. The minister received his accounts, but thinking it a duty to secure a person who might probably be a defaulter, he caused him to be arrested, and put his accounts into the hands of one of his secretaries, for †inspection, who returned them the day after, with the information that the deficiency arose from a miscalculation; that in multiplying, Mr. Lange had said, *once one is two*, instead of, once one is *one*.

7. The poor man was immediately released from confinement, his accounts returned, and the mistake pointed out. During his imprisonment, which lasted two days, he had neither eaten, drank, nor taken any repose; and when he appeared, his countenance was as pale as death. On receiving his accounts, he was a long time silent; then suddenly awaking as if from a †trance, he repeated, "once one is two."

8. He appeared to be entirely insensible of his situation; would neither eat nor drink, unless †solicited; and took notice of nothing that passed around him. While repeating his accustomed phrase, if any one corrected him by saying, "once one is *one*;" his attention was arrested for a moment, and he said, "ah, right, once one *is* one;" and then resuming his walk, he continued to repeat, "once one is two." He died shortly after the traveler left Berlin.

9. This affecting story, whether true′ or untrue‵, obviously abounds with lessons of instruction‵. Alas‵! how easily is the human mind thrown off its balance‵; especially when it is stayed on *this world*‵ only—and has no experimental knowledge of the meaning of the injunction of Scripture′, to cast all our cares upon *Him*′ who careth for us, and who heareth even the young *ravens*‵ when they cry. ANONYMOUS.

QUESTIONS.—Will you state the circumstances here narrated? How do you account for the *unhinging* of this man's mind? Is it common that

one idea keeps possession of a maniac's mind? What does this story teach us?

Give the rules for the inflections marked in paragraphs 3 4. and 5. (Rules I and IV.) In the 9th paragraph, why have the words "true and untrue." different inflections? (Rule VI.)

Which are the adjectives in the first paragraph? Compare each of them

☞ To Teachers.—The Exercises in Articulation are placed *between* the lessons, that they may be practiced *before* or *after* reading, or *independently* at the discretion of the instructor.

ARTICULATION.

Reef'd, fright, quench'd, laughs, frame.

They *reefed* the topsails. No dangers *fright* him. He *quench'd* a flame. She *laughs at* him. A *frame* of adamant. She *begg'd pardon.* Thou *look'st from thy throne* in the clouds, and *laugh'st at* the storm. The *glowworm lights* her lamp. The table *groans beneath its* burden. All clothed in *rags an infant lay.* The birds *were* all *fledg'd in* the *nest.*

LESSON IV.

Pronounce correctly. Eng-land (pro. Ing-land), not *Eng-lund:* rec'-og-niz'd, not *re-cog'-niz'd:* whole, not *hull:* heard (pro. *herd*), not *heerd;* glo-ri-ous, not *glo-rus:* min-strel, not *min-strul:* tourn-ey (pro. *turn-y*), not *toorn-y.*

Hom'-age, *n.* reverence and service paid by a subject to his king.
Bar'-on, *n.* a lord, a nobleman.
Duch'-y, *n.* the territory of a duke.
1. Bark, *n.* a vessel, a small ship.
2 Reck'-less, *a.* careless, thoughtless.
3. Fes'-tal, *a.* pertaining to a feast, gay
Tourn-ey, *n.* (pro. *turn'-y*) a kind of sport in which persons tried their courage and skill in fighting with the lance and sword. [on an instrument.
Min'-strel, *n.* one who sings, and plays

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

Henry I, king of England, who commenced his reign A. D 1100, had a son called William, a brave and noble-minded youth who had arrived at his eighteenth year. The king loved him most tenderly, and took care to have him †recognized as his successor by the states of England, and carried him over to Normandy, in the north of France, to receive the homage of the barons of that duchy. On the prince's return, the vessel in which

he embarked was †wrecked. He was placed in a boat and might have escaped, had he not been called back by the cries of his sister. He †prevailed on the sailors to row back and take her in; but no sooner had the boat approached the wreck, than numbers who had been left, jumped into it, and the whole were drowned King Henry, when he heard of the death of his son, fainted away and from that moment, *he never smiled again.*

1. The bark that held the prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on';
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son'?
He lived'—for life may long be borne',
Ere sorrow breaks its chain';
Still comes not death to those who mourn';
He never smiled again'!

2. There stood proud forms before his throne,
The †stately and the brave';
But which could fill the place of one'?
Thāt ōne beneath thē wāve.
Before' him, passed the young and fair
In pleasure's reckless †train';
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair;
He never smiled again!

3. He sat where festal bowls went round';
He heard the minstrel' sing;
He saw the tourney's' victor crowned'
Amid the mighty ring';
A †murmur of the †restless deep'
Mingled with every strain',
A voice of winds that would not sleep':
He never smiled again!

4. Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the †trace
Of †vows once fondly poured';
And †*strangers* took the †*kinsman's'* place
At many a †joyous board',
Graves', which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain';
Fresh hopes were born for other years:
He never smiled again!

MRS. HEMANS.

QUESTIONS.—Relate the historical event upon which this poem is founded. How long since did it happen? Where is Normandy? Is

there any thing in earthly splendor that can soothe the suffering heart? Explain the meaning of the 3d stanza. Who are meant by "strangers" in the 4th stanza? How should the fourth line of the 2d stanza be read? (See page 23.)

Why is the falling inflection used at the word "tourney," at the third line of the 3d stanza? (Rule II.)

N. B. All the other inflections are explained by Rules I, III, and IV.

Parse 'stately" and "brave" in the 2d stanza. "Poured" in the last. For what does *he*, in the last line, stand?

ARTICULATION.

Large, dead, fish, floating, slew, man's, &c.

We saw a *large dead fish floating.* And he *slew him.* Every *man's house is his castle.* This meteorous vapor is called "*Will o' the wisp.*" I *thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of my thumb. Braid broad* braids, my *brave babes.* We never *swerved*, but lost our *swivel* gun. *Crazy Craycroft caught a crate of crinckled crabs.* Where is the *crate of crinckled crabs that crazy Craycroft caught?*

LESSON V.

UTTER each sound distinctly. U-ni-ver-sal, not *u-ni-ver-s'l:* be-nev-o-lence, not *be-nev'l'nce:* man-kind, not *man-kine:* mis-er-ies, not *mis'-ries:* lib-e-ra-ting, not *lib'-ra-tin:* van-i-ty, not *van'-ty:* hu-mil-i-ty, not *hu-mil'-ty:* phi-los-o-pher, not *ph'los'-pher:* ut-most, not *ut-moce:* pros-e-cute, not *pros'-cute:* friend, not *fren:* op-por-tu-ni-ties, not *op'-tu-ni-ties:* nat-u-ral, not *nat'-ral.*

Proj'-ect, *n.* a design, a plan, a scheme.
The'-o-ries, *n.* schemes, speculation.
Re-dress', *v.* to relieve, to indemnify.
Pros'-e-cute, *v.* to pursue for punishment before a legal tribunal.
Griev'-an-ces, *n.* whatever oppresses or injures.
Phi-lan'-thro-py, *n.* the love of mankind.
Par-ti'-tion, *n.* division.
En-gross'-ed, *p.* entirely taken up.

TRUE AND FALSE PHILANTHROPHY.

Mr Funtom. I DESPISE a narrow' field. O for the reign of 'universal benevolence'! I want to make *all mankind'* good and happy.

Mr. Goodman. Dear me'! Sure, that must be a wholesale sort of a job: had you not better try your hand at a *town'* or *neighborhood'* first?

Mr. F. Sir, I have a plan in my head for relieving the †miseries of the *whole world.* Every thing is bad as it now stands. I would alter all the laws, and put an end to all the wars in the world. I would put an end to all punishments; I would not leave a single prisoner on the face of the globe. *This* is what I call doing things on a grand scale.

Mr. G. A scale with a †vengeance! As to releasing the †prisoners, however, I do not much like that, as it would be liberating a few rogues at the expense of all honest men; but as to the rest of your plan, if all countries would be so good as to turn *Christians,* it might be helped on a good deal. There would be still misery enough left indeed'; because God intended this world should be earth, and not heaven'. But, sir', among all your changes, you must destroy human corruption', before you can make the world quite as perfect as you pretend'.

Mr. F. Your project would *rivet* the chains which *mine* is designed to *break.*

Mr. G. Sir, I have no projects. Projects are, in general, the offspring of †restlessness, vanity, and idleness. I am too busy' for projects', too contented' for theories', and, I hope, have too much honesty and humility' for a †philosopher'. The utmost extent of my ambition at present is, to redress the wrongs of a poor †apprentice, who has been cruelly used by his master: indeed, I have another little scheme, which is to prosecute a fellow, who has suffered a poor wretch in the poorhouse, of which he had the care, to perish through neglect, and you must assist me.

Mr. F. Let the town do that. You must not apply to me for the redress of such petty grievances. I own that the wrongs of the Poles and South Americans so fill my mind, as to leave me no time to attend to the petty sorrows of poorhouses and apprentices. It is †provinces', empires', continents', that the benevolence of the philosopher embraces; every one can do a little paltry good to his next neighbor.

Mr. G. Every one *can',* but I do not see that every one *does'.* If they would, indeed, your †business would be ready done to your hands, and your grand ocean of benevolence would be filled with the drops which private charity would throw into it. I am glad, however, you are such a friend to the prisoners', because I am just now getting a little subscription', to set free your poor old friend, Tom Saunders, a very honest brother mechanic, who first got into debt, and then into jail, through no fault of his own, but merely

through the pressure of the times'. A number of us have given a trifle every week toward maintaining his young family since he has been in prison; but we think we shall do much more service to Saunders, and indeed, in the end, lighten our own expense, by paying down, at once, a little sum, to release him, and put him in the way of maintaining his family again. We have made up all the money except five dollars. I am already promised four, and you have nothing to do but to give me the fifth. And so, for a single dollar, without any of the trouble we have had in arranging the matter, you will, at once, have the pleasure of helping to save a worthy family from starving, of redeeming an old friend from jail, and of putting a little of your boasted benevolence into action †Realize! Mr. Fantom: there is nothing like realizing.

Mr. F. Why, hark', Mr. Goodman', do not think I value a dollar; no sir, I despise' money; it is trash', it is dirt', and beneath the regard of a wise man'. It is one of the unfeeling inventions of †artificial society. Sir', I could talk to you half a day on the abuse of riches', and my own contempt of money'.

Mr. G. O pray do not give yourself that trouble'. It will be a much easier way of proving your †sincerity', just to put your hand in your pocket', and give' me a dollar without saying a word about it: and then to you', who value *time'* so *much'*, and *money'* so *little'*, it will cut the matter short. But come now, (for I see you will give nothing), I should be mighty glad to know what is the sort of good you do yourselves, since you always object to what is done by others.

Mr. F. Sir, the object of a true philosopher is, to †diffuse light and knowledge. I wish to see the whole world †enlightened.

Mr. G. Well, Mr. Fantom, you are a wonderful man, to keep up such a stock of benevolence', at so small an expense'; to *love* mankind so dearly, and yet *avoid* all opportunities of doing them *good;* to have such a noble zeal for the *millions'*, and to feel so little compassion for the *units'*; to long to free *empires'* and enlighten *kingdoms'*, and deny instruction to your own *village'* and comfort to your own *family'*. Surely, none but a *philosopher* could indulge so much *philanthropy'* and so much †*frugality'* at the same time'. But come, do assist me in a partition I am making in our poorhouse, between the *old'*, whom I want to have better *fed'*, and the *young'*, whom I want to have more *worked'*.

Mr. F. Sir, my mind is so engrossed with the partition of Poland, that I can not bring it down to an object of such †insignificance. I despise the man, whose benevolence is swallowed up in the narrow concerns of his own family, or village, or country.

Mr. G. Well, now I have a notion, that it is as well to do one's *own'* duty, as the duty of *another's* man; and that to do good at *home'*, is as well as to do good *abroad'*. For *my* part, I had as lief help *Tom Saunders'* to freedom, as a *Pole's* or a *South American's*, though I should be very glad to help *them too*. But one must begin to love somewhere, and to do good somewhere; and I think it is as natural to love one's own family, and to do good in one's own neighborhood, as to any body else. And if every man in every family, village, and county, did the same, why then all the †schemes would meet, and the end of one village or town where I was doing good, would be the beginning of another village where somebody else was doing good; so my schemes would jut into my neighbor's; his projects would unite with those of some other †local †reformer; and all would fit with a sort of †dovetail †exactness.

Mr. F. Sir, a man of large views will be on the watch for great †occasions to prove his †benevolence.

Mr. G. Yes, sir; but if they are so distant that he can not reach them, or so vast that he can not †grasp them, he may let a thousand little, snug, kind, good †actions slip through his fingers in the meanwhile: and so, between the great things that he *can not's* do, and the little ones that he *will'* not do, life passes, and *nothing* will be done. ANONYMOUS.

QUESTIONS.—If we wish to be useful, where must we begin? If every one acted upon this principle, what would be the consequence? Are those, who make great professions of enlarged philanthropy, always sincere? How did Mr. Fantom prove his insincerity? How do such persons generally pass through life?

What is the rule for the different inflections upon the contrasted words "millions" and "units;" "kingdom," and "village," and "family," "philanthropy" and "frugality?" What kind of emphasis is that called, which is here applied? What is the rule for the rising inflection upon the negative sentence ending with "dollar?" (Rule VI, 2§, Note.) Point out those words in this lesson, to which Rule VI. for inflections, applies. What examples of relative emphasis are there on the first page of this lesson?

N. B. A number of words used antithetically in this lesson, and marked with the rising and falling inflections, may, with equal propriety, be read with the circumflex, such as, "units and millions," "own and another," "home and abroad," &c.

For what does "they" in the last paragraph stand? Which are the adjectives in that paragraph? Compare each of them. Which are the nouns in the same paragraph? Will you spell the possessive plural of

each of them? How is the possessive case, plural number of nouns generally formed?

THE TEACHER is reminded, that, in defining words, that meaning is given which is appropriate in the connection in which they are used. He is advised, also, to adopt the same rule in defining the words marked † in each lesson.

The *grammatical questions* are adapted to PINNEO'S ANALYTICAL GRAMMAR.

ARTICULATION.

Range, first, sent, pens, flinch, from, &c.

The *range of* the valleys is his. He was the *first embassador sent* Swords *and pens* are both employed. I do not *flinch from* argument. He never *winced,* for it hurt him not. Do not *singe your* gown. *Pluck'd from* its native tree. *Nipt* in the bud. Thou *found'st* me poor, and *keep'st me* so.

LESSON VI.

PRONOUNCE correctly and ARTICULATE distinctly.—Nat-u-ral-ly, not *nat-er-rul-ly,* nor *nat'r'l-ly:* cult-ure, (pro. *cult-yur*), not *cul-ter,* nor *cul-tshur:* es-pe-cial-ly, not *'spe-cial-ly:* de-rånge'd, not *de-rånge'd:* def-er-ence, not *def-runce:* gov-erns, not *gov-uns:* win-dow-blind, not *win-der-bline:* u-su-al, not *u-shul.*

Con-trol', *v.* subdue, restrain, govern.
1. Cult'-ure, *n.* cultivation, improvement by effort.
2. Def'-er-ence, *n.* regard, respect.
6. Su-per-an'-nu-a-ted, *a.* impaired by old age and infirmity.
7. Rep'-ri-mand, *v.* to reprove for a fault
8. A-chiev'-ed, *p.* (pro. *a-cheevd'*) gained.

CONTROL YOUR TEMPER.

1. No one has a temper naturally so good', that it does not need attention and cultivation'; and no one has a temper so bad', but that, by proper culture, it may become pleasant'. One of the best disciplined tempers ever seen, was that of a gentleman who was, naturally, quick, irritable, rash, and violent'; but, by having the

care of the sick, and especially of †deranged people, he so completely mastered′ himself, that he was never known to be thrown off his guard‵.

2. The difference in the happiness which is received or bestowed by the man who governs his temper, and that by the man who does not, is immense. There is no misery so constant, so distressing, and so †intolerable to others′, as that of having a disposition which is your master‵, and which is continually fretting‵ itself. There are corners enough, at every turn in life, against which we may run, and at which we may break out in †impatience, if we choose.

3. Look at Roger Sherman‵, who rose, from a humble occupation′, to a seat in the first Congress of the United States‵, and whose judgment was received with great deference′ by that body of distinguished men‵. He made himself master of his temper‵, and †cultivated it as a great business in life‵. There are one or two instances which show this part of his character in a light that is beautiful.

4. One day, after having received his highest honors, he was sitting and reading in his parlor. A roguish student, in a room close by, held a looking-glass in such a position, as to pour the reflected rays of the sun directly in Mr. Sherman's face. He moved his chair, and the thing was repeated. A *third*‵ time the chair was moved, but the looking-glass still †reflected the sun in his eyes. He laid aside his book‵, went to the window‵, and many witnesses of the †impudence expected to hear the ungentlemanly student severely reprimanded. He raised the window gently, and then′—shut the window-blind‵!

5. I can not forbear †adducing another instance of the power he had †acquired over himself. He was naturally possessed of strong passions; but over these he at length obtained an extraordinary control. He became habitually calm′, †sedate′, and self-possessed‵. Mr. Sherman was one of those men who are not ashamed to maintain the forms of religion in their families. One morning he called them all together, as usual, to lead them in prayer to God‵; the "old family Bible" was brought out, and laid on the table.

6 Mr Sherman took his seat, and placed beside him one of his children, a child of his old age‵; the rest of the family were seated around the room‵; several of these were now grown up‵. Besides these′, some of the tutors of the college were boarders in the family, and were present at the time alluded to. His aged and superannuated mother occupied a corner of the room′, opposite the place where the †distinguished Judge sat.

7. At length, he opened the Bible, and began to read. The child who was seated beside him, made some little †disturbance, upon which Mr. Sherman paused, and told it to be still. Again he proceeded; but again he paused, to reprimand the little offender, whose playful disposition would scarcely permit to be still. At this time, he gently tapped its ear. The blow, if blow it might be called, caught the attention of his aged mother, who now, with some effort, rose from the seat, and tottered across the room. At length, she reached the chair of Mr. Sherman, and, in a moment, most unexpectedly to him, she gave him a blow on the ear with all the force she could †summon. "There," said she, "you strike *your* child, and I will strike *mine*."

8. For a moment, the blood was seen mounting to the face of Mr. Sherman; but it was *only* for a moment, when all was calm and mild as usual. He paused; he raised his spectacles; he cast his eye upon his mother; again it fell upon the book from which he had been reading. Not a word escaped him; but again he calmly pursued the service, and soon after, sought, in prayer, an †ability to set an †example before his household, which should be worthy of their †imitation. Such a victory was worth more than the proudest one ever achieved on the field of battle. TODD.

QUESTIONS.—Has any one a temper perfectly good? Has any one a temper so bad that it can not be governed and made pleasant? How is this done? To whom does a bad temper give most pain? Is it a duty to control it? Repeat the two anecdotes related of Judge Sherman.

Give the rules for the inflections marked in this lesson. (Rules I, II, IV, VI.)

ARTICULATION.

Arc, problem, surf, arm, return, lovely, &c.

We constructed *an arc*, and began the *problem*. The *surf beat* heavily. *Arm! warriors, arm! Return* to thy dwelling. *all lonely return. Weave the warp*, and *weave the woof*. Send me *Smith's Thucydides*. Thou *tear'st* my *heart* asunder. I give my *hand* and *heart to to* this vote.

THE TEACHER is reminded that the pupil should not neglect, before reading the sentences, to utter each difficult word by its *elements*, uttering two or more consonants which come together as a single sound. A few of the difficult words are placed at the head of each exercise.

LESSON VII.

ARTICULATE each letter. — Child, not *chile:* ca-reer-ing, not *creer-ing:* re-ly-ing, not *re-ly-in:* de-fy-ing, not *de-fy-in:* sweet-est, not *sweet-es:* waft, not *waf.*

1. Sphere, *n.* the expanse in which the heavenly bodies appear.
2. Moan, *n.* grief expressed in words or cries.
Crys'-tal, *a.* clear, transparent.
3. Ca-reer'-ing, *p.* moving rapidly.
Swerves, *v.* deviates from, varies from.
4. Nest'-ling, *n.* a young bird in the nest.
Un-plumes', *v.* strips of its feathers.

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

1. WHAT is' that, mother'?
The lark', my child'.
The morn has just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble †grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere
To †warble it out in his Maker's ear
Ever, my child', be thy morn's first lays,
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise

2. What is *that'*, mother'?
The dove', my son.
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
†Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal †urn',
For her distant dear one's quick return'.
Ever, my son', be thou like the dove';
In †friendship' as faithful', as constant' in love.

3. What is *that*, mother'?
The eagle', my boy,
Proudly careering in his course of joy';
Firm, in his own mountain †vigor †relying';
Breasting the dark storm; the red bolt' †defying:
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun',
He swerves not a hair', but bears onward', right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine;
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

4. What is *that*', mother'?
The swan, my love.
He is †floating down from his native grove;
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself, to die.
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so', my love', that when death shall come',
†Swan-like and sweet it may †waft thee home'.

DOANE.

QUESTIONS.—May we not often derive useful instruction from observation of nature? What lesson is drawn from the lark? What, from the dove? The eagle? The swan? What beautiful figure in verse 2d?

In the 2d stanza, why has "that" the falling inflection? (Rule III.) Why has "mother" in the same sentence the rising inflection? (Rule IV.) Why has the answer "dove" the falling inflection? Give the rules for the inflections marked in the 3d stanza. (Rules II, 3§, III.)

Which are the verbs in the last paragraph? Give the present tense, first person plural, indicative mode, of each. Parse "swan" in the same paragraph.

ARTICULATION.

THE TEACHER should require the pupil to utter each difficult word in the exercise by its elements, giving the *sound* and not the *name* of each letter or combination; as, c-a-lx, calx; f-i-lch, filch: &c. Then read carefully the sentences containing these words.

Calx, filch, fall'st, doubt, health, entomb'd, attempt, &c.

It was a species of *calx, which* he showed me.
The word *filch is of doubt*ful derivation.
If thou *fall'st*, thou *fall'st* a blessed martyr.
Health is indispensable to the soldier.
Those who lie *entomb'd in* the cemetery.
The *attempt and* not the deed, *confounds* us.
But truth, *and* liberty, *and* virtue, would fall with him.
The *song began* from Jove.
Do you mean *plain* or *playing?*
I *quench* thee, thou *flaming* fire*brand.*
A *frame* of *adamant*, and *strength* of *Hercules.*
The *hills*, and *halls*, and *hulls.*
The *ranges*, and *changes*, and *hinges*, and *fringes.*
Spasms, and *prisms*, and *chasms*, and *phasms.*

LESSON VIII

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Pret-ty, pro. *prit-ty:* ad-vent-ure not *ad ven-ter:* ac-ci-dent, not *ac-ci-dunt:* oft-en, pro. *of'n:* nei-ther, or *ny ther:* yet, not *yit:* mod-er-ate-ly, not *mod-er-it-ly:* ag-o-ny, not *ag-er ny:* des-o-late, not *des-er-lit:* for-ti-tude (pro. *for-ti-tyude*), not *for-ti-tood*, nor *for-ti-tshude.*

1. Gi-gan'-tic, *a.* very great or mighty.
Con-stel-la'-tion, *n.* a cluster of stars.
2. Har-poon', *n.* a spear used for killing whales.
Le-vi'-a-than, *n.* a huge sea animal.
5. Top-gal'-lant, *a.* highest. Top-gallant sails are the highest sails commonly used in a vessel.
Cours'-es, *n.* the principal sails of a ship.
Clew'-ed, *p.* tied, made close.
Wind'-ward, *n.* the point from which the wind blows.
Ve-loc'-i-ty, *n.* rapidity,
Knots, *n.* a division of the log-line. Sailing at the rate of one or two *knots* to the half minute, is the same as one or two *miles* an hour.
6. Ca-tas'-tro-phe, *n.* an unfortunate conclusion, a calamity.
7. Bows, *n.* (pro. *bouze*) the rounding part of a ship's side forward.
Chains, *n.* links or plates of iron at the side of a vessel, abreast of the mast, by which the shrouds are extended.
8. Col-lis'-ion, *n.* the act of striking together.
12. Re-coil', *v.* to start back, to shrink [from.

THE WHALE-SHIP.

1. THEY who go down to the sea in ships, pursue a perilous vocation, and well deserve the prayers which are offered for them in the churches. It is a hard life, full of danger, and of strange attraction. The seaman rarely abandons the glorious sea. It requires, however, a pretty firm spirit, both to brave the ordinary dangers of the deep, and to carry on war with its mightiest tenants. And yet it is a service readily entered upon, and †zealously followed, though †indisputably the most laborious and most terrific of all human pursuits. Well might Burke speak glowingly of that hardy spirit of adventure', which had pursued this gigantic game', from the constellations of the north to the frozen serpent of the south.

2. The most common accident to which whalemen are exposed, is that of being "stove," as they express it, by the huge animal, before they can back out from their dangerous †proximity. A slight tap of his tail is quite sufficient to shiver a common whaleboat to atoms. If this danger be escaped, the whale, with the harpoon in his hide, sinks beneath the sounding of the deep-sea lead. Not long will he stay at the bottom. He rises for air, and this is

signal for the renewal of the battle. The boat is drawn up, and the lance is buried in his giant body. Not safe is the game till it is fairly bagged. Often, in the moment of victory, the vanquished leviathan settles quietly down in the deep sea; and no tackle can draw him up. The curses of the exhausted seamen are "not loud, but deep."

3. On the twenty-eighth of May, 1817, the Royal Bounty, an English ship, fell in with a great number of whales. There was neither ice nor land in sight. The boats were manned and sent in pursuit. After a chase of five hours, a †harpooner, who had rowed out of sight of the ship, struck one of the whales. This was about four o'clock in the morning. The captain directed the course of the ship to the place were he had last seen the boats, and, at about eight o'clock, got sight of the boat, which displayed the †signal for being fast. Soon after, another boat approached the first, and struck a second harpoon.

4. By mid-day', two more harpoons were struck'; but such was the astonishing †vigor of the whale, that, although it constantly dragged through the water from four to six boats, together with sixteen hundred fathoms of line, it pursued its flight nearly as fast as a boat could row. Whenever a boat passed beyond its tail, it would dive. All endeavors to lance it were therefore in vain. The crews of the loose boats then †moored themselves to the fast boats. At eight o'clock in the evening, a line was taken to the ship, with a view of †retarding its flight, and topsails were lowered; but the harpoon "drew." In three hours, another line was taken on board, which immediately snapped.

5 At four in the afternoon of the next day', thirty-six hours after the whale was struck', two of the fast lines were taken on board the ship'. The wind blowing a moderately brisk breeze', the top-gallant sails were taken in', the courses hauled up', and the topsails clewed down': and in this situation she was towed directly to windward during an hour and a half, with the velocity of from one and a half to two knots. And then, though the whale must have been greatly †exhausted, it beat the water with its fins and tail so tremendously', that the sea around was in a continual foam; and the most hardy seamen' scarcely dared to approach it. At length', at about eight o'clock', after forty hours of †incessant exertion, this formidable and astonishingly vigorous animal was killed

6. But the most strange and dreadful calamity' that ever befell the wanderers of the sea, in any age', was that which happened in 1820, to the ship Essex, of Nantucket'. Some of those who survived the terrible catastrophe, are yet alive', and bear their united testimony to the truth of the statements which one of them has published It is a story which no man, for any †conceivable

purpose', would be likely to invent'. The captain of the Essex is yet living upon his native island'; and it is a fact pregnant with meaning, that so †*vivid'*, to *this day'*, is his recollection of the horrors which he witnessed', that he is never heard to mention the subject, and nothing can induce him to speak' of it. He has abandoned the sea forever. The story bears the marks of truth upon it. It may be briefly told.

7. The Essex, a sound and substantial ship, sailed for the Pacific Ocean, on a whaling voyage, from Nantucket, on the 12th of August, 1820. On the 20th of November, a shoal of whales was discovered. Three boats were manned and sent in pursuit. The mate's boat was struck by a whale, and he was obliged to return to the ship to repair the damage. While thus engaged, a sperm whale, eighty-five feet long, broke water about twenty rods from the ship, on her weather bow. He was going at the rate of three knots an hour, and the ship at the same rate, when he struck the bows of the vessel just forward of the chains.

8. The shock produced by the collision of two such masses of matter in motion, may well be imagined. The ship shook like a leaf. The whale dived, passed under the vessel, grazed her keel, and appeared a ship's length distant, lashing the sea with his fins and tail, as if suffering the most horrible agony. He was evidently hurt by the collision, and rendered frantic with rage. In a few minutes he seemed to recover himself, and started, with great speed, directly across the bows of the vessel, to windward. Meantime the hands on board discovered the vessel to be gradually settling down by the bows; and the pumps were to be †rigged. While engaged in fixing the pumps, one of the men exclaimed, "My God'! here he comes upon us again'!"

9. The whale had turned, at the distance of one hundred rods from the ship, and was making for her with double his former speed. His pathway was white with foam. He struck her bow, and the blow shook every timber in the ship. Her bows were stove in. The whale dived under the vessel and disappeared The vessel immediately filled; and the crew took to the boat that had returned. All this was transacted in the space of a few minutes. The other boats rowed up, and when they came together', when a sense of their loneliness and †helplessness came over them, no man had the power of utterance. They were in the midst of the "†illimitable sea'," far, far from land', in open whale-boats', relying only on God for †succor', in this hour of their utmost need'.

10. They gathered what they could from the wreck; the ship went down; and, on the 22d of November, they put away for the coast of South America — distant, two thousand miles! How their hearts must have died within them, as they looked at the

prospect before and around them! After †incredible hardships and sufferings, on the 20th of December, they reached a low island. It was a mere sandbank, almost barren, which supplied them with nothing but water. On this island, desolate as it was, three of the men chose to remain, rather than to commit themselves again to the uncertain chances of the sea.

11. On the 27th of December, the three boats, with the remainder of the men, started in company from the island, for Juan Fernandez, a distance of two thousand five hundred miles! On the 12th of January, the boats parted company in a gale. Then commenced a scene of suffering, which can not be contemplated without horror. The men died, one after another, and the †survivors lived upon their flesh. In the captain's boat, on the first of February, three only were living; they cast lots to see which of them should die. It fell upon the youngest, a nephew of the captain. He seated himself in the bow of the boat, with calmness and †fortitude—was shot and eaten!

12. The mate's boat was taken up by the Indian, of London, on the 19th of February, *ninety-three days* from the time of the catastrophe, with three living men of that boat's crew. The captain's boat was taken up on the 23d of February, by the Dauphin, of Nantucket. The other boat was never heard from. The three men who were left on the island, were saved by a ship which was sent for their deliverance. No wonder that the heart of that brave man recoils and shudders, when this terrific scene is forced upon his recollection.

PROV. LIT. JOUR.

QUESTIONS.—What is the character of the seaman's profession? What is that more particularly of the whalemen's? What are the most common accidents to which whalers are liable? How do they often lose their game when vanquished? Will you give an account of the capture of the whale first mentioned (3-5), and of the circumstance connected with it? Can you give a sketch of what occurred to the ship Essex in 1820? Narrate the adventures and fate of the crew, after the destruction of their vessel.

ARTICULATION.

Rack'd, rock'd, think'st, Elbe, holds, fall'n, watch'd

My *Uncle Toby* was *racked with* pain. *Rocked with whirlwinds. Victory will weaken* the enemy. *Think'st thou* so meanly of me? Or the *River Elbe.* We saw the *Elk.* And he cried *hold, hold, hold!* The *wolf whose howl's his* watch. *Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n from* his high estate. There was *no help for it.* He *watch'd and wept,* he *felt and prayed* for all It was a *wilfully false* account.

LESSON IX.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—List-en-ed, pro. *lis'-n'd:* pet-u-lant, not *pet-ty-lunt:* min-utes, pro. *min-its:* des-o-late, not *des-er-lit:* in-ces-sant, not *in-ces-sunt:* con-trib-u-ted, not *con-trib-it-id:* win-dow, not *win-der:* brace-let, not *brass-let:* nar-row-ly, not *nar-rer-ly:* e-lab-or-ate, not *e-lab-er-ate:* glist-en-ing, pro. *glis'-ning.*

3. Flus'-ter-ed, *p.* agitated, confused.
Pal'-si-ed, *p.* deprived of the power of motion.
6. Dra'-per-y, *n.* curtains, hangings.
Par-a-pher-na'-li-a, *n.* appendages, ornaments.
Broach'-es, *n.* clasps. [the cheek.
8. Rouge, *n.* (pro. *roozh*) red paint for
9. Ob-lit'-er-ate, *v.* to efface, to destroy.
E-lab'-or-ate, *a.* finished with great labor.
Leer'-ing, *p.* looking obliquely.
Tin'-sel, *n.* something shining and gaudy.
12. Dis-tort'-ed, *p.* twisted out of natural shape.
Un-sight'-ly, *v.* disagreeable to the eye.

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

1. "WHAT can Charlotte be *doing*' all this while?" inquired her mother'. She listened—"I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour'! I will call the maid and ask." She rung the bell, and the servant appeared.

2. "Betty', Miss Jones is not *gone'* yet, *is'* she? Go up to her room', Betty, and see if she *wants'* anything, and tell her it is half past nine o'clock'," said Mrs. Jones. The servant accordingly went up stairs, and knocked at the bed-room door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss Jones have fallen asleep'? Oh! impossible'!

3. She knocked again', but as †unsuccessfully as before. She became a little flustered; and, after a moment's pause, opened the door and entered. There was Miss Jones sitting at the glass "Why, ma'am'?" commenced Betty, in a petulant tone, walking up to her, "here have I been knocking for these five minutes, and"——Betty staggered, horror struck, to the bed, and uttering a loud †shriek, alarmed Mrs. Jones, who instantly tottered up stairs, almost palsied with fright. *Miss Jones was dead!*

4. I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. It was a stormy night in March: and the desolate aspect of things without'; deserted streets, the dreary howling of the wind', and the †incessant pattering of the rain',

contributed to cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the intelligence of the awful event that had †summoned me out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness.

5. On reaching the house, I found Mrs. Jones in violent †hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbors, who had been called to her assistance. I repaired to the scene of death, and beheld what I never shall forget.

6. The room was occupied by a white-curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass, hung with a little white drapery; and various paraphernalia of the toilet lay †scattered about; pins', broaches', curling papers', ribbons', gloves', etc'.

7. An arm chair was drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss Jones, *stone dead.* Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling irons. Each of her wrists was †encircled by a showy gilt †bracelet.

8. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned toward the glass, which, by the light of the expiring candle, †reflected, with frightful fidelity, the clammy, fixed features, daubed with rouge and carmine, the fallen lower jaw, and the eyes, directed full into the glass, with a cold stare, that was appalling.

9. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a †smirk of conceit and self-complacency, which not even the palsying touch of death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate †precision; and the skinny, sallow neck, was encircled with a string of †glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death thus leering through the tinsel of fashion, the "vain show" of artificial joy, was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life!

10. Indeed, it was a most †humiliating and shocking †spectacle Poor creature'! struck *dead'* in the very *act'* of sacrificing at the †shrine of female vanity!

11. On examination of the body, we found that death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been †protracted, possibly for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother.

12. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm †composure of natural death, as †mangled and distorted by violence; but never have I seen so †startling a satire upon human vanity, so †repulsive', unsightly', and loathsome a spectacle', as a *corpse dressed for a ball'!*

DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN

QUESTIONS.—Narrate, in a few words, the story you have been reading. Is it common for persons to die suddenly? As no one knows the time of his death, how should all live? What is the reason given in the Bible for obeying parents? Is a ballroom a suitable place to prepare for death?

Why has the question in the first paragraph the falling inflection, and those in the second paragraph the rising inflection? Why have the words "Betty" in the second, and "ma'am" in the third paragraph, the rising inflection? Give rules for the other inflections marked.

Which are the verbs in the first paragraph? What is the nominative to each? Which are the simple sentences in the first paragraph? Which, the complex? Which, compound? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, Analysis.

ARTICULATION.

Burn'd, learnt, bursts, groves, breast, broke, &c.

He was *burn'd on* the hand. He *learnt* the *art* of war in Spain. A song *bursts* from the *groves*. *Earth's ample breast*. The *busts of* Fox *and* Pitt *were there*. The *songs broke* the stillness of the night. A *rat ran* over the *roof of* the house, with a *raw lump of liver in his* mouth.

LESSON X.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Pret-ti-est (pro. *prit-ti-est*), not *put-ti-est:* crea-ture, (pro. *creat-yur*), not *crea-ter*, nor *crit-ter:* fool-ish, not *ful-lish:* fierce-ly, not *ferss-ly*.

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5. Sub-tile, *a.* thin, delicate. [the head Crest, *n.* a tuft or ornament worn on
6. Wi'-ly, *a.* cunning, sly.
7. Coun'-sel-or, *n.* one who gives advice.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

1. "WILL you walk into my †parlor'?" said a spider to a fly,
"'T is the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things' to show when you are there'."
"Oh no', no'," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair' can ne'er come down' again"

2. "I'm sure you must be weary' with †soaring up so high';
Will you rest upon my little bed'?" said the spider to the fly'.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around', the sheets are fine and thin';
And if you like to rest awhile', I'll snugly tuck you in'."
"Oh no', no," said the little fly', "for I've often heard it said,
They *never, never, wake'* again, who sleep upon *your* bed!"

3. Said the cunning spider to the fly', "Dear friend', what shall I do,
To prove the warm †affection' I've always felt for you'?
I have within my pantry', good store of all that's nice';
I'm sure you're very welcome'; will you please to take a slice'?"
"Oh no', no'!" said the little fly', "kind sir', that can not be';
I've *heard'* what's in your pantry', and I do not *wish* to *see'*."

4. "Sweet creature!" said the spider', "you're witty' and you're wise', [eyes'!
How handsome are your †gauzy wings', how †brilliant are your
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear', you shall behold yourself."
"I thank' you, gentle sir'," she said, "for what you're pleased to say',
And bidding you good morning *now'*, I'll call *another'* day."

5. The spider turned him round about, and went into his den',
For well he knew the silly fly would soon be back' again:
So he wove a subtile web', in a little corner, sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and †merrily did sing,
"Come hither', hither', pretty fly', with the pearl and silver wing
Your robes are green and purple'; there's a crest upon your head';
Your eyes are like the †diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

6. Alas, alas'! how very soon this silly little fly',
Hearing his wily, †flattering words, came slowly flitting by';
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue';
Thinking only of her crested head'—*poor foolish thing'!* At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and †fiercely held her fast'.

7. He dragged her up his winding stair, into his †dismal den,
Within his little parlor'; but she ne'er came out again!
And now, my dear young friends', who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words', I pray you, ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counselor', close heart', and ear', and eye'.
And take a lesson from the tale of the Spider and the Fly.

MARY HOWITT.

QUESTIONS.—In what manner does the spider take the fly? What moral is to be drawn from the fable?

Why has "fly" in the first line, the *falling* inflection? (Rule I.) Why has "fly" in the first line of the 3d stanza, the *rising* inflection? (Rule IV.)

N. B. When a phrase like that referred to in the above questions, *introduces* the quotation, it should have the *rising* inflection, according to Rule IV; when it comes *after* the quotation, it requires the *falling* inflection, according to Rule I, and when it is included between the different parts of the quotation, it may have either inflection, according to the connection.

ARTICULATION.

Tinkl', truckl', chuckl'dst, barb'd, bulb'd, delft.

The bell *tinkles*. The man *truckles* to power. Thou *chuckl'dst* over thy gains too soon. It was *barb'd and bulb'd*. The *bulbs* are sprouting. The *pert fairies* and the *dapper elves*. Is this *delft-ware*, or *delf-ware?* The *costliest silks* are there. *Overwhelm'd with whirlwinds and tempestuous* fire.

LESSON XI.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Nar-row, not *nar-ver:* pen-e-trate, not *pen-it-rate:* se-crets, not *se-crits:* na-ture, not *na-ter*, nor *na-tshure:* be-yond, not *be-yend:* cal-cu-late, not *cal-ky-late:* an-a-lyz'd, not *an-er-lyz'd:* nat-u-ral-ist, not *nat-shu-ral-ist:* spec-u-late, not *spec-ky-late:* flu-en-cy, not *flune-cy:* pi-an-o, not *pi-an-ner:* par-tic-u-lar-ly, not *per-tic-er-lul-ly.*

Con-trast'-ed, *a.* set in opposition.
So-lil'-o-quies, *n.* talking to one's self.
2. Pe-ri-od'-ic-al, *a.* performed regularly in a certain time.
Rev-o-lu'-tion, *n.* circular motion of a body on its axis.
3 An'-a-ly-zed, *v.* separated into the parts which compose it.
4. Grav-i-ta'-tion, *n.* the force by which bodies are drawn to the center.
5 Nat'-u-ral-ist, *n.* one that studies natural history; as, the history of plants, animals, &c.
Vi-tal'-i-ty, *n.* principle of life.
En-am'-el, *v.* to form a glossy surface.
6. Ap-prox-i-ma'-tion, *n.* approach.
Cog-i-ta'-tions, *n.* thoughts.
Ev-o-lu'-tions, *n.* flying backward and forward.
Rus'-tic, *n.* one who lives in the country.
7. Met-a-phys'-ic-al, *a.* relating to the science of mind.
Vo-li'-tion, *n.* the act of willing or determining.
8. Im'-po-tence, *n.* want of power.
13. Ac-com'-plish-ed, *a.* having a finished education.

CONTRASTED SOLILOQUIES.

1. "Alas'!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how narrow is the utmost extent of human science'! how †circumscribed the

sphere of intellectual exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge; but how little do I know! The further I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature', the more I am bewildered and benighted'. Beyond a certain limit', all is but confusion or †conjecture'; so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant', consists greatly in having †ascertained how *little* is to be known.

2. "It is true that I can measure the sun', and compute the distances of the planets'; I can calculate their periodical movements', and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions'; but with regard to their †construction', and the beings which inhabit' them, what do I know more than the clown'?

3. "Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our own' world, I have analyzed the elements'; and have given names to their component parts'. And yet, should I not be as much at a loss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the liquid quality of water, as the vulgar, who use and enjoy them without thought or examination'?

4. "I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground'; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a *term'?* Does it convey to my mind any idea of the *nature'* of that mysterious and invisible chain which draws all things to a common center? I observe the *effect'*, I give a name to the *cause'; but* can I *explain* or *comprehend'* it?

5. "Pursuing the track of the naturalist, I have learned to distinguish the *animal*, †*vegetable*, and †*mineral* kingdoms; and to divide these into their distinct tribes and families; but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality'? Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the †exquisite pencil, that paints and fringes the flower of the field'? Have I ever detected the secret, that gives their brilliant dye to the ruby and the emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell'?

6. "I observe the †sagacity of animals'; I call it †*instinct'*, and speculate upon its various degrees of approximation to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations of the brute, as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds overhead, performing their evolutions', or steering their course to some distant settlement', their signals and cries are as †unintelligible to me, as are the learned languages to the unlettered rustic: I understand as little of their policy and laws, as they do of Blackstone's Commentaries.

7. "But, leaving the material creation, my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects, and indulged in *metaphysical* speculation.

And here, while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependence and †mysterious connection. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant conception of the manner in which the volition is either †communicated or understood? Thus, in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and confounded, if I attempt to account for it.

8. "Again, how many years of my life were devoted to the †acquisition of those *languages*, by the means of which I might explore the †records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of other times! And what have I gathered from these, but the †mortifying fact, that man has ever been struggling with his own impotence, and vainly endeavoring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries!

9. "Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches, but a humbling conviction of my weakness and ignorance! How little has man, at his best estate, of which to boast! What folly in him to glory in his contracted power, or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions!"

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10. "Well',"' exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished'! Indeed, it would be strange, if, after five years' hard †application', any thing were left incomplete'. Happily, *that* is all over now; and I have nothing to do, but to †exercise my various accomplishments'.

11. "Let me see'! As to *French'*, I am complete mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more †fluency than English'. *Italian'* I can read with ease, and pronounce very well'; as well, at least, as any of my friends; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. *Music'* I have learned till I am perfectly *sick'* of it. But, now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play when we have company; I must still continue to practice a little; the only thing, I think, that I need now to improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs'! which every body allows I sing with taste; and as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

12. "My *drawings* are universally admired; especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly: besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. And then my *dancing'* and †*waltzing'*,—in which our master himself owned that he could take me no further,—just the figure' for it, certainly'; it would be unpardonable if I did not †excel.

13. "As to *cômmon* things, *geôgraphy* and *hîstory*, and *pôetry* and *philôsophy;* thank my stars, I have got through them all! so

that I may consider myself not only perfectly †accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed. Well', to be sure', how much I have †fagged through! The only *wonder* is, that *one* head can †*contain'* it all!"

JANE TAYLOR.

QUESTIONS.—What is the substance of the old man's soliloquy? What is the substance of the young lady's? Which reasons most correctly? What feeling is manifested by the old man in view of his attainments? What, by the young lady? Will those who are really learned and wise, generally be vain?

What inflection is that marked at the words "common," "geography," &c. in the 13th paragraph? What does it indicate here? (See page 23.) With what are these words contrasted?

In the 12th paragraph which are the nouns? What is the singular number of each? What is the possessive case plural number of each? How are the words "dancing" and "waltzing" parsed? See Analytical Grammar, Rule 5.

ARTICULATION.

Arks, bark'd, howl'd, culprit, hurl'd, words.

Many *arks* were seen. They *bark'd* and *howl'd*. The *culprit* was *hurl'd* from the rock. *Words, words, words,* my *lord*. Are the goods *wharf'd?* It was strongly *urg'd* upon him. *Remark'd'st* thou that? He *snarls,* but *dares* not bite. *Arm'd,* say ye? Yes, *arm'd,* my *lord*.

LESSON XII.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—None, pro. *none,* or *nun:* soft-en, pro. *sof'n;* (see McGuffey's newly revised Eclectic Spelling Book, page 49): per-son-age, not *per-son-ij:* sub-du'd, not *sub-ju'd:* to'-ward, not *to-ward':* for-get, not *for-git:* yet, not *yit.*

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1. Tin'-y, *a.* very small, little, puny.
2. Sa-lute', *n.* greeting.
   Mun'-dane, *a.* belonging to the world.
4. Re-tort', *n.* the return of an incivility.
5. Peer'-ing, *a.* just coming up.
6. Cum'-ber-er, *n.* one who hinders or is troublesome.
   Vaunt'-ing, *a.* vainly boasting.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

1. "I AM a Pebble'! and yield to none'!"
   Were the swelling words of a tiny stone';

"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The +pelting hail and the +driveling rain
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain';
And the tender dew has sought to melt'
Or touch my heart'; but it was not felt'.

2. "There's none that can tell about my birth;
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world', like blades of grass,
And many a foot on me has trod',
That's gone from sight, and under the +sod'!
I am a Pebble'! but who art *thou*',
Rattling along from the restless bough'?"

3. The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment', abashed and mute';
She never before had been so near'
This gravelly ball, the mundane +sphere';
And she felt, for a time, at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.

4. But to give reproof of a nobler sort'
Than the angry look', or keen retort',
At length, she said', in a gentle tone:
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element, where I grew',
Down to another, so hard and new',
And beside a +personage so +august',
Abased', I will cover my head in dust',
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time', nor season', nor storm', nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew', nor the grinding heel',
Has ever +subdued, or made to feel'!"
And soon, in the earth, she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

5. But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak'!
And, as it arose', and its branches spread',
The Pebble looked up, and wondering said.
"A *modest Acorn*'! never to tell'
What was enclosed in its simple shell'!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup'!
And meekly to sink in the +darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide its worth!

6. "And oh! how many will tread on me',
To come and admire the beautiful tree',
Whose head is †towering toward the sky',
Above such a worthless thing as I'!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humble Pebble again be heard,
Till something, without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I have been."
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

Miss H. F. Gould.

Questions.—What was the Pebble's boast? How did the Acorn feel? What did the Acorn say? What did it do? What did it become? What did the Pebble then say? What is the moral of this fable?

Why is the rising inflection used at "said" in the 4th paragraph? (Rule IV.) What words in the same paragraph form a commencing series? ("time—heel.") Give the reasons for the other inflections marked.

LESSON XIII.

Utter each sound distinctly. Char-ac-ter, not *ch'rac-ter:* dif-fer ent, not *dif'-rent:* op-po-site, not *op'-site:* em-i-nence, not *em'-nunce·* in-vig-or-a-ted, not *in-vig'-ra-ted:* vig-or-ous, not *vig'-rous.*

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1. Arch'-i-tects, *n.* (pro. *ark'-e-tects*), builders, formers, makers.
Des'-ti-nies, *n.* ultimate fate, appointed condition.
2. Me-di-oc'-ri-ty, *n.* a middle state, or degree of talents.
Me'-di-o-cre, *n.* (pro. *me'-di-o-ker*), a man of moderate talents.
4. Fi'-at, *n.* decree.
5. Con'-dor, *n.* a large bird.
Em-pyr'-e-al, *a.* relating to the highest and purest region of the heavens.
6. Ca-reer'-ing, *a.* moving rapidly.
Prow'-ess, *n.* bravery, boldness.
A-chieve'-ments, *n.* something accomplished by exertion.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

1. The †education, moral and †intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work. Rely upon it, that the ancients were right; both in morals and intellect, we give their final shape to our characters, and thus become, †emphatically, the architects of our own fortune. How else could it happen, that young men, who have had † precisely the same opportunities, should be con-

tinually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies?

2. Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You will see issuing from the walls of the same college, nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, of whom one will be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you will see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, †obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you will observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to †eminence and †distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

3. Now, whose work is this? †Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you, can do no more than to afford you the †opportunity of instruction: but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction.

4. And of this be assured, I speak from †observation a certain truth: THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT GREAT LABOR. It is the fiat of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve you.

5. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle, till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all′, it is only of that great and †magnanimous kind′, which′, like the condor of South America′, pitches from the summit of †Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself, at pleasure, in that empyreal region′, with an energy rather †invigorated than weakened by the effort‵.

6. It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion‵, this †vigorous power of profound and searching †investigation‵, this careering and wide-spreading †comprehension of mind‵, and these long reaches of thought, that

> "Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
> Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
> And drag up drowned honor by the locks′;"

this is the prowess‵, and these the hardy achievements, which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

WIRT.

QUESTIONS.—Whose work is the education of every man? What did the ancients say upon this point? By what reasoning does the writer prove this to be the case? What, then, is required to secure excellence?

What is said of genius united with indolence? What kind of genius is considered as desirable? What is the condor? Where is Chimborazo?

What is the rule for the inflections marked in the last paragraph? (Rule II, 3§, commencing series, "exertion`—locks′.") Give rules for the other inflections.

ARTICULATION.

Prolong the sounds of the vowels that are italicized.

D-*ay*, *a*-ge, l-*aw*, *awe*-d, f-*a*-ther, *a*-rm, th-*ee*, *ee*-l, *oo*-ze, th-*y*, *i*-sle, th-*ou*.
We have *e*-rr'd and str-*ay*'-d from thy w-*ay*-s like l-*o*-st sh-*ee*-p
Sp-*a*-re thou those, O G-*o*-d, who confess their f-*au*-lts.

LESSON XIV.

PRONOUNCE correctly. El-o-quence, not *el-er-quunce;* in-val-u-a-ble, not *in-val-ew-a-ble:* at-ti-tudes, not *at-ti-toods*, nor *at-ti-tshudes:* or-a-tors, not *or-it-uz:* in-tel-lect-u-al, not *in-tel-lect-ew-al:* con-tin-u-al, not *con-tin-ew-al.*

ARTICULATE each letter in the following words found in this lesson: Must, not *muss:* least, not *leace:* faults, not *faulce:* sep-a-ra-ted, not *sep′-ra-ted:* child, not *chile:* pre-sents′, not *pre-sence′:* next, not *nex:* fi-nest, not *fi-nes:* per-fect, not *per-fec.*

1. Req′-ui-site, *n.* (pro. *rek′-we-zit*), that which is necessary.
2. *Su-per-in-du′-ced, *p.* brought in as an addition.
   Ac-qui-si′-tions, *n.* qualities obtained.
3. Per-vert′-ed, *p.* turned from right to wrong.
   In-vin′-ci-ble, *a.* not to be overcome.
6. Dis-crim-i-na′-tion, *n.* the power of observing a difference.

ON ELOCUTION AND READING.

1. THE business of training our youth in †elocution, must be commenced in childhood. The first school is the nursery. There, at least, may be formed a distinct †articulation, which is the first

*It must be borne in mind by the pupil, that in a large class of words of this description, the last *two* syllables are pronounced as *one* syllable.

requisite for good speaking. How rarely is it found in perfection among our orators! Words, says one, referring to articulation, should "be delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint; deeply and †accurately impressed', perfectly finished'; neatly struck by the proper organs', distinct', in due †succession', and of due weight'." How rarely do we hear a speaker, whose tongue', teeth', and lips', do their office so perfectly as, in any wise, to answer to this beautiful description! And the common faults in articulation, it should be remembered, take their rise from the very nursery. But let us refer to other particulars.

2. Grace in †eloquence—in the pulpit, at the bar—can not be separated from grace in the ordinary manners, in private life, in the social circle, in the family. It can not well be superinduced upon all the other acquisitions of youth, any more than that nameless, but invaluable quality, called good breeding. You may, therefore, begin the work of forming the orator with your child; not merely by teaching him to declaim, but what is of more †consequence, by observing and correcting his daily manners, motions, and †attitudes.

3. You can say, when he comes into your †apartment, or presents you with something, a book or letter, in an awkward and blundering manner', "Return', and enter this room again'," or', "Present me that book in a different manner'," or', "Put yourself into a different attitude'." You can explain to him the difference between thrusting or pushing out his hand and arm, in straight lines and at acute angles', and moving them in flowing, †circular lines, and easy, graceful action'. He will readily understand you. Nothing is more true than that "the motions of children are †originally graceful;" and it is by suffering them to be perverted', that we lay the foundation for invincible †awkwardness in later life.

4. We go, next, to the schools for children. It ought to be a leading object, in these schools, to teach the art of reading. It ought to occupy *three fold more time* than it does. The teachers of these schools should labor to improve *themselves*. They should feel, that to them, for a time, are committed the future †orators of the land.

5. We would rather have a child, even of the other sex, return to us from school a first-rate *reader*, than a first-rate performer on the pianoforte. We should feel that we had a far better pledge for the †intelligence and talent' of our child. The accomplishment, in its perfection, would give more pleasure. The voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence; and there may be eloquent *readers'*, as well as eloquent *speakers'*. We speak of

perfection in this art; and it is something, we must say in defense of our preference, which we have never yet seen. Let the same pains be devoted to reading, as are required to form an accomplished performer on an instrument; let us have, as the ancients had, the formers of the voice, the music masters of the *reading* voice; let us see years devoted to this accomplishment; and then we should be prepared to stand the †comparison.

6. It is, indeed, a most †intellectual accomplishment. So is music, too, in its perfection. We do by no means †undervalue this noble and most delightful art, to which Socrates applied himself, even in his old age. But one †recommendation of the art of reading is, that it requires a constant exercise of mind. It involves, in its perfection, the whole art of †criticism on language. A man may possess a fine genius, without being a perfect reader; but he can not be a perfect reader without genius.

N. A. Review.

Questions.—When must the business of training in elocution be commenced? What excellent comparison is employed to illustrate a good articulation? What is the relative *importance* of good reading? How does the power of reading with perfection compare with the power of excellent musical performance?

Explain the inflections marked in the 1st paragraph. (Rule VI, 3§.) Explain those marked in the 3d paragraph. (Rule II, 1§, and IV.)

In the first sentence, which word is the subject? Which words are in the objective case? Which are the prepositions? In the last sentence, which words are in the objective case? Which are the verbs, and in what mode are they? Which are the modes? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar.

ARTICULATION.

Prolong the sounds of the vowels that are italicized.

W-*a*-r, *o*-r-b, fl-*ow*-s, p-*u*-re, d-*ow*-n, *ai*-d, b-*ow*, s-*a*-ve.

Th-*e*-se are thy gl-*o*-ri-ous works, p-*a*-rent of g-*oo*-d. F-*ai*-rest of st *a*-rs! L-*a*-st in the tr-*ai*-n of n-*i*-ght. H-*o*-ly, h-*o*-ly, h-*o*-ly, *a*-rt th-*ou*, O L-*o*-rd! H-*ai*-l h-*o*-ly l-*i*-ght. We pr-*ai*-se th-*ee*, *O* L-*o*-rd G-*o*-d.

☞ The reader will need to guard against a drawling style of reading after these exercises.

LESSON XV.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Ed-u-cate, not *ed-dy-cate*, nor *ej-ju-cate*; spoils, not *spiles:* vic-to-ry, not *vic-ter-y:* pop-u-la-tion, not *pop-py-la-tion:* man-u fac-tures, not *man-y-fac-ters:* ag-ri-cult-ure, not *ag-ri-cul-ter*, nor *ag-ri-cul-tshure:* prov-i-dence, not *prov-i-dunce:* a-ban-don, not *ub an don:* prov-o-ca-tion, not *prov-er-ca-tion:* spasms, not *spas-ums.*

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1 In-ex'-o-ra-ble, *a.* that can not be made to bend, unyielding.
Des'-pot-ism, *n.* absolute, uncontrolled power.
Per-pe-tu'-i-ty, *n.* continued, uninterrupted existence.
3. A-loof', *adv.* at a distance.
Vor'-tex, *n.* a whirling motion of water forming a hollow in the center, a whirlpool.
4. Suf'-frage, *n.* vote given in choosing men for office.
5. Fore-bo'-ding, *n.* a foretelling.
Found'-er-ing, *n.* being filled with water and sinking.
6. Har'-bin-ger, *n.* that which precedes and gives notice beforehand of any thing.
7. Re-verse', *v.* to turn to the contrary.
A-nal'o-gy, *n.* resemblance between things.
8. Im'-mi-nence, *n.* a hanging over.
10. Spasms, *n.* } violent and irregular contraction of the muscles of the body.
Con-vul'-sions, *n* }
Ex-tort', *v.* to wring or force out of.

NECESSITY OF EDUCATION.

1. WE must †educate'! We must educate'! or we must perish by our own prosperity'. If we do not', short will be our race from the cradle to the grave. If, in our haste to be rich and mighty', we outrun our literary and religious institutions', they will never overtake us; or only come up after the battle of liberty is fought and lost, as spoils to †grace the victory, and as †resources of inexorable despotism for the perpetuity of our bondage.

2. But what will become of the West, if her prosperity rushes up to such a majesty of power, while those great †institutions linger which are necessary to form the mind, and the †conscience and the heart of that vast world? It must not be permitted. And yet what is done must be done quickly, for population will not wait', and †commerce will not cast anchor', and manufactures will not shut off the steam', nor shut down the gate', and agriculture', pushed by millions of freemen on their fertile soil', will not withhold her corrupting abundance'.

3. And let no man at the East quiet himself, and dream of liberty, whatever may become of the West. Our †alliance of blood, and †political institutions, and common interests, is such,

that we can not stand aloof in the hour of her calamity, should it ever come. *Her'* destiny is *our* destiny; and the day that her gallant ship goes down', our little boat sinks in the vortex'!

4. The great experiment is now making', and from its extent and rapid filling up', is making in the West', whether the perpetuity of our republican institutions can be †reconciled with universal suffrage'. Without the education of the *head'* and *heart'* of the nation, they can not' be; and the question to be decided is, can the nation, or the vast balance power of it, be so imbued with intelligence and virtue as to bring out, in laws and their administration, a perpetual self-preserving energy? We know that the work is a vast one, and of great difficulty; and yet we believe it can be done.

5. I am aware that our ablest patriots are looking out on the deep, vexed with storms, with great forebodings and failings of heart, for fear of the things that are coming upon us; and I perceive a spirit of impatience rising, and distrust in respect to the perpetuity of our republic; and I am sure that these fears are well founded, and am glad that they exist. It is the star of hope in our dark horizon. Fear is what we need, as the ship needs wind on a rocking sea, after a storm, to prevent foundering. But when our fear and our efforts shall †correspond with our danger, the danger is past.

6. For it is not the impossibility of self-preservation which threatens' us; nor is it the unwillingness of the nation to pay the price of the *preservation'*, as she has paid the price of the *purchase'* of our liberties. It is *inattention'* and *inconsideration'*, †protracted till the crisis is past, and the things which belong to our peace' are hid from our eyes'. And blessed be God, that the tokens of a national waking up, the harbinger of God's mercy, are multiplying upon us!

7. We did not, in the darkest hour, believe that God had brought our fathers to this goodly land to lay the foundation of religious liberty, and wrought such wonders in their preservation, and raised their descendants to such hights of civil and religious liberty, only to reverse the analogy of his †providence, and abandon his work

8. And though there now be clouds, and the sea roaring, and men's hearts failing, we believe there is light behind the cloud, and that the imminence of our danger is intended, under the guidance of Heaven, to call forth and apply a holy, †fraternal fellowship between the East and the West, which shall secure our †preservation, and make the †prosperity of our nation durable as time, and as abundant as the waves of the sea.

9. I would add, as a motive to immediate action', that, if we do fail in our great †experiment of self-government', our destruction

will be as signal as the birthright abandoned', the mercies abused', and the †provocation offered to beneficent Heaven. The descent of desolation' will correspond with the past elevation'.

10. No punishments of Heaven are so severe as those for mercies abused'; and no instrumentality employed in their infliction is so dreadful as the wrath of man'. No spasms are like the spasms of expiring liberty, and no †wailing such as her convulsions extort.

11. It took Rome three hundred years to die'; and our death, if we perish, will be as much more †terrific, as our intelligence and free institutions have given us more bone, sinew, and vitality. May God hide from me the day when the dying agonies of my country shall begin'! O, thou beloved land', bound together by the ties of brotherhood', and common interest', and perils'! live forever'— one and undivided'! BEECHER.

QUESTIONS.—Why is education so necessary in this country? What will, without education, contribute to our downfall? What can save the nation's liberties? Can the nation continue free, without the influence of education and religion? Why should we regard the prospects of this nation with fear? What can be the advantage of a spirit of fear? Why may we trust that God will not abandon our nation to ruin? What will insure her destruction? What is said of the greatness of such a destruction? What are the most dreadful punishments that heaven can inflict upon a nation? How would our destruction compare with that of Rome?

Give the reasons for the inflections marked in the 2d paragraph. (The principle of negative sentences prevails in this sentence. See Rule VI for inflections, 2§, Note.)

In what mode, tense, number, and person, is "must educate," in the first sentence? In the 3d paragraph, for what noun does the pronoun "*her*" stand? Parse the last word in the lesson. See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, Rule 7

ARTICULATION.

Prolong the sounds of the vowels that are italicized.

E-rr, *a*-ll, *a*-ge, *a*-rm, *o*-ld, *ou*-r, *ee*-l, *b*-*oy*, *i*-sle.

Our *Fu*-ther, who *a*rt in Heaven. Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida!

LESSON XVI.

PRONOUNCE correctly. — Pur-chas'd, not *pur-chis'd:* jew-els, not *jules:* cor-al, not *co-rul:* de-struc-tion, not *dis-truc-tion.*

10. O'-nyx, *n.* a gem partly transparent, with veins of different colors. Sap'-phire, *n.* (pro. *saf'-fer*), a precious stone, blue, red, violet, &c.
11. Crys -tal, *n.* a regular solid of any mineral.
13. Cor -al, *n.* a kind of animal and its shell. [color.
15. To'-paz, *n.* a gem of a yellowish
28. Ad-just'-ed, *v.* settled, reduced to a right standard.
29. Pre-scri'-bed, *v.* laid down as rules

TRUE WISDOM.

1. BUT where shall †wisdom be found'?
And where is the place of †understanding'?
Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Nor can it be found in the land of the living.
5. The deep saith', It is not with me';
And the sea saith', It is not with me'.
It can not be gotten for gold,
Nor shall silver be weighed out as the price thereof
It can not be †purchased with the gold of Ophir,
10. With the †precious onyx, or the sapphire.
Gold and crystal are not to be compared with it;
Nor can it be purchased with jewels of fine gold.
No mention shall be made of coral, or of crystal,
For wisdom is more precious than pearls.
15. The topaz of Ethiopia can not equal it;
Nor can it be purchased with the purest gold.

Whence, then, *cometh'* wisdom?
And where *is'* the place of understanding?
Since it is hidden from the eyes of all the living,
20. And kept close from the fowls of the air.
†Destruction and Death say,
We have heard of its fame with our ears.
God only knoweth the way to it;
He only knoweth its dwelling-place.
25. For he seeth to the ends of the earth,
And †surveyeth all things under the whole heaven
When he gave the winds their weight',
And adjusted the waters by measure';
When he prescribed laws to the rain',

30. And a path to the †glittering thunderbolt;
Then did he see it, and make it known':
He †established it, and †searched it out:
But he said unto man,
Behold'! the fear of the Lord', that is thy wisdom,
35. And to †depart from †evil, thy understanding.

DR. CHEEVER'S HEBREW POEMS.

QUESTIONS.—Where is Ethiopia? What is true wisdom? Can it be purchased? Where can it be obtained? What is the evidence that God is wise, and is willing to give us the wisdom that we need?

Give the rule for the inflections marked in the clause ending with the 31st line. (Commencing series.)

ARTICULATION.

Prolong the sounds of the vowels that are italicized.

Kn-*ow*, fr-*ee*, th-*ey*, d-*aw*-n, n-*ow*, b-*ay*, th-*e*-re, sn-*o*-re.

S*oo*thed with the so*u*nd, the k*i*ng gre*w* v*a*in. Roll on, thou d*ee*p an*d* d*a*rk bl*ue* *o*cean, r*o*ll.

LESSON XVII.

ARTICULATE distinctly. — Ru-di-ments, not *ru-di-mens:* task, not *tass:* ex-pect, not *ex-pec:* re-col-lect, not *re-col-lec:* in-dis-tinct, not *in-dis-tinc:* in-tel-lect, not *in-tel-lec:* per-fect-ly, not *per-fec-ly:* re-spect not *re-spec.*

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1. Pre-coc'-i-ty, *n.* early growth, ripeness before the usual time.
2. Ru'-di-ments, *n.* first principles, things to be first learnt.
4. De-vi'-ces, *n.* contrivances.
5. So-lic'-it-ous, *a.* anxious, very desirous.
6. Ty'-ro, *n.* a beginner.
7. Her-cu'-le-an, *a.* very difficult.
11. Con-sec'-u-tive, *a.* following in order.
14. En-trance'-ment, *n.* a kind of rapture or astonishment.
19. Al-tern-a'-tion, *n.* reciprocal succession.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

1. "I WAS a dull boy," said Judge B——, in answer to some remarks of Mrs. Wentworth, referring to the usual precocity of genius, and hinting at the display which the learned and †celebrated

Judge must have made in his †juvenile studies, "I was a very dull boy. Till I was full nine years old, I dreaded the name of book and school.

2. "It is true, I had made some progress in the rudiments of English, and had begun the Latin Grammar; but this was wholly owing to the constant instruction and personal influence of my mother. It was only in obedience to her, that I attended school. I would have preferred a severe whipping every day of my life, if by that means I might have been †exempted from the task of study. I was the *drone* of the school.

3. "My mother began my education very early; I was her only child, and she a widow; you may easily imagine, therefore, how eager she must have been for my improvement. She tried every means that love, faith, and patience could †suggest, to instruct me in my lessons and my duties. In the latter she was not disappointed. I may say, without boasting, that I was an obedient boy, for I loved my mother so well, that it was a pleasure to do her bidding.

4. "But I could not learn my book; the fountain of knowledge was, to my taste, bitter waters, and all the devices which †ingenuity has invented to make learning easy, failed in my case. I had to wear the dunce-cap at school; and so sluggish was my mind, that I did not care a straw for the disgrace, till I found it made my mother weep when she heard of it. Indeed, I preferred to be at the foot of my class, for then I had no trouble about trying to keep my station; and even at the opening of the school, I always took my place at the foot: it seemed to fall naturally to me. I was as contented as Diogenes in his tub.

5. "Thus the time passed', till the winter I entered my tenth year'. The schoolmaster was preparing for a famous exhibition'; and as he knew how solicitous my mother was for my improvement, he called on her to †ascertain if she thought it possible that *I* could take a part'. She *did*' think it possible; what *mother* would despair of her *only child?* She undertook to teach me the piece I was to speak.

6. "The teacher had selected that †pithy little poem, so appropriate for the young tyro, beginning—

"'You 'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Do n't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by, &c.'

7. "These six lines were my first lesson; and after tea, my mother sat down to the task of teaching it, telling me that I must

learn to recite those six lines, during that and the following evening. You smile', ladies', but it seemed an Herculean task to *me*', and it was only my strong affection for my mother', that would have induced me to undertake' it.

8. "The teacher had promised me, that, if I spoke my piece well, he would give me a silver †medal. I cared nothing for that, till my mother drew me to her, and, as she put back my hair and kissed my forehead in her loving manner, said, "Oh, Robert! how happy I shall be to see you come home with the medal on!" I thought then that I would try to obtain it. So I sat down cheerfully to my task.

9. "I recollect the scene as though it were but yesterday. My mother read the six lines to me a number of times over, and then she explained the meaning of the words. She told me of Demosthenes, and the efforts he made to overcome his natural defects. I remember asking her if I should get some pebbles to hold in *my* mouth; whether it would do *me*' any good; and how happy her laugh rang out at my †witticism. Then she told me of Cicero, and of the great services he rendered his country, by his oratory and learning, thus endeavoring to awaken my mind to some effort of imitation.

10. "I like to listen to stories, and it was in this manner that I had been taught what little I knew; for I could not comprehend words. I wanted images, and these, my mother, by her manner, and the comparisons she would draw from familiar things, could succeed in †picturing to my imagination. In books, I found nothing but words, and those I could not remember. But I am growing tedious, I fear, as that evening was to my mother and myself.

11. "For two long hours she patiently taught' me. I read over the lines a hundred times'; I recited them after her'; sometimes, I would repeat two or three consecutive words'; and I could see her face brighten with hope'; but when she took the book for the last recitation', and after I had been studying most †intently for some minutes', I could not repeat a *single word*'. I can recollect now my †sensation at that time. It seemed to me, that I knew all that my mother wished me to say; but a kind of wavering shadow would come between me and my lesson, and make all the words indistinct, and my will had no power to control these †fancies.

12. "When my mother had vainly tried every possible method to make me recollect the first two lines, she was quite overcome. I believe her hope of my intellect was †extinguished, and that she felt, for the first time, what all who knew me had †predicted, that I should be a dunce. It must be a terrible trial for a sensible

mother to think, that her only child is a fool. She burst into a passion of tears; covered her face with her hands, and sunk on her knees beside the sofa where we were sitting.

13. "I started up in †amazement at her grief, for I had never before seen her so moved: she was habitually calm as a summer's morning; but now her sobs and groans seemed bursting her heart. My knees trembled, and a burning heat rushed over my frame. At that moment, something seemed to open in my head, and a light — I can compare it to nothing else — seemed to be let in to my brain.

14. "I saw, or felt,—*that* perhaps would be more proper,—every word of the lesson I had been learning, as though it were graven with a pen of fire. I knew that I could repeat my lesson; and many *other* lessons that I had vainly tried to learn, now all were present to my memory in perfect †arrangement. I stood in a state of entrancement, almost, as these new and clear ideas came thronging on my mind, till my dear mother arose from her kneeling posture, and stretched out her hand to draw me to her.

15. "Her face was deadly pale, but perfectly calm and resigned. I have her countenance now before me, mild and beautiful as an angel's. She had given up her hope of my mind, but her love was deeper and more tender, perhaps, because her pride in me had been utterly humbled. Oh, there is no earthly passion so disinterested as a mother's love! She thought, from my countenance, that I was frightened; and drawing me to her, she †caressed me, and murmured, 'my son', my dear son'.'

16. "'I can say my lesson, mother, I can say my lesson now',' I broke out, and instantly repeated not only the six lines, but the whole poem which I had heard her read, but had never read myself. She was astonished; but when I went on to repeat hymns and poems which she had in vain tried to teach me for months and years, her joyful †exclamations were raised in thanks to God; and her tears again flowed like rain.

17. "I do not think she retired' that night at all'; for she was kneeling by my bedside when I went to sleep', and when I opened my eyes in the morning', she was bending over' me. Probably' she feared I might lose my memory', and watched my first awaking to †confirm her hopes'. She was gratified. I recollected more clearly that morning than the previous evening. My whole being seemed changed. Every object looked brighter', every word sounded with a new meaning'."

18. "Do you believe, that any new †faculty of mind was given you?" asked Mrs. Wentworth.

"No, surely not', but my intellect was aroused and enlightened. How this was effected', I do not pretend to say. I have never since found any difficulty in literary pursuits'; the exercise of my mind is my most pleasurable employment'. I gained the medal with great †applause; and was sweetly rewarded by the praises and kisses of my mother.

19. "How happy she was! too happy for this world. I fear the alternations of grief and joy, had an injurious effect on her health. She passed away in a few months, and left me an orphan indeed. But her memory can never pass from me, while my reason remains. To her I am indebted, for all my enjoyment of intellect. I have no doubt, that, had a severe and chilling discipline been pursued with me at home, as it was at school, I should always have been a dull and ignorant being, perhaps an idiot. To a good, faithful, intelligent mother, what gratitude and respect do not her children owe! I shall always †vindicate the cause of woman."

LADIES' MAGAZINE.

QUESTIONS.—Give Judge B——'s description of himself when a child. Describe the circumstances which seemed to lead to the development of his faculties. Did his subsequent improvement show any change of faculties, or only their more vigorous application? To whose influence was all this owing?

In the 13th paragraph, which words are in the nominative case? Which in the possessive case? Which in the objective case? Which nouns are in the singular number? Which in the plural? Which verbs are in the infinitive mode?

ARTICULATION.

Give a full and distinct sound to the *consonants* that are italicized

B-ow, *d*-are, *f*-ame, *g*-ave, *h*-orse, *j*-ew, *k*-ite, *l*-ord, *m* an, *n*-o, *p*-it, *q* ueer, *r*-ow, *s*-ir, *t*-ake, *v*-ow, *w*-oe, *y*-e, *th*-ose, *th*-umb, *wh*-at, *sh*-ow *ch* urch.

LESSON XVIII.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Oft-en, pro. *of'n:* for-ti-tude, not *for-ti-tshude:* fort-une, not *for-ten,* nor *for-tshune:* Prov-i-dence, not *Prov-i-dunce:* con-grat-u-la-ting, not *con-grat-ty-la-ting:* sit-u-a-tion, not *sit-oo-a-tion,* nor *sit-shu-a-tion:* stim-u-la-ted, not *stim-my-la-ted,* nor *stim-er-la-ted,* nor *stim-ew-la-ted,* but *stim-yu-la-ted.*

1. Dis-as'-ters, *n.* unfortunate events.
In-tre-pid'-it-y, *n.* courage, fearlessness.
2. Triv'-i-al, *a.* trifling, small.
3. Rift'-ed, *p.* split open.
Ten'-drils, *n.* the claspers of a vine.
Sol'-ace, *n.* comfort in grief.
Re-ces'-ses, *n.* retirement, secresy.
4. En-thu'-si-asm, *n.* warmth of feeling
5. Re-trieve', *v.* to repair, to restore to a good state.

THE WIFE.

1. I HAVE often had occasion to remark the †fortitude with which women sustain the most †overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that, at times, it approaches to sublimity.

2. Nothing can be more touching, than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and †dependence, and alive to every trivial †roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the most bitter blasts of †adversity.

3. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful †foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the †thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its †shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity'; winding herself into the †rugged recesses of his nature', tenderly supporting the drooping head', and binding up the broken heart'.

4. I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest †affection. "I can wish you no better lot'," said he', with enthusiasm', "than to

have a wife and children`. If you are +prosperous', there they are to *share`* your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to *comfort`* you."

5. And, indeed, I have observed, that a *married'* man, falling into misfortune', is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a *single`* one; partly', because he is more stimulated to exertion by the +necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for +subsistence`; but chiefly', because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the +monarch`. Whereas, a *single* man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect, to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted +mansion, for want of an inhabitant. W. Irving.

Questions.—What is said of the fortitude of the female sex? What effect is produced on the mind by the view of this trait? To what natural object is it beautifully compared? Why should a man have a family? What is apt to be the case with the single man, as to character and comfort? Give rules for the inflections.

N. B.—The teacher will find it profitable to the pupil, to examine him frequently upon the subject of inflections and emphasis, whether these are marked in the lesson or not. Indeed, the few questions inserted upon these points, are intended merely as a specimen of that manner of examination which, it is believed, will be found useful.

ARTICULATION.

In the following words, sound the last consonant distinctly.

(After such exercises as this, it will be necessary to guard against a drawling style of reading.)

Or-*b*, ai-*d*, fa-*g*, Geor-*ge*, a-*ll*, ai-*m*, ow-*n*, li-*p*, wa-*r*, hi-*ss* he *l*, gi-*ve*, a-*dd*, so-*ng*, brea-*th*, tru-*th*, pu-*sh*, bir-*ch*.

Mo-*b*, la-*d*, ru-*f*, ha-*g*, ca-*ge*, ta-*ck*, fi-*ll*, ri-*m*, si-*n*, ho-*p*, fa-*r*, pa *t* bu-*t*, ha-*ve*, ha-*s*, pa-*ng*, ba-*nk*, soo-*the*, pi-*th*, wi-*sh*, ri-*ch*

LESSON XIX.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Guilt-less, not *guilt-liss:* mor tals, not *mor tuls:* pen-ance, not *pen-unce:* up-ward, not *up-wud.*

2. Perch, *v.* to light or settle on any thing.
3. Pen'-ance, *n.* suffering for sin.
4. Lays, *n.* songs.
5. Choir (pro. *kwire*), *n.* a collection of singers.
6. Dome, *n.* a building. *Here it means* the heavens.
7. Con'-se-cra-ted, *a.* set apart for the service of God.

THE WINGED WORSHIPERS.

[Addressed to two swallows, that flew into Church during Divine Service.]

1. GAY, †guiltless pair',
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of †prayer',
Ye have no *sins'* to be forgiven.

2. Why perch ye *here'*,
Where *mortals'* to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend'?

3. *Ye* never knew
The crimes for which *we* come to weep':
Penance is not for *you'*,
Blessed †wand'rers of the upper deep.

4. To you 't is given
To wake sweet nature's †untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To †chirp away a life of praise.

5. Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not †reared with hands.

6. Or if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the †airy way,
And let *me* try your †envied power

7 Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I 'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

8. 'T were heaven indeed,
Through fields of †trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God †adore.

SPRAGUE.

QUESTIONS.—On what occasion was this poem written? We address letters to our friends: was this addressed to the birds in the same sense? Do you discover any beautiful expressions in this lesson? Point them out.

Give the rule for the rising inflection at "pair." For the falling inflection at "heaven." For the rising inflection at "prayer" and "sins." (Rule VI, 2§, Note.) What inflections are proper at the two questions in the 2d stanza?

LESSON XX.

REMARK.—Take care not to let the voice grow weaker and weaker, as you approach the end of the sentence.

ARTICULATE correctly. Full-est, not *full-es:* suf-fer-ing, not *suf-rin:* surest, not *sur-es:* un-feel-ing, not *un-feel-in:* friends, not *fren's:* beau-ti-ful-ly, not *beau-ti-fl'y:* ga-zing, not *ga-zin.*

PRONOUNCE distinctly. Vi-o-lets, not *vi-er-lits:* ag-o-ni-zing, not *ag-er-niz-ing:* fea-tures, not *fea-ters,* nor *fea-tshures.*

1. Mod-i-fi-ca'-tion, *n.* a particular form or manner.
Av'-e-nue, *n.* an entrance, a way.
2. In -va-lid, *n.* a person who is sick.
4. Fran'-tic, *a.* characterized by violence and fury. [of.
5 E-merg'-ed, *v.* reappeared, came out
Vi'-tals, *n.* parts of the body necessary to life.
8. Hec'-tic, *a.* habitual, constitutional.
9. Par'-ox-ysms, *n.* severe turns or fits.
E-vinc'-ed, *v.* made evident.
11. Ghast'-ly, *a.* deathlike, pale.
14. Wail, *n.* loud weeping.

THE INTEMPERATE HUSBAND.

1. THERE was one modification of her husband's †persecutions, which the fullest measure of Jane Harwood's piety could not enable her to bear unmoved. This was unkindness to her feeble and suffering boy. It was at first commenced as the surest mode of †distressing her. It opened a direct avenue to her heart.

2. What began in †perverseness, seemed to end in hatred, as evil habits sometimes create †perverted †principles. The wasted invalid shrunk from his father's glance and footstep, as from the approach of a foe. More than once had he taken him from the little bed which maternal care had provided for him, and forced him to go forth in the cold of the winter storm.

3. "I mean to harden him," said he. 'All the †neighbors know that you make such a fool of him, that he will never be able to get a living. For my part, I wish I had never been called to the trial of supporting a useless boy, who pretends to be sick only that he may be †coaxed by a silly mother."

4. On such occasions, it was in vain that the mother attempted to protect her child. She might neither shelter him in her bosom, nor control the frantic violence of the father. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease which might else have yielded. The timid boy, in terror of his natural †protector, withered away like a †blighted flower. It was of no avail that friends †remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary-headed men warned him solemnly of his sins. *Intemperance* had destroyed his respect for man, and his fear of God.

5. Spring at length emerged from the shades of that heavy and bitter winter. But its smile brought no gladness to the declining child. †Consumption fed upon his vitals, and his nights were full of pain.

6. "Mother, I wish I could smell the violets that grew upon the green bank by our old dear home." "It is too early for violets, my child But the grass is beautifully green around us, and the birds sing sweetly, as if their hearts were full of praise."

7. "In my dreams last night, I saw the clear waters of the brook that ran by the bottom of my little garden. I wish I could taste them once more. And I heard such music, too, as used to come from that white church among the trees, where every Sunday the happy people meet to worship God."

8. The mother knew that the hectic fever had been long increasing, and saw there was such an unearthly brightness in his eye, that she feared his †intellect wandered. She seated herself on his low bed, and bent over him to soothe and compose him He lay silent for some time.

9. "Do you think my father will come?" Dreading the †agonizing †agitation which, in his paroxysms of coughing and pain, he evinced at the sound of his father's well-known footstep, she answered, "I think not, love. You had better try to sleep."

10. "Mother, I wish he would come. I do not feel afraid now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his once more,

as he used to do when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say good-by to him, before I go to my Savior."

11. Gazing †intently in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer, in lines too plain to be mistaken. "My son, my dear son, say, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Mother," he replied, with a sweet smile upon his ghastly features, "he is ready. I desire to go to him. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her. That is all. Now sing to me, and oh! wrap me close in your arms, for I shiver with cold."

12. He clung, with a death grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly †refuge. "Sing louder, dear mother, a little louder, I can not hear you." A tremulous tone, as of a broken harp, rose above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his — one shudder — and all was over.

13. She held the body long in her arms, as if fondly hoping to warm and restore it to life with her breath. Then she stretched it upon its bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred †solitude, alone with the dead. Nothing save the soft breathing of the sleeping babe fell upon that solemn pause.

14. Then the silence was broken by a wail of piercing sorrow It ceased, and a voice arose, a voice of †supplication for strength to endure, as of one "seeing Him who is invisible." Faith closed what was begun in weakness. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to Him who had released the dove-like spirit from the prisonhouse of pain, that it might taste the peace and mingle in the melody of heaven.

MRS. SIGOURNEY

QUESTIONS.—What is the subject of this piece? How did the man commence abusing his child? What effect was produced on the health of the child? Can you describe the scene of the deathbed? What did the child dream about? What did he wish to say to his father?

Explain the inflections proper at each pause of the voice, in paragraphs 9, 10, 11, and 12.

Parse "shudder," in the 12th paragraph. "Fell,' in the 13th "What," in the 14th

LESSON XXI.

REMARK.—While each pupil reads, let the rest observe, and then mention which syllables are pronounced incorrectly, and which omitted, or indistinctly sounded.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—Shi-ning, not *shi-nin:* al-most, not *al-moce:* mem-o-ries, not *mem'ries:* heal-ing, not *heal-in:* old-est, not *ole-es:* rev-er-ent-ly, not *rev'rent-ly:* with-er-ing, not *with'rin:* se-lect-ed, not *s'lect-ed:* fu-ner-al, not *fu-n'ral:* per-ma-nent, not *per-m'nent:* in-ter-est-ed, not *in-t'rest-ed.*

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2. E-ma'-cia-ted, *a.* thin, reduced in flesh.
   Sway, *n.* power, influence.
3. Se-clu'-ded, *a.* retired, lonely.
4. Mod'-u-la-ted, *p.* varied, adapted to the expression of feeling.
10. In-di-ca'-tions, *n.* tokens, signs.
    Tran'-sient, *a.* of short duration.
11. Chast'-en-ed, (pro. *chais'nd*) *a.* afflicted for correction.
    Do-min'-ion, *n.* controlling influence.

THE INTEMPERATE HUSBAND.—CONTINUED.

1. SHE arose from her supplication, and bent calmly over her dead. The thin, placid features wore a smile, as when he had spoken of Jesus. She †composed the shining locks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful. Tears had vanished from her eyes, and in their stead was an expression almost sublime, as one who had given an angel back to God.

2 The father entered †carelessly. She pointed to the pallid, †immovable brow, "See, he suffers no longer." He drew near, and looked on the dead with surprise and sadness. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell on the face of the first-born, who was once his pride. The memories of that moment were bitter. He spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother; and she, who a short time before was raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant, as those few †affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years.

3. Neighbors and friends visited them, desirous to console their sorrow, and attended them when they committed the body to the earth. There was a shady and secluded spot, which they had †consecrated by the burial of their few dead. Thither that whole little colony were gathered, and, seated on the fresh grass, listened to the holy, healing words of the †inspired volume.

4. It was read by the oldest man in the colony, who had himself often mourned. As he bent reverently over the sacred page, there was that on his brow, which seemed to say, "This has been my comfort in my affliction." Silver hairs thinly covered his temples, and his low voice was modulated by feeling, as he read of the †frailty of man, withering like the flower of the grass, before it groweth up; and of His majesty, in whose sight "a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

5. He selected from the words of that compassionate One, who "gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth them in his bosom," who, pointing out as an example the humility of little children, said, "Except ye become as one of these, ye can not enter the kingdom of heaven," and who calleth all the weary and heavy laden to come unto him, that he may give them rest.

6. The scene called forth †sympathy, even from manly bosoms. The mother, worn with watching and weariness, bowed her head down to the clay that concealed her child. And it was observed with gratitude by that friendly group, that the husband supported her in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers.

7. He returned from the funeral in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance, and reflection was misery. For many nights, sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy. Sometimes he imagined that he heard him coughing from his low bed, and felt †constrained to go to him, in a strange disposition of kindness, but his limbs were unable to obey the dictates of his will.

8. Conscience haunted him with terrors, and many prayers from pious hearts arose, that he might now be led to repentance. The venerable man who had read the Bible at the burial of his boy, counseled and entreated him, with the earnestness of a father, to yield to the warning voice, and to "break off his sins by †righteousness, and his iniquities by turning unto the Lord."

9. There was a change in his habits and conversation, and his friends trusted it would be †permanent. She, who, above all others, was interested in the result, spared no exertion to win him back to the way of truth, and soothe his heart into peace with itself, and obedience to his Maker.

10. Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of grief, and of remorse for intemperance, only to see them utterly †overthrown at last. The reviving virtue, with whose indications she had †solaced herself, and even given thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew.

11 Habits of industry, which had begun to spring up, proved themselves to be without root. The dead, and his cruelty to the

dead, were alike forgotten. †Disaffection to the chastened being, who against hope still hoped for his salvation, resumed its dominion.

12. The friends who had †alternately reproved and encouraged him, were convinced their efforts had been of no avail. Intemperance, "like the strong man armed," took possession of a soul that lifted no cry to God, and girded on no weapon to resist the destroyer. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

QUESTIONS.—What effect was produced upon the father by the death of his child? What were his friends disposed to hope for? How did intemperance take possession of him? Why was he unsuccessful, do you suppose, in his resistance to intemperate habits?

Explain the inflections proper in the first three paragraphs.

ARTICULATION.

Bricks, dried, crack'd, crinkl'd, crayon, grand.

The *bricks* were *thoroughly dried*. *Crack'd, crinkl'd crayon*. They *clank* of the *purling brook*. *Grand crags* arose towering on every side.

LESSON XXII.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Rep-tiles (pro. *rep'-tils*), not *rep-tiles:* poison, not *pi-son:* un-fort-u-nate, not *un-fort-er-nit:* an-i-mals, not *an-i-muls:* de-struc-tion, not *dis-truc-tion:* symp-toms, not *symp-tims:* in-san-i-ty, not *in-san-er-ty*.

1. Rep'-tiles (pro. *rep'-tils*), *n.* animals that creep, as worms, snakes, &c.
   Re-coil', *v.* start back, shrink from.
2. Coil'-ed, *p.* gathered into a circular form.
   Coy'-a, *n.* a kind of serpent.
3. In-fest'-ed, *v.* troubled, annoyed.
4. Ob-structs', *v.* hinders, stops.
5. Rank'-le, *v.* to rage, to become violent.
   Spell, *n.* a charm.
7. Still, *n.* a vessel used in distilling or making liquors.

THE VENOMOUS WORM.

"——Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.

1. WHO has not heard of the rattlesnake or †copperhead? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the lords of creation recoil; but there is a species of worm, found in

various parts of this state, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly, that, compared with it, even the †venom of the rattlesnake is harmless To guard our readers against this foe of human kind, is the object of this lesson.

2 This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch in †diameter, but, as it is rarely seen, except when coiled, its length can hardly be †conjectured. It is of a dull lead color, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people, who are in the *habit of going there to drink.* The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same †instinct that teaches the animals of Peru to shun the deadly coya.

3. Several of these reptiles have long infested our settlements, to the †misery and destruction of many of our fellow citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtile poison which this worm †infuses.

4. The †symptoms of its *bite* are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs his †utterance; and †delirium of the most horrid character, quickly follows. Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his nearest friends.

5. If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he †exhibits, to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle in the bosom of a savage; and, such is the *spell* in which his senses are locked, that, no sooner has the unhappy patient recovered from the †paroxysm of insanity, occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the *destroyer,* for the sole purpose of being *bitten again.*

6. I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his step slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only *son* to quit the †lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away; for I knew the fond hope, that his son would be the "staff of his †declining years," had supported him through many a sorrow.

7. Youths of America, would you know the name of this reptile? It is called the *Worm of the Still.*

JOHN RUSSELL.

QUESTIONS.—What is manufactured at the "still" here spoken of? Why is intemperance worse than the bite of the most venomous serpent? What is the coya? What part of a still is called the "worm?" Why is it so called?

In the last paragraph parse "youths." See Analyt. Grammar, Rule 5

LESSON XXIII.

REMARK.—It will be a good exercise for the pupil to stand at a distance from the teacher, and then try to read so loud and distinctly, that the teacher may hear with perfect ease each syllable that is pronounced.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Trough, (pro. *trauf,*) not *troth:* per-pe-tu-i-ty, not *per-pe-tew-i-ty:* pat-tern, not *pat-tun:* of-fi-cers, not *of-ji-suz.* lan-tern, not *lan-tun:* i-ron, pro. *i-urn:* thirst-y, not *thus-ty.*

1. A-slope', *adv.* obliquely, in a slanting manner.
2. Pau'-per, *n.* a poor person, one supported by the public.
3. Mu-nic-i-pal'-i-ty, *n.* a division of country or of a city.
4. Gob'-let, *n.* a kind of drinking vessel.
   Cogn'-iac, *n.* (pro. *Kone'-yak*) the best kind of brandy.
   Hol'-lands, *n.* a kind of gin.
   Ja-mai'-ca, *n.* a kind of rum.
6. Po-ta'-tions, *n.* draughts.
   Ru'-bi-cund, *a.* inclined to redness.
10. Tit-il-la'-tion, *n.* the state of being tickled.
14. Mo-nop'-o-lize, *v.* to obtain the whole.
    Con-sum-ma'-tion, *n.* completion, perfection of a work.

THE TOWN PUMP.

(*Scene.*—The corner of two principal streets.—The Town Pump talking through its nose.)

1. NOON, by the north clock'! Noon, by the east'! High noon, too, by those hot sunbeams which fall', scarcely aslope', upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose'. Truly', we public characters have a tough time' of it! And among all the town officers, chosen at the yearly meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such †manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump.

2. The title of town treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The †overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front.

3. To speak within bounds, I am chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother

officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and †impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and to keep people out of the gutters.

4. At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the public square, on a †muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is', gentlemen'! Here is the good liquor'! Walk up', walk up', gentlemen', walk up', walk up'! Here is the superior stuff'! Here is the †unadulterated ale of father Adam better than Cogniac, Hollands', Jamaica', strong beer', or wine of any' price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up and help yourselves!

5 It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen. †Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupfull to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and wellcurbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jellyfish.

6. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less †potent.

7. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot †gullet, and is converted quite into steam in the †minature †Tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any other kind of dramshop, spend the price of your children's food, for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and whenever you are thirsty, recollect that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand.

8. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are just let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy

troubles, in a †draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life; take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now.

9 There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he laps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my †hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars.

10. Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, dip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue †lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See, how lightly he †capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

11. Your pardon', good people'! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to †replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come all the way from Staunton, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business gives me more pleasure than the watering of cattle. Look'! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough', till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now, they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

12. I hold myself the grand †reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of a vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty †enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water!

13. Ahem! Dry work, this †speechifying, especially to all unpracticed orators. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. But to proceed.

14. The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious partnership, that shall finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then, Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart and die. Then, Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength.

15 Then, there will be no war of households. The husband and the wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, a calm bliss of temperate affections, shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

16. Drink, then, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as when it slaked the thirst of the red hunter, and flowed beneath the aged bough, though now this gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. But, still is this fountain the source of health, peace, and happiness, and I behold with certainty and joy, the approach of the period, when the virtues of cold water, too little valued since our father's days, will be fully appreciated and recognized by all. HAWTHORNE.

QUESTIONS.—In what respect, and why may the Town Pump be considered as assisting in the various town offices? Describe the various characters who are supposed to approach the pump for a drink, and the pump's remarks to them. What benefits arise from the use of water as a drink? What change has taken place in this respect?

Parse "pardon," in the 11th paragraph. "Pump" and "cow," in the 14th. Which are the adverbs in the last sentence? Which are the conjunctions? Which are the nouns, and what is the possessive singular of each one of them?

TO TEACHERS.

The EXERCISES on ARTICULATION which are placed between the Reading Lessons, will be found of great value, and the pupil should study and practice them *frequently* and *thoroughly*. In the Second and Third Readers the Exercises are systematic and extensive. In this Reader they are designed for review and general practice, and are therefore of a more miscellaneous character, but include all the elements of articulation.

LESSON XXIV.

REMARK.—In reading poetry, that does not rhyme where the termination of one line is very closely connected in sense and construction with the commencement of the following line, there should be no pause.

In the following, there must be a slight pause at the end of the first line, and the usual ones at the third and fourth, but none at all at the end of the second.

EXAMPLE.

Ye who have anxiously and fondly watched
Beside a fading friend, unconscious that
The cheek's bright vision, lovely to the view,
Like nightshade, with unwholesome beauty bloomed.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—With-hold, not *with-old:* hast, not *ast:* hands, not *ands:* have, not *ave:* where, not *were:* whelps, not *welps:*

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2. As-say', *v.* to attempt, to try.
Com-mune'. *v.* converse.
6. Up-hoid'-en, *p.* (obsolete for *upheld*) sustained.
10. Con'fi-dence, *n.* trust, reliance.
24. Vis'-ions, *n.* revelations from God.
42. Ex'-cel-len-cy, *n.* valuable quality

VISION OF A SPIRIT.

1. THEN Eliphaz the Temanite answered and said,
If we assay to commune with thee, wilt thou be †grieved'?
But who can withhold himself from speaking'?
Behold! thou hast †instructed many,
5. And thou hast strengthened the weak hands.
Thy words have upholden him that was falling,
And thou hast †strengthened the feeble knees.
But now it is come upon *thee*, and thou faintest:
It toucheth *thee*, and thou art troubled
10 Is not this thy fear, thy confidence,
Thy hope, and the †uprightness of thy ways'?
Remember, I pray thee, whoever perished, being innocent?
Or where were the *righteous*' cut off?
Even as I have seen, they that plow †iniquity,
15. And sow wickedness', reap the same'.
By the blast of God they perish',
And by the breath of his nostrils are they †consumed'.

The roaring of a lion', and the voice of the fierce lion,
And the teeth of the young' lions are broken.
20. The old lion perisheth for lack of prey,
And the stout lion's whelps are †scattered abroad.

Now a thing was secretly brought to me,
And mine ear received a little thereof.
In thoughts from the †visions of the night,
25. When deep sleep falleth on men,
Fear came upon me, and trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake.
Then a spirit passed before my face;
The hair of my flesh stood up:
30 It stood still, but I could not †discern the form thereof
An image was before mine eyes,
There was silence, and I heard a voice saying,
Shall mortal man be more just than God?
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?
35. Behold'! he put no trust in his servants';
And his *angels*' he charged with folly:
How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay,
Whose †foundation is the dust,
Which are crushed before the moth!
40. They are destroyed from morning to evening:
They perish forever without any †regarding it.
Doth not their excellency which is in them go away?
They die even without wisdom. BIBLE

QUESTIONS.—Who was Eliphaz? Did he consider Job, whom he addressed, as an innocent or guilty man? What reason does he give for considering him guilty? Was he correct in his opinion? Does God afflict the good in this world? For what purpose?

Why do the questions in the 2d and 3d lines receive different inflections? Give the rules for the inflections marked in the lesson.

Which are the pronouns in the last four lines, and for what does each of them stand? Which are the adverbs, and what does each of them qualify? Which are the prepositions, and what does each of them govern?

N. B. The Teacher is requested to bear in mind, that the definitions given to the words at the head of each lesson, are those that belong to them in the connection in which they are used in the lesson.

☞ The *grammatical exercises* are adapted to Pinneo's Analytical Grammar. It is recommended that the pupil be frequently examined on the *Analysis of Sentences*, as explained in that Grammar, page 113–135.

LESSON XXV

REMARK.—When any thing very solemn or devotional is to be read, there should be a full, solemn tone of voice; the piece should be read slowly, and long pauses should be made at the commas.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Softly, not *sof'ly* (in *softly* each letter is sounded, while in *soften* the *t* and *e* are silent, and it is pronounced *sof'n*): list-en, pro. *lis'n:* chast-en-ing, pro. *chas'ning:* sor-rows, not *sor-rers:* Prov-i-dence, not *Prov-i-dunce:* pur-sue, not *pur-shoo.*

1. Pil'-grims, *n.* wandering travelers.
7. Chide, *v.* to reprove, to blame.
8. For-lorn', *a.* forsaken, destitute.
9. Mis-deeds', *n.* evil actions.
   Re-morse', *n.* the pain of conscience proceeding from guilt.
12. In'-fa-my, *n.* utter disgrace.
13. Chast'-en-ing, *a.* afflicting for correction.
18. Or'-i-gin, *n.* that from which any thing proceeds, the cause.
    Sphere, *n.* the vast expanse in which the heavenly bodies appear. The phrase *heaven's eternal sphere,* is used figuratively for heaven.
19. Me'-te-or, *n.* a fiery body passing through the air.

A REST FOR THE WEARY.

1. THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2. The storm that wrecks the wint'ry sky
No more disturbs their deep †repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3. I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil.
To slumber in that †dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

4. For †misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish; O my mother earth,
Take home thy child.

5. On thy dear lap these limbs †reclined,
Shall gently †molder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

6. Hark! a strange sound †affrights mine ear;
My pulse, my brain runs wild; I rave;
Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
"I am the Grave!"

7. The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found, at length, a tongue to chide:
Oh, listen! I will speak no more:
Be silent, Pride.

8. "Art thou a wretch, of hope forlorn,
The †victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted †conscience torn
By fell despair?

9. "Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

10. "Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and †vengeance would'st thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

11. "By all the †terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell,
By the dread secrets of my womb,
By death and hell,

12. "I charge thee, live; repent and pray:
In dust thine infamy †deplore;
There yet is mercy; go thy way
And sin no more.

13. "Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

14. "A †bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel,
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

15. "Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'T is done! arise! He bids thee stand
To fall no more.

16 "Now, traveler in the vale of tears!
To †realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight."

17. There is a calm for those that weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
And while the moldering ashes sleep,
Low in the ground';

18. The soul', of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's †eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day'!

19. The sun is but a spark of fire,
A †transient meteor in the sky,
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die. MONTGOMERY.

QUESTIONS.—Who is represented as speaking in verse 8th, and onward? What is a "figure of speech?" What is that figure of speech called, which represents the grave, or any inanimate object, as speaking? With what sentiments should thoughts of death inspire us? Why is death ever desirable? To what will it introduce us? Is it wise to make no preparation for death? Should not our *eternal* welfare be our chief concern in this world?

LESSON XXVI.

REMARK.—Be careful to articulate such little words as *the, of, a, in, from, at, by, and, to, with, as, for,* very distinctly; and yet not dwell on them so long as on other more important words.

ARTICULATE distinctly, and PRONOUNCE correctly.—An*d* not *an:* of, not *uf:* lifts, not *lifs:* dif-fi-cult-y, not *dif"cult-y:* hast, not *hass:* beau-ti-ful, not *beau-ti-f"l:* joy-ful-ly, not *joy-f"ly:* va-ri-a-ble not *va-r'a-ble:* fields, not *fiels:* com-plaints, not *com-plaince:* end, not *en:* dust, not *duss.*

1. In'-tri-ca-cy, *n.* the state of being entangled.
2. Ap-pre-hen'-sion, *n.* the power of thinking and understanding.
3. Va'-cant-ly, *adv.* without thinking of or noticing.
5. As'-pen, *n.* a species of poplar, whose leaves are always in motion.
9. State'-li-ness, *n.* majestic appearance.
10. Rev'-el-ry, *n.* noisy gayety, and festivity.

AN END OF ALL PERFECTION.

1. I HAVE seen man in the glory of his days, and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. He feared no danger; he felt no sickness; he wondered that any should groan or sigh at pain. His mind was vigorous, like his body; he was †perplexed at no intricacy; he was †daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made straight.

2. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he †surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigor of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed. And when I looked on him I said, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in †faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!"

3. I returned; his look was no more lofty, nor his step proud; his broken frame was like some ruined tower; his hairs were white and scattered; and his eye gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The †vigor of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study, nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed.

4. His house to him was like a strange land, and his friends were counted as his enemies; and he thought himself strong and healthful, while his foot tottered on the †verge of the grave. He said of his son', "He is my brother';" of his daughter', "I know her not';" and he inquired what was his own name. And one who supported his last steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene, "Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

5. I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was †variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; and when she † floated in the dance, her light form, like the aspen, seemed to move with every breeze. I returned, but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but found her not.

6. Her eye sparkled not there; the music of her voice was silent; she rejoiced on earth no more. I saw a train, sable and slow-paced, who bore sadly to an open grave what once was animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice broke the awful silence: "Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust. To the earth whence it was taken, †consign we the body of our sister." They covered her with the damp soil and the clods of the valley; and the worms crowded into her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner †lingered, to cast himself upon the grave; and as he wept, he said, "There is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness, that continueth in man; for this is the end of all his glory and perfection."

7. I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished †ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced, and again it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart, "It is beautiful." It was like the first pure blossom, which some cherished plant had shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dewdrop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

8. I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge; it bowed its ear to instruction; it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, nor envious, nor †stubborn; and it had never heard of the vices and †vanities of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that our Savior had said, "Except ye become as little children, ye can not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

9. But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honorable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes, and †extolled the honor of his family. And his heart answered secretly, "By my wisdom have I gotten all this;" so he returned no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him.

10. And as I passed along, I heard the complaints of the laborers who had reaped down his fields, and the cries of the poor, whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartments, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not, that the cries of the †oppressed were continually entering into the ears of the Most High. And when I knew that this man was once the †teachable child that I had loved, the beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with delight, I said in my bitterness, "I have seen an end of all †perfection;" and I laid my mouth in the dust. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

QUESTIONS.—What changes pass upon the proudest forms, and the most undaunted intellects, from the lapse of time? What takes the place of childhood and manhood? What becomes of beauty, as time flies past? What becomes of the docility and loveliness of childhood? What does all this teach us? Where shall we find unchangeable perfection?

Explain the inflections marked, and those of the 6th, 7th, and 8th paragraphs.

LESSON XXVII.

REMARK.—In reading poetry, avoid the sing-song tone, which is caused by marking too strongly with the voice, those syllables which receive the poetic accent, as in the following lines:

Sweet *is* the *work*, my *God* and *King*,
To *praise* thy *name*, give *thanks* and *sing*.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Heav-en, pro. *heav'n;* beau-te-ous, no *beau-che-ous;* home, not *hum.*

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3. Pre-des'-tin-ed, *p.* appointed or determined beforehand.

Deem, *v.* to judge, to think.

4. Con'-flict, *n.* a struggle, a contest.

LIFE AND DEATH.

1. O FEAR not thou to *die'!*
But rather fear to *live';* for *life*
Has thousand †snares thy feet to try,
By †peril', pain', and †strife'.

Brief is the work of *death'*;
But *life'* — the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of woe may be.

3. O fear not thou to die!
No more to suffer or to sin;
No snares *without'*, thy faith to try,
No †traitor heart *within:*
But fear, O! rather fear,
The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
From heaven thy heart to †wean.

3. Fear, lest, in evil hour,
Thy pure and holy hope o'ercome,
By clouds that in the †horizon lower,
Thy spirit feel that gloom,
Which, over earth and heaven,
The covering throws of fell †despair;
And †deem itself the unforgiven,
Predestined child of care.

4. O fear not thou to die!
To die, and be that blessed one',
Who', in the bright and beauteous sky,
May feel his conflict done';
May feel, that, never more,
The tear of grief or shame shall come,
For thousand †wanderings from the Power
Who loved, and called him home!

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

QUESTIONS.—Why should we not fear to die? What are the dangers to which we are exposed in life? What should be the great object of life? To whom must we look for aid in the conflicts of life? Where is our home?

Why does the 1st line end with the rising inflection? (Rule VI.) With what is "to die" contrasted? Give the reasons for the other inflections. What examples are there, in the 1st and 2d stanzas, of relative emphasis?

Which are the interjections in this lesson? Parse "*to die*" in the second line of the last stanza. Parse "who" in the 3d line. Parse "him" in the last line. Parse the last word in the lesson.

LESSON XXVIII.

REMARK.—In reading, be careful not to join the final consonant of one word to the vowel of the next word, as in the following lines.

Lou das his thunder shou tis praise
And soun dit lofty as his throne.

PRONOUNCE correctly and ARTICULATE distinctly.—Chil-dren, not *chil-ren*, nor *chil-durn:* feath-er-y, not *feath-'ry:* glit-ter-ing, not *glit'rin:* per-fume′, not *per′-fume* (the *verb* is pronounced *per-fume′;* and the *noun, per′-fume*).

1. Ra′-di-ant, *a.* beaming with brightness.
2. Date, *n.* the fruit of a tree which grows in warm countries.
Fra′-grant, *a.* sweet smelling.[smelle.
Per-fume′, *v.* to fill with pleasant ;fues, *n.* colors.
3. Ru′-by, *n.* a precious stone of a red color.
Dia′-mond, *n.* a precious stone of the most valuable kind.
Cor′-al, *n.* a kind of sea animal (here used as an adjective).
Strand, *n.* a shore or beach of the sea.

THE BETTER LAND.

1. "I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother'! oh, where is' that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more'?
Is it where the flower of the orange †blows,
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

2. "Is it where the †feathery palm trees rise',
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies'?
Or 'mid the green islands of †glittering seas',
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze',
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all †glorious things'?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

3 "Is it far away, in some †region old,
Where the rivers †wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the †secret mine,
And the pearl †gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land'?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

4 "Eye hath not seen' it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard' its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams can not †picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there';
Time doth not breathe on its †fadeless bloom,
Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb;
It is there', it is there', my child'!"

MRS. HEMANS

QUESTIONS.—What climate produces the myrtle, palm, and date? Why is the palm tree called feathery? Where is that "better land," spoken of in the lesson? What inflection should be used at the word "child," in the last line of the 1st stanza? (Rule IV.) What inflection at the same word when repeated in the other three stanzas? (Exception to Rule IV.) Give rules for the other inflections.

ARTICULATION.

Wafted, acknowledgedst, list'nest, wrongest.

Thou *waft'st* the flying *ships*. Thou *acknowledgest* thy *crimes*. Thou *list'nest* to my tale. It *exists somewhere*. Thou *knewest* that I was a *hard* man. Thou *wrongest wrongfully*.

LESSON XXIX.

ARTICULATE clearly all the consonants in words like the following in this lesson: extract, preserved, darkness, grieved, troubled, integrity, stranger, furrows, traveler.

Pa'-tri-arch, *n.* the father and ruler of a family. Among the Jews, distinguished men were called by this name.
1. Com-po-si'-tion, *n.* a written work.
4. In-teg'-ri-ty, *n.* uprightness.
6. This'-tle, *n.* (pro. *this'le*) a kind of prickly plant.
Cock'-le, *n.* a worthless plant or weed

PORTRAIT OF A PATRIARCH.

1. I can not forbear making an extract of several passages, which I have always read with great delight, in the book of Job. It is the account, which that holy man gives, of his behavior in the days of his †prosperity, and, if considered only as a human composition, is a finer picture of a †charitable and good-natured man than is to be met with in any other author.

2. "Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when, by his light, I walked through darkness; when the +Almighty was yet with me; when my children were about me; when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oil.

3. "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to +perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I +searched out.

4. "Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? Was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance that God may know mine integrity If I did despise the cause of my man servant or of my maid servant, when they +contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me make him also?

5. "If I have withheld the poor from their desire', or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail', or have eaten my +morsel myself alone', and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing', or any poor without covering'; if his loins have not blessed me', and if he were not warmed with the +fleece of my sheep'; if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate'; then let mine arm fall from my shoulderblade', and mine arm be broken from the bone'.

6. "I rejoiced not at the +destruction' of him that hated me, nor lifted up myself when evil found him'; neither have I +suffered my mouth to sin', by wishing a curse to his soul'. The +stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the +traveler'. If my land cry against me', and the +furrows thereof +complain'; if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money', or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life'; let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle' instead of barley."

ADDISON.

QUESTIONS.—What character is here described? What is a Patriarch? Considered merely as a human composition, how does the description given by Job compare with all others? How does Job describe himself to have been situated in "months past?" What is meant by his steps being washed with butter? How did he treat those in trouble? How did he treat the widow, the stranger, and his enemies?

Explain the inflections of this lesson.

ARTICULATION.

Slack'n'd, think'st, throbb'st, prob'st, thwack'st.

They *slack'n'd* the *cable.* Thy pulse *throbb'st wildly.* Thou *prob'st* the wound painfully. He *struggl'd* to *escape.* Thou *think'st* and *thwack'st,* and *thwack'st* and *think'st.*

LESSON XXX.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Reg-gi-o, pro. *red-je-o:* fount-ains, pro. *fount-ins:* stat-ues, not *sta-choos:* sits, not *sets:* for-ward, not *for-ud:* in-no-cent, not *in-ner-sunt:* haunt (pro. *h$\overset{3}{a}$unt*), not *h$\overset{4}{a}$unt:* (see McGuffey's Eclectic Spelling Book for the figures denoting the pronunciation): mel-o-dy, not *mel-er-dy:* $\overset{1}{a}$n-cient, not $\overset{2}{a}$*n-cient:* i-vo-ry, not *i-ver-ry:* fast-en-ed, pro. *fas'n'd.*

1. Ter'-race, *n.* a raised bank of earth.
3. Broid'-er-ed, *p.* adorned with figures of needle work.
   Em'-e-rald, *n.* a gem of a pure lively green color (used here as an adjective).
   Al'-a-bas-ter, *n.* a soft, white marble.
   Cor'-o-net, *n.* a little crown.
5. Heir'-loom, *n.* any article which by law descends to the heir with the real estate.
   Du'-cal, *a.* pertaining to a duke.
7. De-co'-rum, *n.* propriety of behavior.
   Lus'-ter, *n.* brightness.
8. Pan'-ic, *n.* sudden alarm.
10. Quest, *n.* search.
11. Leg'-a-cy, *n.* what is left by will.
12. Am'-bush, *n.* a concealed place.

GINEVRA.

1. IF ever you should come to Modena,
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.
Its noble gardens', terrace above terrace,
And rich in +fountains, +statues, +cypresses',
Will long detain' you; but, before you go',
Enter the house'—forget it not, I pray you--
And look awhile upon a picture' there.

2. 'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that +illustrious family;
Done by Zampieri; but by whom I care not.
He, who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again.
That he may call it up when far away.

3. She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said', "Beware'!" her vest of gold'
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone' in every golden clasp';
And on her brow', fairer than alabaster',
A coronet of pearls'.

4. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch', so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart;
It †haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild †melody!

5. Alone it hangs
Over a †moldering heirloom; its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent,
With scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old †ancestors —
That by the way, it may be true' or false'—
But don't forget the picture; and you will not,
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

6. She was an only child', her name Ginevra',
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

7 Just as she looks there, in her †bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come', the day', the hour';
Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth' time,
The nurse', that ancient lady', preached decorum';
And, in the luster of her youth', she gave
Her hand', with her heart' in it, to Francesco'.

8. Great was the joy'; but at the †nuptial feast,
When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting;
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the †panic spread.

9 'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth †imprinted on his finger.
But now', alas'! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed,
But that she was not!

10. Weary of his life',
Francesco flew to Venice', and †embarking',
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Donati lived'; and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find, he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless; then went to strangers.

11. Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old †lumber in the gallery,
That moldering chest was noticed; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra',
"Why not remove' it from its lurking place?"
'T was done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst', it fell'; and lo! a †*skeleton*',
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished, save a wedding ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
†Engraven with a name, the name of both;
"Ginevra."

12. —There then had she found a grave:
Within that chest had she †concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a †springlock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever! ROGERS

QUESTIONS.—Where is Modena? Who was the painter of the picture? Describe the attitude and dress. Over what does the picture hang? Relate the story which gives interest to the chest and picture.

Give the rules for the inflections marked in this lesson.

Which are the verbs in the 7th paragraph? The adjectives? The nouns? Which of the nouns are in the objective case? Which in the nominative? Parse "skeleton," in the 11th paragraph. See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar Rule V.

LESSON XXXI.

REMARK.—The *last words* of every sentence should be read in such manner as the sense requires, especially avoiding a sudden fall of the voice.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—Ab-sa-lom, not *Ab-s' l' m:* cap-tains, not *cap'ns:* hund-reds, not *hun-durds:* saw-est, not *saw'ss:* thrust, not *th-uss.*

2. Suc'-cor, *v.* help, assist.
6. Shek'-el, *n.* a Jewish coin, worth from 50 to 60 cents.
7. Com'-pass-ed, *v.* surrounded.
8. Dale, *n.* a low place between hills.

DEATH OF ABSALOM.

1. AND DAVID numbered the people that were with him, and set captains of thousands and captains of hundreds over them. And David sent forth a third part of the people under the hand of Joab, and a third part under the hand of Abishai the son of Zeruiah, Joab's brother, and a third part under the hand of Ittai the Gittite.

2. And the king said unto the people, I will surely go forth with you myself also. But the people answered, Thou shalt not go forth: for if we flee away, they will not care for us; neither if half of us die, will they care for us; but now thou art worth ten thousand of us; therefore now it is better that thou succor us out of the city. And the king said unto them, What seemeth you best, I will do.

3. And the king stood by the gate side, and all the people came out by hundreds and by thousands. And the king commanded Joab and Abishai and Ittai, saying, Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom. And all the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge †concerning Absalom.

4. So the people went out into the field against Israel; and the battle was in the wood of †Ephraim; where the people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great †slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country: and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.

5. And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken

up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him, went away.

6. And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak. And Joab said unto the man that told him, And behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a †girdle. And the man said unto Joab. Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in my hand, yet would I not put forth my hand against the king's son: for, in our hearing, the king charged thee, and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Beware that none touch the young man Absalom. Otherwise, I should have †wrought falsehood against mine own life: for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldst have set thyself against me.

7. Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. And ten young men that bare Joab's armor, compassed about and smote Absalom, and slew him. And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel; for Joab held back the people.

8. And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him; and all Israel fled, every one to his tent. Now Absalom, in his lifetime, had taken and †reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in †remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's Place.

9. Then said Ahimaaz the son of Zadok, Let me now run, and bear the king †tidings, how that the Lord hath avenged him of his †enemies. And Joab said unto him, Thou shalt not bear tidings this day, but thou shalt bear tidings another day: but this day thou shalt bear no tidings, because the king's son is dead. Then said Joab to Cushi, Go tell the king what thou hast seen. And Cushi bowed himself unto Joab, and ran.

10. Then said Ahimaaz the son of Zadok yet again to Joab, But howsoever, let me, I pray thee, also run after Cushi. And Joab said, Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no †tidings ready? But howsoever, said he, let me run. And he said unto him, run. Then Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and overran Cushi.

11. And David sat between the two gates: and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, a man running alone. And the

†watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

12. And the watchman saw another man running, and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold, another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings And the watchman said, †Methinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

13. And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king. And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great †tumult, but I knew not what it was. And the king said unto him, Turn aside and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still.

14. And behold, Cushi came; and Cushi said, Tidings my lord the king; for the Lord hath †avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

15. And the king was much moved', and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept'; and as he went', thus he said', O my son Absalom'! my son,' my son Absalom'! would to God I had died for thee', O Absalom', my son, my son'! BIBLE.

QUESTIONS.—What three officers did David appoint over the host? Why did not David himself go forth to the battle? What charge did David give to the three officers respecting Absalom? What was the result of the battle? What was the fate of Absalom? What motives probably influenced Joab to such a course of cruelty? What was the effect of the news of Absalom's death upon king David?

Explain the inflections in the last two lines. (Persons addressed and emphatic repetition. Rules IV and II, 4§.)

LESSON XXXII.

REMARK.—In reading, be careful not to join the final consonant of one word to the vowel of the next word, something in the following way, viz

> They gathered *roun dim* on the fresh *g*reen bank,
> And spoke their kindly words ; *an das* the sun
> Rose *upineaven*, &c.

Be careful to avoid this fault, by articulating distinctly such words in the above, as "*round him*," "*and as*," and "*up in heaven*," and the following and similar words in the lesson, viz: bared his, not *bare dis :* bowed his, not *bow dis :* words of, not *wor dsof :* and his voice went up, not *an dis voi swen tup :* garb of, not *gar bof.*

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10. Court'-e-sy, *n.* (pro. *kurt'-e-sy*) civility, politeness.
11. Trem'-u-lous, *a.* trembling.
12. Es-trang'-ed, *a.* alienated in affection.
16. Con-troll'-ed, *p.* restrained.
13. Sym'-me-try, *n.* a due proportion of the several parts of a body to each other, beauty of form.
35. Sway'-ed, *v.* leaned, moved back and forth.
40. Trail'-ing, *n.* dragging on the ground.
41. Re-vers'-ed, *p.* turned side for side, or end for end.
55. Sack'-cloth, *n,* a coarse cloth worn by mourners.
3. Mant'-ling, *a.* covering with crimson.

ABSALOM.

1. KING DAVID'S limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
5. Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The †mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank
10 And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full, when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for †utterance,
15. And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very †mockery', how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel'; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those

Whose love had been his shield'; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous'. But, oh! for *Absalom*,
For his *estranged*, †*misguided Absalom*,
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him, for *him* he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The †matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the †tassals as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now,
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet: his banner', soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem', was laid,
Reversed', beside' him: and the jeweled hilt',
Whose †diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery', on his covered brow'.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall †steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
Who left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last †echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The †pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

1. "Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this †clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

2. "Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harpstring, †yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet "*my father*" from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

3. "The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young:
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark †tresses to the soft winds flung,
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

4. "And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
†Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

5. "And now, farewell! 'T is hard to give thee up,
With death, so like a gentle †slumber, on thee:
And thy dark sin! Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its †bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a †wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hand †convulsively, as if in prayer,
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and †composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

WILLIS.

QUESTIONS.—What had Absalom done to wring the heart of his father? What was the manner of his death? Specify some of the poetic beauties of this piece

LESSON XXXIII.

REMARK.—Let every pupil notice, as each one reads, when the final consonant of any word is joined to the vowel of the next word.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—Whole of, not *who lof:* and indeed, not *an dindeed:* eminent orators, not *eminen torators:* talents in, not *talen tsin:* celebrated in peace and war, not *celebraty din pea san dwar.*

2. Ad-vent'-ur-ers, *n.* those who attempt difficult enterprises.
Sum'-ma-ry, *a.* short, brief.

3. Sig'-nal-i-zed, *v.* made remarkable.
De-tach'-ment, *n.* a party sent off from the main body.

SPEECH OF LOGAN, CHIEF OF THE MINGOES.

1. I MAY †challenge the whole of the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and indeed, of any more eminent orators, if Europe, or the world, has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, delivered to Lord Dunmore, when governor of Virginia. As a †testimony of Indian talents in this line, I beg leave to introduce it, by first stating the †incidents necessary for understanding it.

2. In the spring of the year 1774, a robbery was committed, by some Indians, upon certain land adventurers on the Ohio river. The whites in that quarter, according to their custom, undertook to punish this †outrage in a summary way. Captain Michael Cresap, and one Daniel Greathouse, leading on these parties, surprised, at different times, traveling and hunting parties of the Indians, who had their women and children with them, and murdered many. Among these, were †unfortunately the family of Logan, a chief celebrated in peace and war, and long †distinguished as the friend of the whites.

3. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a †decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanhawa, between the collected forces of the Shawnees, the Mingoes, and the Delawares, and a †detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace.

Logan, however, †disdained to be seen among the †suppliants: but, lest the †sincerity of a treaty, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, should be distrusted, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

4. "I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an †advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, last spring, in cold blood, and †unprovoked, murdered all the †relatives of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully †glutted my †vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace: but do not †harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

JEFFERSON.

QUESTIONS.—Who was Demosthenes? Cicero? When was Dunmore Governor of Virginia? Who undertook to punish the Indians? Whose family were killed? Where was a decisive battle fought? Where does the Kanhawa rise? Why did not Logan appear among the suppliants?

In the sentence, 'Logan never felt fear,' which is the subject? Which the attribute? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar.

ARTICULATION.

Battl'd, scuttl'd, settl'd, drizzling, crispy, frizzl'd.

They *battl'a* manfully. The ship being *scuttl'd, settl'd* in deep water. A *drizzling* rain fell. The bear has *crispy, frizzl'd* hair. They were *puzzl'd* and *dazzl'd* by the *glitter.*

LESSON XXXIV.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Sav-a-ges, not *sav-ij-is:* ket-tle, not *kit-tle:* i-de-a, not *idee:* reg-i-ment, not *reg-i-munt:* musk-ets, not *musk-its:* con'-tra-ry, not *con-tra'-ry:* sub-jects, not *sub-jics:* weap-on, not *weap'n.**

Can-ni-bals, *n.* men who eat human flesh.
Ag-gres'-sors, *n.* the first invaders.
Ven'-i-son, *n.* (pro. *ven s-z'n* or *ven'-z'n*) the flesh of deer.
Col'-o-ny, *n.* a company of persons removing to a new country, but remaining subject to the parent country.

CHARLES II AND WILLIAM PENN.

King Charles. WELL', friend William'! I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still, I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither *yourself.*

Penn. Yes, I have, I †assure thee, friend Charles; and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

K. C. What'! venture yourself among the †savages of North America'! Why', man', what †security have you that you will not be in their war kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?

P. The best security in the world.

* In a number of words ending in *en*, the *e* is silent; as, haven, heaven, seven, eleven, even, frozen, happen, &c., which are pronounced *hav'n, hev'n, sev'n, elev'n, ev'n, fro-z'n, hap-p'n,* &c. When *t* precedes the *e*, this also is sometimes silent; as in the words, glisten, listen, hasten, fasten, chasten, often, &c., which are pronounced *glis'n, lis'n, has'n, fas'n, chas'n, of'n,* &c. In another class of words ending in *en*, the *e* should be distinctly sounded; as in sudden, hyphen, sloven, kitchen, &c. (See McGuffey's Eclectic Spelling Book, page 49, Lessons 59 and 60.)

K. C. I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security, against those cannibals, but in a †regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and †bayonets. And mind', I tell you beforehand', that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under †obligations, I will not send a *single soldier* with you.

P. I want none of thy soldiers, Charles: I depend on some thing better than thy soldiers.

K. C. Ah'! what may *that'* be?

P. Why, I depend upon *themselves'*; on the working of their *own hearts'*; on their notions of *justice'*; on their *moral sense.*

K. C. A fine thing, this same *moral sense*, no doubt; but I fear you will not find *much* of it among the Indians of North America.

P. And why not among *them*, as well as *others?*

K. C. Because if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my †subjects so †barbarously as they have done.

P. That is no †proof of the contrary', friend Charles. Thy subjects were the *aggressors.* When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the *fondest* and *kindest creatures* in the world. *Every day*, they would *watch* for them to come ashore, and hasten to *meet* them, and feast them on the best fish, and venison, and corn, which were all they had. In return for this hospitality of the *savages*, as we call them, thy subjects, termed *Christians*, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds, for farms for themselves. Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have been driven to †desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with †revenge, they should have committed some †excesses?

K. C. Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.

P. I am not afraid of it.

K. C. Ah! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds too, I suppose?

P. Yes', but not by driving these poor people away from them.

K. C. No, indeed'? How then will you get their lands?

P. I mean to *buy* their lands of them.

K. C. Buy their lands of *them'?* Why, man, you have already bought them of *me.*

P. Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too: but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.

K. C. How', man'? *no right* to their lands?

P. No, friend Charles, *no right, no right* at all: *what* right hast thou to their lands?

K. C. Why', the right of †*discovery*, to be sure; the right which the pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.

P. The right of *discovery*? A strange kind of right, indeed! Now, suppose, friend Charles, that some canoe load of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering this island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?

K. C. Why—why—why—I must confess, I should think it a piece of great †*impudence*' in them.

P. Well, then, how canst *thou*, a *Christian*, and a *Christian prince* too, do *that* which thou so utterly condemnest in *these people*, whom thou callest *savages*? Yes, friend Charles; and suppose, again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to *make war* on thee, and, having weapons more †destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and drive the rest away,—wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?

K. C. I must say, friend William, that I should; how can I say otherwise?

P. Well, then, how can I, who call myself a *Christian*, do what I should †abhor even in the *heathen*? No. I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall †imitate God himself, in his †justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing in my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America.

FRIEND OF PEACE.

QUESTIONS.—What part of the United States was purchased and settled by William Penn? Of whom did he purchase it? Upon what was the king's right founded? In whom was vested the real right? Why? State the reasoning, by which Penn convinced the king that America did not belong to him. What plan did Penn propose to adopt, to secure the good will of the Indians? Was he successful?

What instances of interrogative exclamation do you find in this lesson? What examples of relative emphasis?

In the last sentence, which are the personal pronouns of the first person? Which of the third person? Which are the verbs? Which of them is a participle? Which are in the future tense, indicative mode? Which part of it is the complex sentence? Which, the simple? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar.

ARTICULATION.

Clinch'd, fists, makes, smoothed'st, struggl'd.

He *clinched* his *fists*. He *lifts* his awful *form*. He *makes* his pay*ments* Thou *smoothed'st*, his rugged path. The *president's speech*. He *struggl'd strangely*.

LESSON XXXV.

PRONOUNCE correctly. — Whole, not *hull:* dis-so-lu-tion, not *dis-sy-lu-tion:* at-tack, not *at-tact:* la-ment, not *lum-ent:* mod-er-ate, not *mod-er-it:* cli-mates, not *cli-mits:* rav-a-ges, not *rav-ij-is:* hea-ven, pro. *heav'n.*

1. Dis-so-lu'-tion, *n.* death, separation of the soul and body. [to the reality.
5. In-ad'-e-quate, *a.* partial, not equal
Rav'-a-ges, *n.* destruction, ruin.
7. Ex-trem'-i-ties, *n.* utmost distress: *last extremities* here means *death.*
8. Pro-lon-ga'-tion, *n.* the act of lengthening.
Ve'-hi-cles, *n.* carriages of any kind.
Re-cep'-ta-cles, *n.* places in which to receive any thing.
9. As-si-du'-i-ties, *n.* services rendered with zeal and kindness.
10. Con-ta'-gion, *n.* pestilence, sickness spreading from the touch.
12. De-ci'-pher-ed, *p.* explained.

HORRORS OF WAR.

1. THOUGH the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are hastening to our long home; yet, at each successive moment, life and death seem to divide between them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the larger share. It is otherwise in war, death reigns there without a rival, and without †control.

2. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph of death, who here glories not only in the extent of his conquests, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the †vigorous and the strong.

3. It is remarked by the most ancient of poets, that in *peace, children* bury their *parents';* in *war, parents* bury their *children',* nor is the difference small. *Children* lament their *parents,* sincerely, indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow, which

it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects.

4. *Parents* mourn for their *children* with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, every thing but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and †desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

5. But, to confine our attention to the number of the slain, would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish †instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are so liable.

6. We can not see an individual expire, though a stranger, or an enemy, without being sensibly moved and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of †resentment vanishes in a moment; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

7. In the last extremities, we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the †piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amid the trampling of horses, and the insults of an †enraged foe!

8. If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of †torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and sick, where the †variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands.

9. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, are near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave †unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?

10. We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of military life is spent in actual †combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword; confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in

sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and †perpetual alarms; their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads among their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

11 We have hitherto only †adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scenes of hostilities. How dreadful to hold every thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword!

12. How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no †conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except so far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power!

13. Conceive but for a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighborhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to †sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors!

14. Here, you behold rich harvests, the bounty of heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There, the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves, but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil!

15. In another place, you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin!

ROBERT HALL.

QUESTIONS —In peace, does life or death reign? How is it in war? What is the difference between war and peace, according to the ancient poet? Who are victims of war beside those killed outright? Mention some of the most prominent evils of war.

What example of antithesis in the 3d paragraph? What, of relative emphasis?

LESSON XXXVI.

REMARK.—The tones of the voice and the style of reading should correspond with the nature of the subject.

[In reading the following extract, some variety of expression is required. The description of the ball should be read in a lively, animated manner; that of the distant alarm in low, hurried tones, as if intently listening and deeply anxious; the haste of preparation and departure requires life and the 3d and last two stanzas should be read in a mournful and plaintive style.]

GIVE the *r* a distinct but soft sound in the following and similar words found in this lesson; there, fair, hearts, hear, car, pleasure, hark, more, tears, ne'er, morn, forming, thunder, soldier, ere, her.

1. Rev'-el-ry, *n.* noisy feasting and gayety.
Chiv'-al-ry, *n.* knighthood, a body of knights or brave men.
Vo-lup'-tu-ous, *a.* exciting animal pleasure.
4. Squad'-ron, *n.* a body of troops.
5. Ar'-dennes, *n.* (pro. *Ar'-denz*) a forest near Waterloo.
6. Mar'-shal-ing, *n.* arranging in order.
Blent, *p.* mixed, united.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.*

1. THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's †capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush'! hark'! — a deep sound strikes likes a rising knell!

2. Did ye not hear it? — No'; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the *dance'!* let joy be †unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the †glowing hours with flying feet —

* This battle was fought on June 18th, 1815, between the French army on one side, commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte, and the English army and allies on the other side, commanded by the Duke of Wellington. At the commencement of the battle, some of the officers were at a ball at Brussels, a short distance from Waterloo, and being notified of the approaching contest by the cannonade, left the ballroom for the field of battle. This was the last of Napoleon's battles. He was here completely overthrown.

But, hark'! — that heavy sound breaks in once more',
As if the clouds its echo would repeat',
And *nearer'*, *clearer'*, *deadlier'* than before!
Arm'! arm'! it is — it is the *cannon's'* opening roar!

3 Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro',
And gathering tears', and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale', which, but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own †loveliness';
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated — who could guess
If ever more should meet those †mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

4. And there was †mounting in hot haste'; the steed',
The mustering squadron', and the clattering car'
Went pouring forward with †impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While †thronged the citizens with terror dumb, [*come'!*"
Or whispering with white lips—"The *foe'!* They *come'!* They

5. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's teardrops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught †inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave! — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, *now*, *beneath* them, but *above*, *shall grow*
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall †molder cold and low.

6 Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of †strife,
The morn, the marshaling in arms, — the day,
Battle's †magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and †pent,
Rider, and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent.

BYRON.

QUESTIONS. — When, where, and between what parties and commanders was the battle of Waterloo fought? What is described in the first few lines? What place is meant by the capital of Belgium? What

sound interrupted their dancing? What was the result of the battle? What is meant by "nature's teardrops" in the second line of the 5th stanza? Explain the sixth and seventh lines of the 5th stanza? Explain the last three lines of the lesson.

What instances of absolute emphasis, in the 2d stanza? What, of relative emphasis, in the 5th stanza? In the last line of the 4th stanza, should the emphasis there marked, be expressed by a loud tone or a low tone?

ARTICULATION.

Shrubs, spruce, sprinkl'd, sparsely, shrunk, shrivl'd.

Sweet-scented *shrubs*. *Spruce* was *sprinkl'd sparsely*. The *roots* lie *shrunk* and *shrivl'd* till *spring*. Thou *sneer'st* and *scoff'st inexcusably*. He was formida*ble*, unbeara*ble*, intolera*ble*, unmanagea*ble*, and terri*ble*.

LESSON XXXVII.

GIVE the *r* its rough sound in the following, and similar words found in this lesson: rose, reigned, rank, criterion, shrine, creed, crescent, cross, parricidal, tribune, crowns, crumbled, trembled, prodigies, incredible, protection, patron.

1. Prod'-i-gy, *n.* something wonderful.
2. Cri-te'-ri-on, *n.* a standard of judging.
   Shrine, *n.* a box of sacred relics. *Here* the thing worshiped.
   Sub-sid'-i-a-ry, *a.* aiding, assisting.
   Dy'-nas-ty, *n.* a succession of kings of the same family.
   Cres'-cent, *n.* the Turkish flag is so called because it has on it the figure of a new moon, and it is here put for the Turkish power.
   Par-ri-ci'-dal, *a.* relating to the crime of murdering a parent or destroying one's country.
   Di'-a-dem, *n.* a crown.
3. Pan'-to-mime, *n.* a scene in which things are represented by action without words.
   De-vel'-op-ment, *n.* unfolding, disclosure.
   U-biq'-ui-ty, *n.* (*pro. u-bik'-we-ty*) the being every where at the same time.
4. Skep'-ti-cism, *n.* doubt, unbelief.
   Sub-al'-tern, *n.* an inferior officer in the army.
   Tit'-u-lar, *a.* existing in title or name.
   Dig'-ni-ta-ries, *n.* church officers of a high rank.
5. Lev'-ee, *n.* a concourse of persons on a visit to a great personage in the morning.
   Jac'-o-bin, *a.* relating to a political party of that name in France.
7. Med'-ley, *n.* a confused mass.
   Syn'-a-gogue, *n.* a Jewish congregation or place of worship.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

1. HE is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin whose frown terrified the glance its †magnificence attracted. Grand,

gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive; a will, despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest', marked the outline of this †extraordinary character'; the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed in the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny.

2 He knew no motive' but interest'; acknowledged no criterion but success'; he worshiped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not †promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent'; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed catholic', he imprisoned the pope'; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

3. Through this pantomime of policy, fortune played the clown to his †caprices. At his touch, crowns' crumbled', beggars' reigned', systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a †drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory; his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To *inferior* intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible', his plans perfectly impracticable'; but, in *his* hands, simplicity marked their development', and success †vindicated their adoption'. His person partook the character of his mind; if the *one*' never yielded in the cabinet', the *other*' never bent in the field'. Nature had no obstacle that he did not surmount; space no opposition he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity.

4. The whole continent trembled at beholding the †audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed

to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history, nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation': kings were his people'; nations were his outposts'; and he disposed of courts, and crowns', and camps', and churches', and cabinets', as if they were titular dignitaries of the chessboard. Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant.

5. It mattered little whether in the field' or in the drawing-room; with the mob' or the levee'; wearing the jacobin bonnet' or the iron crown'; banishing a Braganza, or †espousing a Hapsburg; dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsig; he was still the same military despot.

6. In this wonderful combination, his †affectations of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press', he affected the patronage of letters'; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the †persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning; the assassin of Palm, the silencer of de Staël, and the †denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.

7. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist'; a republican' and an emperor'; a Mohammedan'; a catholic' and a patron of the synagogue'; a subaltern' and a sovereign'; a traitor' and a tyrant'; a Christain' and an infidel'; he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, †inflexible original; the same mysterious, †incomprehensible self; the man without a model, and without a shadow.

PHILLIPS.

QUESTIONS.—In what capacity did Bonaparte commence his career? Over what nation did he desire to found a dynasty or race of kings? At what battle did his career of power close? What is meant by his banishing a Braganza, and espousing a Hapsburg? What was his ruling passion?

Explain the inflections in paragraphs 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 (Chief; antithesis and series. Rules VI, II, 3§.)

LESSON XXXVIII.

REMARK.—The tones of the voice and the manner of reading should correspond with the nature of the subject.

[The following is a very difficult sketch to read expressively. The old man dying under torture, and the painter striving to catch the expression of his countenance, and to transfer it to the canvas, are the two objects before the mind. The painter is sometimes talking to himself, sometimes directing his servant, and sometimes replying to the groans and entreaties of the dying man, and, in each of these characters, his supposed manner of expression is to be imitated.]

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Pro-me-the-us, not *Pro-me-thuse:* Cau'-ca-sus, not *Cau-ca'-sus:* vic-tim, not *vic-tum:* curl, not *cull:* death-less, not *death-liss:* ap-pâll, not *ap-pal.* (For the sounds indicated by the figures in words like this, see McGuffey's newly revised Eclectic Spelling Book, p. 12.)

1. Fes'-ter-ing, *p.* rankling, causing corruption.
   Rapt, *a.* transported in ecstasy.
2. Air'-i-ly, *adv.* gayly, merrily.
3. A-gape', *adv.* (pro. *a-gahp*) gaping, having the mouth open.
4. Sti'-fles, *v.* suppresses, stops.
6. Smoth'-er-ing, *a.* suffocating by covering up closely.
7. In-sa'-tiate, *a.* not to be satisfied.
   Yearn'-ing, *n.* strong emotion of tenderness or pity.
   Taunt, *v.* to upbraid, to revile.
9. E-clipse', *v.* to obscure, to darken. *Here it means* to surpass, to go beyond.
   Con-cep'-tion, *n.* the power of thinking.
11. Pomp, *n.* splendor, parade.

PARRHASIUS.

"Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, bought one of those Olynthian captives which Philip of Macedon brought home to sell; and, when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, which he was then about to paint."

In the fables of the ancients, Prometheus is represented as being, by the command of the gods, chained to the rocks of Mount Caucasus, and surrounded by vultures, which are constantly devouring his liver. This, however, grows again as fast as it is eaten, so that he is thus continually enduring the agonies of death, but never dies. It was this Prometheus, thus chained and tortured, that Parrhasius was attempting to paint, and the old man, his captive, was tortured to death, that the painter might copy the expression given by extreme pain to the countenance.

1. PARRHASIUS stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his †canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,
The vultures at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian* festering in his flesh;
And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt †mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
Forth with his reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's† breathing from his flight.

2. "Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift;
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens; around me play
Colors of such †divinity today.

3. "Ha! bind him on his back'!
Look'! as Prometheus in my picture here'!
Quick'! or he faints'! stand with the †cordial near'!
Now', bend him to the rack'!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh'!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh'!

4. "So'! let him writhe'! How long
Will he live thus'? Quick', my good pencil', now!
What a fine †agony works upon his brow'!
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong'!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan'!
Gods'! if I could paint a dying groan'!

5. "'Pity' thee'? So I do';
I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his pity †falter'?
I'd rack thee', though I knew'
A *thousand* lives were perishing in thine';
What were *ten thousand* to a *fame* like *mine?*

6. "Ah! there's a deathless name!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And, like a †steadfast planet, mount and burn;
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me;
By all the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me!

* Vulcan, who was the fabled blacksmith of the gods, and who was lame.
† Mercury.

7. "Ay', though it bid me †rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst';
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first;
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my *sweet child*,
And *taunt* its *mother* till my brain went wild;

8 "*All!* I would do it *all'*,
Sooner than die, like a *dull worm*, to rot;
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.
Oh heavens'! but I appall
Your heart', old man'! forgive—ha! on your lives
Let him not faint! *rack'* him till he †revives!

9. "Vain'—vain'—give o'er. His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now.
Stand back! I'll paint the death dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for *one* moment—*one*—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

10. "Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now; that was a difficult breath;
Another'? Wilt thou never come, oh, Death'!
Look'! how his temple †flutters'!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head'!
He shudders'—gasps'—Jove help' him—so', he's dead!"

11. How like a mountain devil in the heart
Rules this †unreined ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that †bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the desert for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor, and forget
The thirst of which we perish!

WILLIS

QUESTIONS.—Who was Parrhasius? Where is Athens? What was Parrhasius painting? Relate the fable of Prometheus. Why did the painter torture the old man? Is such ambition justifiable? What caused the fallen angels to rebel?

Explain the inflections.

Parse the first "*all*" in the 8th paragraph. Parse "vain" in the 9th. The second "one" in the same. "Devil" in the 11th.

LESSON XXXIX.

REMARK.—Avoid reading in a monotonous way, as if you were not interested, or did not understand what is read.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Har'-ass-ing, not *har-ass'-ing:* mead-ow not *mead-er:* yel-low, not *yel-ler:* to'-ward, not *to-ward':* reg-u-la-tions (pro. *reg-yu-la-tions,*) not *reg-gy-la-tions,* nor *reg-ew-la-tions:* join'd, not *jine'd.*

1. Gul'-lies, *n.* hollows in the earth worn by water.
2. En-am'-el-ed, *p.* (*used figuratively*) covered with a glossy surface like enamel.
3. Ru'-mi-na-ting, *p.* chewing over what has been slightly chewed before.
   Herb'-age, *n.* pasture, grass.
   Lawns, *n.* open spaces between woods.
4. Ma-neu'-ver, *n.* a dexterous movement.
   Prair'-ie, *n.* an extensive, level tract without trees, but covered with tall grass.
   Wind'-ward, *n.* the point *from* which the wind blows.
5. Lar'-i-at, *n.* a long cord or thong of leather, with a noose, used in catching wild horses.
8. Flank'-ing, *a.* overlooking on the side.
9. Jack-o'lan'-tern, *n.* a kind of light seen in low, moist grounds, which disappears when approached.
   Cov'-ert, *n.* a covering place, a shelter.
10. Pan'-ic, *n.* sudden fright.
11. Scour'-ing, *p.* passing swiftly.
12. Brake, *n.* a thicket of shrubs or canes.
15. Mar'-red, *v.* interrupted, spoiled.
    Mer-cu'-ri-al, *a.* sprightly, full of fire.

CAPTURING THE WILD HORSE.

1. WE left the †buffalo camp about eight o'clock, and had a toilsome and †harassing march of two hours, over ridges of hills, covered with a ragged forest of scrub oaks, and broken by deep gullies.

2 About ten o'clock in the morning, we came to where this line of rugged hills swept down into a valley, through which flowed the n rth fork of Red River. A beautiful meadow, about half a mile wide, enameled with yellow †autumnal flowers, stretched for two or three miles along the foot of the hills, bordered on the opposite side by the river, whose banks were fringed with cotton-wood trees, the bright foliage of which refreshed and delighted the eye, after being wearied by the contemplation of †monotonous wastes of brown forest.

3. The meadow was finely †diversified by groves and clumps of trees, so happily disposed, that they seemed as if set out by the hand of art. As we cast our eyes over this fresh and delightful valley, we beheld a troop of wild horses, quietly grazing on a green lawn, about a mile distant, to our right, while to our left, at nearly the same distance, were several buffaloes; some feeding, others reposing, and ruminating among the high, rich herbage, under the shade of a clump of cotton-wood trees. The whole had the appearance of a broad beautiful tract of pasture land, on the highly-ornamented estate of some gentleman farmer, with his cattle grazing about the lawns and meadows.

4. A †council of war was now held, and it was determined to profit by the present favorable opportunity, and try our hand at the grand hunting maneuver, which is called "ringing the wild horse." This requires a large party of horsemen, well mounted. They extend themselves in each direction, at certain distances apart, and gradually form a ring of two or three miles in †circumference, so as to surround the game. This must be done with extreme care, for the wild horse is the most readily alarmed inhabitant of the prairie, and can scent a hunter at a great distance, if to windward.

5. The ring being formed, two or three ride toward the horses, which start off in an opposite direction. Whenever they approach the bounds of the ring, however, a huntsman presents himself, and turns them from their course. In this way, they are checked, and driven back at every point, and kept galloping round and round this †magic circle, until, being completely tired down, it is easy for hunters to ride up beside them, and throw the *lariat* over their heads. The prime horses of the most speed, courage, and bottom however, are apt to break through, and escape, so that, in general, it is the second-rate horses that are taken.

6. Preparations were now made for a hunt of this kind. The pack horses were now taken into the woods, and firmly tied to trees, lest in a rush of wild horses, they should break away Twenty-five men were then sent under the command of a lieutenant, to steal along the edge of the valley, within the strip of wood that †skirted the hills. They were to station themselves about fifty yards apart, within the edge of the woods, and not advance or show themselves until the horses dashed in that direction. Twenty five men were sent across the valley, to steal in like manner along the river bank that bordered the opposite side, and to station themselves among the trees.

7. A third party of about the same number was to form a line, stretching across the lower part of the valley, so as to connect the two wings. Beatte and our other half breed, Antoine, together

with the ever officious Tonish, were to make a †circuit through the woods, so as to get to the upper part of the valley, in the rear of the horses, and drive them forward, into the kind of sack that we had formed, while the two wings should join behind them, and make a complete circle.

8. The flanking parties were quietly extending themselves out of sight, on each side of the valley, and the residue were stretching themselves like the links of a chain across it, when the wild horses gave signs that they scented an enemy; snuffing the air, snorting, and looking about. At length, they †pranced off slowly toward the river, and disappeared behind a green bank.

9. Here, had the regulations of the chase been observed, they would have been quietly checked and turned back by the advance of a hunter from the trees; unluckily, however, we had our †wild-fire, Jack-o'lantern, little Frenchman to deal with. Instead of keeping quietly up the right side of the valley, to get above the horses, the moment he saw them move toward the river, he broke out of the covert of woods, and dashed furiously across the plain in pursuit of them. This put an end to all system. The half breeds, and half a score of †rangers, joined in the chase.

10. Away they all went over the green bank; in a moment or two, the wild horses reäppeared, and came thundering down the valley, with Frenchman, half breeds, and rangers, galloping and bellowing behind them. It was in vain that the line drawn across the valley, attempted to check, and turn back the fugitives; they were too hotly pressed by their pursuers: in their panic they dashed through the line, and clattered down the plain.

11. The whole troop joined in the headlong chase, some of the rangers without hats or caps, their hair flying about their ears, and others with handkerchiefs tied round their heads. The buffaloes, which had been calmly ruminating among the herbage, heaved up their huge forms, gazed for a moment at the tempest that came scouring down the meadow, then turned and took to heavy rolling flight. They were soon overtaken: the †promiscuous throng were pressed together by the contracting sides of the valley, and away they went', pell mell', †hurry skurry', wild buffalo, wild horse' wild huntsman', with clang and clatter', and whoop and halloo' that made the forests ring'.

12. At length, the buffaloes turned into a green brake, on the river bank, while the horses dashed up a narrow †defile of the hills, with their pursuers close at their heels. Beatte passed several of them, having fixed his eye upon a fine Pawnee horse that had his ears slit, and saddle marks upon his back He pressed him gallantly, but lost him in the woods.

13. Among the wild horses, was a fine black mare, which in scrambling up the defile, tripped and fell. A young ranger sprang from his horse, and seized her by the mane, and muzzle. Another ranger dismounted, and came to his assistance. The mare struggled fiercely, kicking and biting, and striking with her fore feet, but a noose was slipped over her head, and her †struggles were in vain.

14. It was some time, however, before she gave over rearing and plunging, and lashing out with her feet on every side. The two rangers then led her along the valley, by two strong lariats, which enabled them to keep at a sufficient distance on each side, to be out of the reach of her hoofs, and whenever she struck out in one direction, she was jerked in the other. In this way her spirit was gradually †subdued.

15. As to Tonish, who had marred the whole scheme by his †precipitancy, he had been more successful than he deserved, having managed to catch a beautiful cream-colored colt about seven months old, that had not strength to keep up with its companions. The mercurial little Frenchman was beside himself with †exultation. It was amusing to see him with his prize. The colt would rear and kick, and struggle to get free, when Tonish would take him about the neck, wrestle with him, jump on his back, and cut as many antics as a monkey with a kitten.

16. Nothing surprised me more, however, than to witness how soon these poor animals thus taken from the unbounded freedom of the prairie, yielded to the dominion of man In the course of two or three days, the mare and colt went with the lead horses, and became quite †docile.

W. Irving.

Questions.—Near what river did this expedition commence? Where is that river? Describe the country, scenery, etc. What animated objects presented themselves to view upon the right and the left? To what is the whole scene compared? What hunting maneuver was commenced? Describe it. What is the lariat? Describe the proceedings of the party in this maneuver. What interrupted its successful completion? Give the striking contrast between the flight of the wild horses and that of the buffaloes? Describe the capture of the black mare. What was the conduct of the captured animals in respect to being tamed?

LESSON XL

Remark.—Let all the pupils notice, as each member of the class reads, where a proper pause is not made at the commas and other points.

Articulate distinctly.—Gath-er-ing, not *gath-er-in:* ir reg-u-lar, not *ir-reg'lar:* dif-fi-cul-ty, not *dif'cul-ty:* na-val, not *na-v'l:* in-fe-ri-or, not *in-fer'or:* prim-i-tive, not *prim'tive:* in-vis-i-ble, not *in-vis'ble:* u-ni-vers-al-ly, not *u-ni-vers'ly.*

1. Ra-vine', *n.* (pro. *ra-veen'*) a long deep hollow in the earth, worn by a stream of water.
2. Quar'-ter-deck, *n.* that part of a ship's deck which lies toward the stern.
   Fore'-cas-tle, *n.* (pro. *fore-cas'sl*) the short deck in the fore part of a ship.
4. Glen, *n.* a valley.
   Fane, *n.* a place devoted to religious worship.
7. A'-re-a, *n.* any open surface, or space.
8. Ap-pend'-a-ges, *n.* things added to a greater or principal thing.
12. Pa'-gan, *a.* heathen. [or morality.
14. Li-cen'-tious, *a.* unrestrained by law
15. Con'-trite, *a.* humble, penitent.

SCENE AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

1. At an early hour of the morning, even before we had taken our breakfast on board the ship, a single islander here or there, or a group of three or four, wrapped in their large mantles of various hues, might be seen winding their way among the groves fringing the bay on the east, or descending from the hills and ravine on the north, toward the chapel; and by degrees their numbers increased, till, in a short time, every path along the beach, and over the uplands, presented an almost uninterrupted †procession of both sexes, and of every age, all pressing to the house of God.

2. So few canoes were round the ship yesterday, and the landing place had been so little thronged, as our boats passed to and fro, that one might have thought the district but thinly inhabited; but now, such multitudes were seen gathering from various directions, that the exclamation, "*What crowds of people! What crowds of people!*" was heard from the quarter-deck to the forecastle.

3. Even to myself, it was a sight of surprise; surprise not at the magnitude of the population, but that the object, for which they were evidently †assembling, should bring together so great a multitude. And as my thoughts †reëchoed the words, "What

crowds of people!" †remembrances and affections of deep power came over me; and the silent musings of my heart were, "What a change! what a happy change!"

4. When at this very place, only four years ago, the known wishes and example of chiefs of high authority, the daily persuasion of teachers, added to motives of curiosity and novelty, could scarcely induce a hundred of the †inhabitants to give an †irregular, careless, and impatient attendance on the services of the sanctuary. But now,

"Like mountain torrents pouring to the main,
From every glen a living stream came forth;
From every hill, in crowds, they hastened down,
To worship Him, who deigns, in humblest fane,
On wildest shore, to meet th' upright in heart."

5. The scene, as looked on from our ship, in the stillness of a brightly-beaming Sabbath morning, was well calculated, with its †associations, to prepare the mind for strong impressions on a nearer view, when the conclusion of our own public worship should allow us to go on shore. Mr. Goodrich had †apprised us, that he had found it expedient to hold both the services of the Sabbath, in the forepart of the day, that all might have the benefit of two sermons, and still reach their abodes before †nightfall. For,

"Numbers dwelt remote,
And first must traverse many a weary mile,
To reach the altar of the God they love."

6. And it was arranged, that, on this occasion, the second service should be †postponed till the officers should be at liberty to leave the ship. It was near 12 o'clock when we went on shore; the captain and first lieutenant, the purser, surgeon, several of the †midshipmen, and myself. Though the services had commenced when we landed, large numbers were seen circling the doors without; but, as we afterward found, only from the †impracticability of obtaining places within.

7. The house is an immense structure, capable of containing many thousands, every part of which was filled, except a small area in front of the pulpit, where seats were reserved for us, and to which we made our way, in slow and tedious procession, from the difficulty of finding a spot to place even our footsteps, without treading on limbs of the people, seated on their feet, as closely, almost, as they could be stowed.

8. As we entered, Mr. Goodrich paused in his sermon, till we should be seated. I ascended the pulpit beside him, from which I had a full view of the †congregation. The suspense of attention

in the people was only momentary, notwithstanding the entire novelty to them of the laced coats, cocked hats, and other appendages of naval uniform. I can scarce describe the emotions experienced in glancing an eye over the immense number, seated so thickly on the matted floor as to seem literally one mass of heads, covering an area of more than nine thousand square feet The sight was most striking, and soon became, not only to myself, but to some of my fellow officers, deeply affecting.

9. I have listened, with delighted attention, to some of the highest †eloquence, the pulpits of America and England, of the present day, can boast. I have seen tears of conviction and penitence flow freely, under the sterner truths of the word of God; but it was left for one at Hido, the most †obscure corner of these distant islands, to excite the liveliest emotions ever experienced, and leave the deepest impressions of the extent and †unsearchable riches of the gospel which I have ever known.

10. It seemed, even while I gazed, that the majesty of that Power might be seen rising and †erecting to itself a throne, permanent as glorious, in the hearts of these but late utterly benighted and deeply polluted people. And when I compared them, as they had once been known to me, and as they now appeared, the change seemed the effect of a †mandate scarcely less mighty in its power, or speedy in its result, than that exhibited, when it was said, "*Let there be light, and there was light!*"

11. The depth of the impression arose from the irresistible †conviction that the SPIRIT OF GOD was there. It could have been nothing else. With the exception of the inferior chiefs, having charge of the district, and their dependents; of two or three native members of the church, and of the mission family, scarce one of the whole multitude was in other than the native dress, the simple garments of their †primitive state.

12. In this respect and in the attitude of sitting, the assembly was purely pagan. But the breathless silence, the eager attention, the half-suppressed sigh, the tear, the various feeling, sad, peaceful, joyous, discoverable in the faces of many; all spoke the presence of an invisible but omnipotent Power, the Power which alone can melt and renew the heart of man, even as it alone first brought it into existence.

13. It was, in a word, a heathen congregation laying hold on the hopes of eternity; a heathen congregation, fully sensible of the †degradation of their original state: exulting in the first beams of truth, and in the no uncertain dawning of the Sun of Righteousness; thirsting after knowledge, even while they sweetly

drank of the waters of life; and, under the inspiring influence, by every look, expressing the heartfelt truth — "Beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that bringeth good tidings of good, that †publisheth SALVATION!"

14. The simple appearance and yet Christian †deportment of that obscure congregation, whom I had once known, and at no remote period, only as a set of rude, licentious, and wild pagans, did more to rivet the conviction of the divine origin of the Bible, and of the holy influences by which it is accompanied to the hearts of men, than all the arguments, and apologies, and defenses of Christianity I ever read.

15. An entire moral †reformation has taken place. Instruction of every kind is eagerly and †universally sought, and from many a humble dwelling, now

> "Is daily heard
> The voice of prayer and praise to Jacob's God:
> And many a heart in secret heaves a sigh,
> To Him who hears, well pleased, the sigh contrite."
>
> STEWART

QUESTIONS.— Where are the Sandwich Islands? For what object were the persons assembled as described in this lesson? What is said of their number? What change has taken place in the character of the population? To what is this change to be attributed? Describe their appearance as seated in the church. What is said of their deportment? What conviction is all this calculated to produce?

Will you parse "Is" the first word of the poetic extract which closes the lesson? Parse "heart," in the same extract. Parse "sigh." Parse "contrite." Which are the adjectives in the 14th paragraph? Compare each of them that will admit it. What does the word *adjective* mean? See Analytical Grammar, p 12.

LESSON XLI.

REMARK.—When anything very solemn or devotional is to be read there should be a full, solemn tone of voice; the piece should be read slowly, and long pauses should be made at the commas.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Angels (pro. *ane-gels*), not *ann-gels:* commanded, not *cum-man-ded:* mountains (pro. *mount-ins*), not *mount-anes:* ex-cel-lent, not *ex-cel-lunt.*

2. Drag'-on, *n*, a kind of winged serpent, *here used for* all kinds of serpents. | Horn, *n. here used figuratively for* power.

JOYOUS DEVOTION.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord from the †heavens.
Praise ye him in the hights.
Praise ye him, all his angels:
Praise ye him, all his hosts.
Praise ye him, sun and moon:
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,
And ye waters that be above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord:
For he †commanded, and they were created
He hath also †established them forever and ever:
He hath made a †decree which shall not pass.

2 Praise the Lord from the earth,
Ye dragons, and all deeps:
Fire, and hail; snow, and †vapors;
†Stormy wind fulfilling his word:
Mountains, and all hills;
†Fruitful trees, and all †cedars;
Beasts and all cattle;
Creeping things and flying fowl:
Kings of the earth, and all people;
Princes, and all judges of the earth;
Both young men and maidens;
Old men and children:
Let them praise the name of the Lord:
For his name alone is †excellent;
His †glory is above the earth and heaven.

He also +exalteth the horn of his people,
The praise of all his saints,
Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.
Praise ye the Lord! BIBLE.

QUESTIONS.—What is meant by calling upon things inanimate, and upon brutes, to praise God? What reason is assigned why God should be universally praised?

ARTICULATION.

Swell, spread, sprawling, drawling, scroll, scruples.

The leaves *swell* and *spread* in all *directions*. No *sprawling* nor *drawling*. *Scruples* of *delicacy* caused him to *shrink*. The death *shroud* fell upon the *shrine* of his *idolatry*.

LESSON XLII.

PRONOUNCE correctly—Ere, pro. *a-er:* roof, not *ruff:* an-thems, not *an-thums:* of-fer'd, not *of-fud:* ā̀n-cient, not *ann-cient:* a-dore, not *ud-ore:* ṑn-ly, not *un-ly:* col-umns, pro. *col-lums:* cen-tu-ry, not *cen-ter-y*.

2. Shaft, *n.* the body of a column. Arch'-i-trave, *n.* (pro. *ark'-e-trave*) that part which rests immediately upon the column.
4. Vault, *n.* an arched roof. [forth.
13. Sway'ed, *v.* moved, waved back and
18. Sanct'-u-a-ries, *n.* places set apart for the worship of God.
83. Shrine, *n.* a box for sacred relics, *here* a place for worshiping God.
87. Fan-tas'-tic, *a.* whimsical, odd.
51. Wells, *v.* issues forth as water from the earth.
58. An-ni'-hi-la-ted, *p.* reduced to nothing.
61. Cor'-o-nal, *n.* a crown, a wreath.
63. Glare, *n.* a bright, dazzling light.
67. Em-a-na'-tion, *n.* that which proceeds from any source.
86. Arch, *a.* chief, principal.
115. El'-e-ments, *n. in popular language* fire, air, earth, and water,

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

1. THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back

The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And †supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the †invisible breath, that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over them, and bowed
His spirit, with the thought of boundless Power
And †inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That †our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable †columns. Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp, or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
†Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here; thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
That run along the †summits of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continua worship; nature, here,
In the †tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird

Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'mid its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated, not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as †loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide †universe.
My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me; the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses, ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their †ancestors
Molder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy, Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the †sepulcher, and blooms and smiles;
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.
There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been h ly men,

Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these †solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence, reässure
My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the †firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities; — who forgets not, at the sight
Of these †tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
O, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to †meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to †conform the order of our lives.

W. C. Bryant

Questions.—What are the most ancient temples of worship? What meditations become the forest scenes? How are the forests a witness for God? (See line 55 and onward.) What is the poetic measure of this piece?

Parse "stole," in the 14th line. "Shrine," in the 33d line. "Encounter," in the 37th. "Oak," in the 56th. Parse "be," the first word of the last sentence in the lesson. Parse "majesty," in the same sentence. Which are the adjectives in this sentence? Which are the prepositions? What is a preposition? Why are they so called?

ARTICULATION.

Struggl'd, strict, strode, stroll'd, clock, strikes.

They *struggl'd through* all *difficulties*. The *rules* are *unnecessarily strict*. He *strode proudly* on. They *stroll'd through thickets*, and *briars*, and *brambles*, and *thorns*, till they *reached* the road. The *clock strikes twelve*.

LESSON XLIII.

PRONOUNCE correctly, and ARTICULATE distinctly. — Ir-reg-u-lar, (pro. *ir-reg-yu-lar*), not *ir-reg-gy-lar*, nor *ir-reg-ew-lar:* sem-i-cir-cle, not *sim-i-cir-cle:* per-pen-dic-u-lar, not *per-pen-dic-ky-lar*, nor *per-pen-dic'lar;* which, not *wich:* cat-a-racts, not *cat-rac's:* ex-act, not *ex-ac:* be-yond, not *be-yend:* ap-pâll-ing, not *ap-pȧl-ing:* dis-cov-er-a-ble, not *dis-cov-er'ble.*

1. Cat'-a-ract, *n.* a great fall of water over a precipice.
   Cas-cades', *n.* waterfalls.
3. Am-phi-the'-a-ter, *n.* a circular building having the rows of seats around it rising one above another. *It is here used figuratively,* to indicate the appearance of the falls. [tangle-
   Ex'-tri-cate, *v.* to set free, to disen-
4. Chasms, *n.* (pro. *kazm*) a gap, an opening. [pyramid-
5. Py-ram'-id-al, *a.* having the form of a A-byss', *n.* a deep pit or gulf.
6. Lu'-min-ous, *a.* bright, shining.
   Ir-ra'-di-ate, *v.* to illuminate. [back.
7. Re-coil'-ing, *a.* shrinking, starting
8. Per-turb'-ed, *a.* agitated, disturbed.
9. Com-mi-nu'-tion, *n.* the state of being separated into very small particles.
10. Spi'-ral, *a.* winding like a screw.
    An'-gu-lar, *a.* having corners
11. Fos'-sil, *a.* dug out of the earth.
    Or-gan'-ic, *a.* having organs for growth and nourishment. *Organic remains* are the remains of living bodies changed into stone.
12. En-vel'-op, *v.* to inclose, to surround entirely.
13. Im'-pe-tus, *n.* force of motion, impulse
14. Co-los'-sal, *a.* very large, huge.
16. Gor'-geous, *a.* splendid, showy.
    Dec-o-ra'-tions, *n.* ornaments.
    Re-ful'-gent, *a.* shining, splendid
18. Ex-plo'-sion, *n.* a bursting with noise.
    Ha'-lo, *n.* (pro. *hak'-lo*) a bright circle around the sun.
19. E'-gress, *n.* the act of going out.
    Her'-alds, *n.* fore-runners.

NIAGARA FALLS.

1. THE form of the Niagara Falls is that of an irregular †semi-circle, about three quarters of a mile in extent. This is divided into two distinct cascades by the intervention of Goat Island, the extremity of which is perpendicular, and in a line with the precipice, over which the water is projected. The cataract on the Canada side of the river, is called the Horse-shoe, or Great Fall, from its peculiar form; and that next the United States, the American Fall.

2. The Table Rock, from which the Falls of the Niagara may be †contemplated in all their grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract on the Canada side, and, indeed, forms a part of the †precipice, over which the water rushes. It derive its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond the cliff. that support it, like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it

is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it.

3. When near the termination of this road, a few steps carried me beyond all these obstructions, and a magnificent amphitheater of cataracts burst upon my view with †appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment, the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely, that I did not dare to extricate myself.

4. A mingled and thunder-like rushing filled my ears. I could see nothing, except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side; while, below, a raging and foaming gulf of †undiscoverable extent, lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

5. At first, the sky was obscured by clouds, but, after a few minutes, the sun burst forth, and the breeze, subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose †majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the Fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which, in a few moments, was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded.

6. The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and, receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to overarch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene.

7. Any person who has nerve enough, may plunge his hand into the water of the Great Fall, after it is projected over the precipice, merely by lying down flat, with his face beyond the edge of the Table Rock, and stretching out his arm to its utmost extent. The †experiment is truly a horrible one, and such as I would not wish to repeat; for, even to this day, I feel a shuddering and recoiling sensation, when I recollect having been in the posture above described.

8. The body of water, which composes the middle part of the Great Fall, is so immense, that it descends nearly two-thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken; and the solemn calmness, with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice, is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below. But the water, toward each side of the Fall, is shattered the moment it drops over the rock, and loses as

it descends, in a great measure, the character of a fluid, being divided into pyramidal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upward.

9. The surface of the gulf, below the cataract, presents a very singular aspect; seeming, as it were, filled with an immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulation The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion, which can not easily be described.

10. The road to the bottom of the Fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveler must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase inclosed in a wooden building. By descending the stair, which is seventy or eighty feet in perpendicular hight, he will find himself under the precipice, on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river; and, on the summit of this, there is a narrow slippery path, covered with angular †fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall.

11. The impending cliffs, hung with a †profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places, they rise abruptly to the hight of one hundred feet, and display, upon their surfaces, fossil shells, and the organic remains of a former world; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation.

12. As the traveler advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; clouds of spray sometimes envelop him, and suddenly check his faltering steps; rattlesnakes start from the †cavities of the rocks; and the scream of eagles, soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapor, which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obscure his way, the traveler gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion, that of uncontrollable terror.

13. It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the Falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the recesses of the Great Cataract. The precipice over which it rolls, is very much arched underneath, while the impetus which the water receives in its descent, projects

it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent. Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps, lest I should be suffocated by the blast of the dense †spray that whirled around me; however, the third time, I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards.

14. Here darkness began to encircle me. On one side, the black cliff stretched itself into a †gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other, the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery, that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head.

15. A little way below the Great Fall, the river is, comparatively speaking, so tranquil, that a ferry boat plies between the Canadian and American shores, for the convenience of travelers When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming; but, as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the †surpassing †grandeur of the scene before me.

16. I was now in the area of a semicircle of cataracts, more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf, raging, †fathomless, and †interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray, were the gorgeous decorations of this theater of wonders; while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene.

17. Surrounded with clouds of vapor, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upward to the hight of one hundred and fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and †stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down as if the windows of heaven were opened to pour another deluge upon the earth.

18. Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or †volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amid the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically through the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo, while fragments of rainbows floated on every side, and momentarily vanished, only to give place to a succession of others more brilliant.

19. Looking backward, I saw the Niagara River, again becoming calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs, that rose on either side. A gentle breeze ruffled the waters,

and beautiful birds fluttered around, as if to welcome its egress from those clouds, and thunders, and rainbows, which were the heralds of its †precipitation into the abyss of the cataract.

HOWISON.

QUESTIONS.—What is the form and hight of Niagara Falls? Is there more than one Fall? What divides it? From what place may the Falls be seen in all their grandeur? Where is Table Rock, and why is it so named? Is there much water? How does it appear below the Fall? What effect is produced upon the mind by the union of all these sights and sounds?

LESSON XLIV.

REMARK.—In reading poetry that does not rhyme, where there is an intimate connection, both in sense and construction, between the end of one line and the beginning of the next, there should be no pause.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—In-stant, not *in-stan:* cast, not *cass:* el-e-ments, not *el-e-mence:* mist, not *miss:* for-est, not *for-ess:* dost (pro *dust*), not *duss:* past, not *pass:* la-test, not *la-tes.*

3. Wide-in-volv'-ing, *a.* extending to a great distance.
24. Verge, *n.* the brink, the edge.
29. Bar'-ri-er, *n.* an obstruction, a boundary. [that can not be satisfied.
30. In-sa'-tia-ble, *a.* (pro. *in-sa'-sha-ble*)
35. Pyr'-a-mid, *n.* a solid body with an angular base terminating in a point.
59. Girt, *v.* surrounded, encircled.
60. Ra'-di-ant, *a.* sparkling, giving out rays of light.

NIAGARA FALLS.

1. †TREMENDOUS torrent! for an instant, hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
5 I am not all †unworthy of thy sight;
For, from my very boyhood, have I loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To look on nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the †hurricane,
10 At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
I have been touched with joy; and, when the sea,

Lashed by the wind, hath rocked my bark, and showed
Its †yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
15. But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me, as thy †grandeur moves me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'mid the rocks; thy current then
Shoots onward, like the irresistible course
20. Of destiny. Ah! terribly they rage,
The hoarse and rapid †whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
Vainly would follow, as onward to the verge
25. Sweeps the wide torrent; waves †innumerable
Meet there and madden; waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach, they leap the barrier: the †abyss
30. Swallows, insatiable, the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and the woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapor the descending sheets:
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
35. The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter, near,
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

* * * * * *

God of all truth! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
40. †Questioners of thy †mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety;
And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
In earth's †majestic solitudes. Even here
My heart doth open all itself to thee.
45. In this †immensity of loneliness
I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.

Dread torrent! that with wonder and with fear
50. Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself,
Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who supplies,

Age after age, thy †unexhausted springs?
What power hath ordered, that, when all thy weight
Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
Rise not, and roll to †overwhelm the earth?

The lord hath opened his †omnipotent hand,
Covered thy face with clouds, and given his voice
To thy down-rushing waters; he hath girt
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
I see thy never-resting waters run,
And I bethink me how the tide of time
Sweeps to †eternity. So pass, of man,—
Pass, like a noonday dream,—the blossoming days,
And he awakes to sorrow. * *

Hear, dread Niagara! my latest voice.
Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall close
Over the bones of him who sings thee now
Thus feelingly. Would that this my humble verse,
Might be, like thee, †immortal. I, meanwhile,
Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
Might raise my radiant forehead in the clouds
To listen to the †echoes of my fame. U. S. Review

Questions.—What is the difference between this lesson and the last? What is the difference between prose and poetry? Do the lines in poetry always rhyme? What is that poetry called which does not? What kind of poetry is this lesson? What is meant by *feet* in poetic composition? Answer the questions proposed in lines 52, 53, 54, 55, and 56. How are Niagara Falls like time?

Parse "days," in the 64th line. (It is nominative to "pass.") Parse "to listen," in the last line. In what mode and tense is "might raise," in the 72d line?

N. B.—The notation of inflections, it is believed, has been sufficiently extensive to be useful to the pupil. It is desirable that he should be led along, until he can safely trust to his own judgment. Having become acquainted with the general principles, and having received such assistance as may be necessary in the early stage of this study, he will thenceforth learn more by practicing in simple reliance upon his own judgment and taste, with such assistance and correction as his teacher may, from time to time, deem appropriate, than he would from any number of lessons already marked with proper emphasis and inflections. Persevering attention to this subject, however, both on the part of the pupil and the teacher is necessary, in order to secure the desired result.

ARTICULATION.

Or*b'd*, pro*b'dst*, trou*bldst*, trou*bles*, trou*bl'st*, ri*bs*, ro*bb'st*, han*dl'l*, fon*dl'st*, bread*ths*, lau*gh'st*, dar*k'ns*, dar*k'n'd*, dar*k'n'st*, dar*k'n'dst*, stre*ngth'n*, stre*ngth'ns*, stre*ngthn'd*, stre*ngth'n'st*, stre*ngth'nd'st*.

LESSON XLV.

ARTICULATE distinctly. — Pro-duc'd, not *pro-duce:* which, not *wich:* when, not *wen:* per-fect-ly, not *per-fec-ly:* white-ness, not *wite-ness:* sounds, not *soun's:* pal-a-ces, not *pal'ces.*

1. Tem'-per-ed, *a.* softened.
3. E-the'-re-al, *a.* heavenly, formed of ether.
   Se-ren'-i-ty, *n.* calmness, quietness.
   Buoy'-an-cy, *n.* (pro. *bwoy-an-cy*) lightness.
   En-chant'-ment, *n.* the use of spells or charms.
   Col-on-nades', *n.* rows of columns.
   Ra-di-ance', *n.* brightness.
4. Pa-vil'-ion, *n.* a tent, *here* a kind of tower on the top of the castle.
   Par'-a-pet, *n.* a wall or elevation raised to keep off shot.
5. Cast'-a-net, *n.* an instrument of music made of hollowed ivory shells.
   Cav-a-lier', *n.* a gay military man, a knight.
6. Rev'-er-ie, *n.* a loose, irregular train of thought.

THE ALHAMBRA BY MOONLIGHT.

[The palace or castle called the Alhambra, consists of the remains of a very extensive and ancient pile of buildings in Spain, erected by the Moors when they were rulers of the country.]

1. I HAVE given a picture of my †apartment on my first taking possession of it: a few evenings have produced a thorough change in the scene and in my feelings. The moon, which then was invisible, has gradually gained upon the nights, and now rolls in full †splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window, is gently lighted up; the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver; the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams; and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

2. I have sat for hours at my window, †inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the †checkered features of those whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant †memorials

around. Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight, when every thing was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate, and in such a place!

3. The †temperature of an Andalusian midnight in summer, is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame, that render mere *existence* enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra, has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every †moldering tint and weather stain, disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the whole †edifice reminds one of the †enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

4. At such a time, I have ascended to the little pavilion, called the queen's toilet, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nivada, would gleam, like silver clouds, against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the Tecador, and gaze down upon Grenada, spread out like a map below me: all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping, as it were, in the moonshine.

5. Sometimes, I would hear the faint sounds of castanets from some party of dancers lingering in the Alameda; at other times, I have heard the †dubious tones of a guitar, and the notes of a single voice rising from some solitary street, and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier, †serenading his lady's window; a †gallant custom of former days, but now sadly on the decline, except in the †remote towns and villages of Spain.

6. Such are the scenes that have detained me for many an hour loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle, enjoying that mixture of reverie and †sensation which steal away existence in a southern climate, and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed, and been †lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.

W. Irving.

Questions.—What and where is the Alhambra? Describe the effect of moonlight upon its appearance. How did the writer of this lesson employ himself at such times? Where are the mountains which are called Sierra Nivada? Where is Andalusia? What is the national instrument of the Spaniards?

LESSON XLVI.

REMARK.—When reading poetry that rhymes, there should be a very slight pause after the words that are similar in sound, though the *sense* may not require it, as in the following example, where a slight pause may be made after the word *rest*, which would not be made, if it were prose instead of poetry.

Sweet it is, at eve to rest
On the flowery meadow's breast.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Nature, not *na-ter*, nor *na-tshure:* crea-ture, not *crea-tshure:* bough (pro. *bou*), not *bo:* con-tin-u-ous, not *con-tin-y ous:* fra-grance, not *frag-rance.*

1. Gar'-ner-ed, *a.* laid up, treasured.
3. Studs, *n.* knobs, buds.
Cleav'-ing, *a.* dividing.
4. Rife, *a.* full, abounding.
Dim'-ples, *n.* small depressions.
Am'-ber, *a.* yellow.

APRIL DAY.

1. ALL DAY, the low-hung clouds have dropt
Their garner'd fullness down;
All day, that soft, gray mist hath wrapt
Hill, valley, grove, and town.
There has not been a sound today
To break the calm of nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life, or living creature;
Of waving †bough, or †warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly †lowing;
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

2 I stood to hear,—I love it well—
The rain's †continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.
For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to †screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

3 Sure, since I look'd, at early morn,
Those †honey-suckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs.
That lilac's cleaving †cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers †revealing;
Even now upon my senses first,
Methinks their sweets are stealing

4. The very earth, the steamy air,
Are all with †fragrance rife!
And grace and beauty every where
Are bursting into life.
Down, down they come, those †fruitful stores!
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A †momentary †deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops.
And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west, a parting †gleam
Breaks forth of amber light.

ANONYMOUS.

QUESTIONS.- What season is described in this lesson? What is said concerning the stillness of every thing? What, concerning the rain? What, concerning the appearance of the earth's surface? What is said of the trees and shrubs? What, of the light?

At what pauses in this lesson is the rising inflection proper? Where, the falling inflection?

In the 4th stanza, which are the adjectives? What does "rife" qualify? Parse "stores" and "drops." Which are the adverbs in the same stanza? Which are the verbs? Which of them are in the indicative mood? Which are in the present tense? Which, in a past tense? What interjection is there in this stanza? Why is the interjection so called?

ARTICULATION.

Straggling, stretch'd, strand, strength, stress.

They *stretch'd straggling* along the *strand*. He placed the chief *stress* upon *strength* and *alacrity*. The *enterprize lagg'd* and *dragg'd* heavily. The goods were *box'd* and *tax'd*. *Track'st* and *track'dst* are from *track*.

LESSON XLVII.

Utter distinctly *all* the consonants in the following words found in this lesson: frequently, rambling, recline, listlessly, rippling, branches, abstracted, middle, inscrutable, croaking, cruel, relaps'd, traps, commingled, grudges, scratch, indispensable, privileges, giggle, crack, rattlesnake, inaccessible, composedly.

1. Can'-o-py, *n.* a covering over the head.
2. De'-vious, *a.* out of the common way or track.
   Ob-liv'-ion, *n.* forgetfulness.
   Ru'-mi-nate, *v.* to meditate, to think.
   Pon'-der, *v.* to consider, to reflect.
4. Me-an'-der-ings, *n.* windings.
5. Tur-moil', *n.* a great stir, trouble.
   In-scru'-ta-ble, *a.* that can not be discovered.
8. Peer'-ing, *p.* peeping, looking about narrowly.
17. Im-pale', *v.* to fix on a sharp instrument.
24. A'-e-rie, *n.* (pro. *a'-ry*, or *e'-ry*) the nest of birds of prey.
    Com-pla'-cen-cy, *n.* satisfaction.

A MORNING RAMBLE.

1. I frequently spend a morning in the country, †rambling alone in the melancholy woods; sometimes resting myself against the bark of a time-worn tree; sometimes lingering on the woody hights looking far over the surrounding wor'd. At other times, I recline listlessly by the side of some clear brook, over whose rippling way the branches meet, and form nature's choicest canopy.

2. Here I indulge my memory and imagination in a thousand devious wanderings. I recall the distant shadows of departed time that have by degrees faded almost into oblivion, and send my mind on errands to the future. At times, I become so completely abstracted from the scenes around, as to forget where I am, and to lose almost the consciousness of being. I ruminate, I ponder, and I dream.

3. On one of these occasions, about the middle of the month of August, when the †dog-star rages, and all nature sinks into a sort of luxurious repose, I had become somewhat tired with a ramble longer than usual, and laid myself listlessly along the margin of a little †twittering stream, that stole its winding way among the deep obscurities of the wood, diffusing coolness, and inviting to repose.

4. Through the arched canopy of foliage that overhung the little stream, I could see it coursing its way on each hand among the rocks, glittering as if by moonlight, and disappearing after a thousand meanderings. It is impossible,—at least with me it is impossible,—to resist the influence of such a scene. Reflecting beings like ourselves, sink into a sort of melancholy †reverie, under the influence of the hallowed quiet that reigns all around.

5. As I thus lay, in languid listlessness along the stream, as quiet as the leaves that breathed not a whisper above me, I gradually sunk into almost †unconsciousness of all the world and all it holds. The little birds sported about, careless of my presence, and the insects pursued that incessant turmoil, which seems never to cease, until winter lays his icy fetters on all nature, and drives them into their inscrutable hiding-places.

6. There is a †lapse in the recollection of the current of my thoughts at that moment, a short period of forgetfulness, from which I was roused by a hoarse, croaking voice, exclaiming, "Cruel, savage monster, what does he here?" I looked all around, and could see only a hawk seated on the limb of a dry tree, eyeing me, as I fancied, with a peculiar expression of hostility.

7. In a few minutes, I again relapsed into a profound reverie, from which I was awakened once more by a small squeaking whisper, "I dare say the blood-thirsty villain has been setting traps for us." I looked again, and at first sight, could see nothing from which I supposed the voice might proceed, but, at the same time, imagined that I distinguished a sort of confused whisper, in which many little voices seemed †commingled.

8. My curiosity was awakened, and peering about quietly, I found it proceeded from a collection of animals, birds, and insects

gathered together for some unaccountable purpose. They seemed very much excited, and withal in a great passion about something, all talking at once. Listening attentively, I could distinguish one from the other.

9. "Let us †pounce upon the tyrant, and kill him in his sleep," cried a bald eagle: "for he grudges me a miserable little lamb now and then, though I don't require one above once a week. See! where he wounded me in the wing, so that I can hardly get an honest living, by prey."

10. "Let me scratch his eyes out," screamed a hawk, "for he will not allow me peaceably to carry off a chicken from his barn-yard, though I am dying of hunger, and come in open day to claim my natural, indispensable right."

11. "Ay, ay," barked the fox, "he interferes in the same base manner with my privileges, though I visit his henroost in the night, that I may not disturb him."

12. "Agreed," hissed a rattlesnake, "for he won't let me bite him, though he knows it is my nature, and kills me according to Scripture." And thereupon, he rattled his tail, curled himself in †spiral volumes, and darted his tongue at me in the most fearful manner.

13. "Agreed," said a great fat spider, which sat in his net, surrounded by the dead bodies of half a dozen insects, "agreed, for the bloody-minded savage takes delight in destroying the fruits of my honest labors on all occasions."

14. "By all means," buzzed a great blue-bottle fly, "for he will not let me tickle his nose, of a hot summer day, though he must see with half an eye, that it gives me infinite satisfaction."

15. "Kill him," cried a little ant, that ran foaming and fretting about at a furious rate, "kill him without mercy, for he don't mind treading me into a million of atoms, a bit more than you do killing a fly," addressing the spider. "The less you say about that, the better," whispered the spider.

16. "Odds fish!" exclaimed a beautiful trout, that I should like very much to have caught, popping his head out of the brook, "Odds fish! kill the monster by all means; hook him, I say, for he entices me with worms, and devours me to gratify his †insatiable appetite."

17. "To be sure," said a worm, "kill him as he sleeps, and I'll eat him afterward; for though I am acknowledged on all hands to be his brother, he impales me alive on a hook, only for his amusement."

18. "I consent," cooed the dove, "for he has deprived me of my mate, and made me a disconsolate widow." Upon which, she began to mourn so piteously, that the whole assembly deeply †sympathized in her forlorn condition.

19 "He has committed a million of murders," cried the spider. "He drowns all my kittens," mewed the cat. "He tramples upon me without mercy," whispered the toad, "only because I'm no beauty." "He is a treacherous, cunning villain," barked the fox. "He has no more mercy than a wolf," screamed the hawk. "He is a bloody tyrant," croaked the eagle. "He is the common enemy of all nature, and deserves a hundred and fifty thousand deaths," exclaimed they all in one voice.

20. I began to be heartily ashamed of myself, and was casting about how I might slip away from hearing these pleasant reproaches; but curiosity and listlessness together kept me quiet, while they continued to †discuss the best mode of destroying the tyrant. There was, as is usual in such cases, great diversity of opinion.

21. "I'll bury my talons in his brain," said the eagle. "I'll tear his eyes out," screamed the hawk. "I'll whip him to death with my tail," barked the fox. "I'll sting him home," hissed the rattlesnake. "I'll poison him," said the spider. "I'll fly-blow him," buzzed the fly. "I'll drown him, if he'll only come into my brook, so I will," quoth the trout.

22. "I'll drag him into my hole, and do his business there, I warrant," said the ant; and thereupon there was a giggle among the whole set. "And I'll — I'll" — said the worm. "What will *you* do, you poor Satan?" exclaimed the rest in a titter. "What will I do? Why I'll *eat* him after he's dead," replied sir worm; and then he strutted about, until he †unwarily came so near that he slipped into the brook, and was snapped up in a moment by the trout.

23. The example was †contagious. "Oho! you are for *that* sport," mewed the cat, and clawed the trout before he could get his head under water. "Tit for tat," barked Reynard, and snatching pussy up in his teeth, was off like a shot. "Since 't is the fashion," said the spider, "I'll have a crack at that same blue-bottle," and thereupon he nabbed the poor fly in a twinkling. "By your leave," said the toad, and snapped up the spider in less than no time. "You ugly thief of the world," hissed the rattlesnake in great wrath, and †indignantly laying hold of the toad, managed to swallow him about half way, where he lay in all his glory.

24. "What a nice morsel for my poor fatherless ones," cooed the dove, and, pecking at the ant, was just flying away with it in quite a †sentimental style, when the hawk, seeing this, screamed out, "what a pretty plump dove for a dinner! Providence has ordained that I should eat her." He was carrying her off, when the eagle darted upon him, and soaring to his aerie on the summit of an †inaccessible rock, composedly made a meal of both hawk and dove. Then picking his teeth with his claws, he exclaimed with great complacency, "What a glorious thing it is to be king of birds!"

25. "Humph," exclaimed I, rubbing my eyes, for it seemed I had been half asleep, "humph, a man is not so much worse than his neighbors, after all," and shaking off the spell that was over me, bent my steps homeward, wondering why it was, that it seemed as if all living things were created for the sole purpose of †preying on each other.

PAULDING.

QUESTIONS.—By what authority does man hold dominion over animals? Does this include the right to torture them, or to kill them unnecessarily? Under what circumstances is it right to kill them? On what account are the animals, in this fable, supposed to be incensed at man? How did they show, by their own conduct, the folly of finding fault with others? When we see faults in others, where should our attention be directed? In what way can we make the best use of the faults of others?

TO TEACHERS.

Frequent examination in *grammatical construction* will add interest to the reading lesson, and will be highly profitable to the pupil. A few questions of this kind are occasionally inserted in this book, merely as examples of the manner of conducting this exercise. This and *all* the collateral exercises should receive due attention, for this alone will redeem the reading exercise from its usual prosy and monotonous character, and give to it proper variety, interest, and profit.

ARTICULATION.

Truly, trusty, thrifty, throttl'd, through, thrall.

Truly he is *trusty* and *thrifty*. The *brute* was with *difficulty* throttl'd. *Through* the *storm* and *danger's thrall*. He has many *cents*, and but little *sense*. The *prince* bought some *prints*.

LESSON XLVIII.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Mel-an-chol-y, not *mel-un-chul-y:* meadows, not *mead-ers:* hol-lows, not *hol-luz:* rust-le, pro. *rus'l:* beau-te-ous, not *beau-che-ous:* up-land, not *up-lund:* youth-ful, not *youth-f'l:* cold, not *cole:* moist, not *mois:* friend, not *fren:* flowers, not *flow-uz.*

1. Wail'ing, *a.* lamenting, mourning.
Sear, *a.* dry, withered.
3. Glade, *n.* an open place in the forest.
Glen, *n.* a valley, a dale.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

1. THE †melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And †meadows, brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the †eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robbin and the wren have flown,
And from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day.

2. Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A †beauteous †sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
The lovely ones again.

The wall-flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the †orchis died
Amid the *summer's* glow;
But on the hill, the golden rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From †upland, glade, and glen.

And *now*, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And †twinkle in the †smoky light
The waters of the †rill,
The south wind †searches for the flowers
Whose †fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one, who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek †blossom that grew up
And †faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so †brief:
Yet not †unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so †beautiful,
Should †perish with the flowers.

W. C. Bryant.

QUESTIONS.—To what season of the year do these lines refer? Why are they called the melancholy days? How are the woods and leaves described? What is meant by the "eddying gust?" What birds are common at this season? What flowers are mentioned as having died one after the other? What is said about the squirrel, and the bee, and the nuts? What is said of the south wind? Describe, in your own language, the event referred to, in the last stanza.

Explain the inflections, and point out the emphatic words in this lesson.

Parse "To call," in the 4th stanza. Parse "twinkle" in the same (It has "waters" for its nominative.) Name all the adjectives in the 1st stanza, and compare each. Which verbs in the last stanza are in the potential mood? Which are the adjectives in the same stanza, and what does each one qualify? What does the word *adjective* mean.

LESSON XLIX.

REMARK.—Avoid reading in a faint and low tone. This is a very common fault, and should be carefully guarded against.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Trow (pro. *tro*), not *trou:* gath-ers, not *geth-uz:* to'-ward, not *to-ward':* un-heard (pro. *un-herd*), not *un-heerd.*

1. Trow, *v.* suppose, think.
   Trap'-pings, *n.* ornaments. [person.
2. Im'-be-cile, *n.* (pro. *im'-be-cil*) a sick
3. In-ter-ve'-ned, *p.* situated between.
4. Tint'-ings, *n.* colorings.
5. Sti'-fled, *v.* suppressed, checked.

IT SNOWS.

1 "IT snows!" cries the School-boy, "Hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy,
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the †rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his †treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health, and the riches of nature, are theirs.

2 "It snows!" sighs the Imbecile, "Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as †clogged with a weight;
While, from the pale †aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;

And nearer and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his †delicate frame;
Oh! small is the pleasure †existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

3. "It snows!" cries the Traveler, "Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's †lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared,
Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see:
There 's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with her babes at her knee;
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

4 "It snows!" cries the Belle, "Dear, how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall,
Like the first rose of summer, her †dimpled cheek burns,
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
There are visions of conquests, of †splendor, and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snowflakes away:
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
That world has a pure †fount ne'er opened in this.

5 "It snows!" cries the Widow, "Oh God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye 'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
'T is night, and her fatherless ask her for bread;
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds †horror to dread
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor †sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows;
'T is a most bitter lot to be poor, when it snows!

MRS. S. J. HALE

QUESTIONS.—Why does the school-boy rejoice when it snows? Why does the sick man receive no pleasure from the same source? What feelings are excited in him by the snow storm? What effect does it have upon the traveler, and what does he think about? Why does the belle congratulate herself, and of what are her dreams? What are the poor widow's troubles in a time like this?

In the last stanza, for what does "ye'll" and "'tis" stand? Parse "sunk" in the 4th line of that stanza. Parse "sufferer." Which are the *proper* nouns in the same stanza? Which are the *common* nouns?

ARTICULATION.

Trebly, swell'd, trellis, trailers, tressl', trundl'd.

Their *shouts* now *trebly swell'd* the gale. The *trellis* was covered with *trailers*. The *trestle* was *trundl'd* in. The shout of *triumph* and the *trump* of fame.

LESSON L.

ARTICULATE *all* the consonants in the following and similar words in this lesson: fresh, Hindoostan, swiftly, sprinkled, fragrance, primrose, tempted, thickets, greatest, prospect, overspread, remembrance, resolved, prostrated, torrents, gratitude, occurrences, escapes, entangle, labyrinth.

1. Car-a-van'-sa-ry, *n.* a kind of inn where caravans or large companies of traders rest at night.
5. Me-an'-ders, *n.* windings, or turnings.
6. Cir cum-vo-lu'-tion, *n.* a winding or flowing round.
7. De-vi-a'-tion, *n.* a turning aside from [the right way.
9. Sa'-ber, *n.* a kind of sword.
12. Mit-i-ga'-tion, *n.* lessening the pain or harshness of any thing unpleasant.
14. Im-merge', *v.* to plunge into.
Lab'-y-rinth, *n.* a place full of winding passages.

A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

1. OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindoostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was †incited by desire: he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

2. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes †contemplated the towering hight of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle †fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

3 Thus he went on till the sun approached his †meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove, that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was traveling, but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased, that, by this happy †experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

4. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on each side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among the hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and †murmuring with †waterfalls.

5. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider, whether it was longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but, remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

6. Having thus calmed his †solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every †echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river, that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region, with innumerable circumvolutions.

7. In these amusements, the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not toward

what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of †loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

8. He was now roused, by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

9. He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some †issue, where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his saber in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage, and fear, and ravage, and expiration: all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the †torrents tumbled from the hills.

10. Thus, forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labor, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down, in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced toward the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

11. When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither: I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of this wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the †occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

12. "Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes, of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with

diligence, and travel on awhile in the straight road of piety, toward the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end.

13. "We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security Here the heart softens, and †vigilance subsides: we are then willing to inquire whether another advance can not be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter †timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for awhile, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return.

14. "But temptation succeeds temptation, and one †compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of †inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, and with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the paths of virtue.

15. "Happy are they, my son, who shall learn, from thy example, not to despair, but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors. And that he, who †implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of †Omnipotence: and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

DR JOHNSON.

QUESTIONS.—What species of composition is this lesson? Relate the story of Obidah. What moral did the hermit derive from these events? Is it because we have but few men who are *capable* of becoming great, that so few distinguish themselves? What is the reason?

In the last sentence of the 11th paragraph, which word is the subject, or in the nominative case? Which words are the objects, or in the objective case? Of what is "occurrence," the object? Of what is "journey," the object? "Concealment," and "palliation?" What is the grammatical, and what the general attribute? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar

LESSON LI.

REMARK.—Take care not to let the voice become faint as you approach the close of a sentence, but give each word its proper force and emphasis.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—Mis-er-ies, not *mis'ries:* sin-gu-lar, not *sing'lar:* fa-tal-i-ty, not *fa-tal'ty:* pros-per-ous, not *pros-p'rous:* stead-i-ly, not *stead'ly:* ac-ci-dent, not *ac-s'dent:* shud-der-ing, not *shud'rin:* es-cape, not *'scape:* Prov-i-dence, not *Prov'dence:* mis-er-a-ble, not *mis'ra-ble:* in-def-i-nite, not *in-def'nite.*

2. Fa-tal'-i-ty, *n.* a fixed course of things.
3. Reef'-ed, *p.* having a portion of the sails folded up and made fast to the yard.
Gun'-wale, *n.* the upper edge of a ship's side.
4. Im-mer'-sion. *n.* the act of plunging into a fluid until covered.
8. Sock'-ets, *n.* hollow places which receive something.
9. Re-it'-er-a-ted, *p.* repeated again and again.
11. Mar'-i-ners, *n.* seaman.
13. Lee'-ward, *n.* the part toward which the wind blows.
16. Stream'-er-ed, *p.* filled with narrow stripes, like flags or streamers.
18. Fluc-tu-a'-tion, *n.* a rising and falling of the waves.

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION.

1. You have often asked me to describe to you on paper an event in my life, to which, at the distance of thirty years I can not look back without horror. No words can give an †adequate image of the miseries I suffered during that fearful night; but I shall try to give you something like a faint shadow of them, that from it your soul may conceive what I must have suffered.

2. I was, you know, on my voyage back to my native country, after an absence of five years spent in †unremitting toil in a foreign land, to which I had been driven by a singular fatality.

Our voyage had been most cheerful and prosperous, and, on Christmas day, we were within fifty leagues of port. Passengers and crew were all in the highest spirits, and the ship was alive with mirth and jollity.

3. The ship was sailing at the rate of seven knots an hour. A strong snow storm blew, but steadily and without danger; and the ship kept boldly on her course, close-reefed, and mistress of the storm. While leaning over the gunwale, admiring the water rushing by like a foaming †cataract, by some unaccountable accident, I lost my balance, and, in an instant, fell overboard into the sea.

4. I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my body, and a hurried leaping of my heart, as I felt myself about to lose hold of the vessel, and afterward a sensation of the most icy chilliness, from immersion in the waves, but nothing resembling a fall or †precipitation. When below the water, I think that a momentary belief rushed across my mind, that the ship had suddenly sunk, and that I was but one of a perishing crew. I imagined that I felt a hand, with long fingers, clutching at my legs, and made violent efforts to escape, dragging after me, as I thought, the body of some drowning wretch.

5. On rising to the surface, I recollected, in a moment, what had befallen me, and uttered a cry of horror, which is in my ears to this day, and often makes me shudder, as if it were the mad shriek of another person in extremity of perilous agony. Often have I dreamed over again that dire moment, and the cry I utter in my sleep, is said to be something more horrible than a human voice. No ship was to be seen. She was gone forever.

6. The little, happy world to which, a moment before, I had belonged, had been swept by, and I felt that God had flung me at once from the heart of joy, delight, and happiness, into the uttermost †abyss of mortal misery and despair. Yes! I felt that the Almighty God had done this, that this was an act, a fearful act of Providence, and miserable worm that I was, I thought that the act was cruel, and a sort of wild, indefinite, objectless rage and wrath assailed me, and took for awhile, the place of that first shrieking terror. I gnashed my teeth, and cursed myself, and with bitter tears and yells, blasphemed the name of God.

7. It is true, my friend, that I did so. God forgave that wickedness. The Being, whom I then cursed, was in his tender mercy, not unmindful of me, of *me*, a poor, blind, miserable, mistaken worm. But the waves dashed over me, and struck me on the face, and howled at me; and the winds yelled, and the snow beat like †drifting sand into my eyes, and the ship, the *ship* was *gone*, and there was I left to struggle, and buffet, and gasp, and sink, and

perish, alone, unseen, and unpitied by man, and, as I thought too, by the everlasting God.

8. I tried to penetrate the surrounding darkness with my glaring eyes, that felt as if leaping from their sockets; and saw, as if by miraculous power, to a great distance through the night; but no *ship;* nothing but white-crested waves, and the dismal noise of thunder.

9. I shouted, shrieked, and yelled, that I might be heard by the crew, till my voice was gone, and that, too, when I knew that there were none to hear me. At last I became utterly speechless, and, when I tried to call aloud, there was nothing but a silent gasp and convulsion, while the waves came upon me like †stunning blows, reiterated, and drove me along like a log of wood or a dead animal.

10 All this time, I was not conscious of any act of swimming; but I soon found that I had instinctively been exerting all my power and skill, and both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumultuous wake of the ship. Something struck me harder than a wave. What it was I knew not, but I grasped it with a passionate violence; for the hope of salvation came suddenly over me, and with a sudden transition from despair, I felt that I was †rescued.

11. I had the same thought as if I had been suddenly heaved on shore by a wave. The crew had thrown overboard every thing they thought could afford me the slightest chance of escape from death, and a hencoop had drifted toward me. At once, all the stories I had ever read, of mariners miraculously saved at sea, rushed across my recollection. I had an object to cling to, which I knew would †prolong my existence.

12. I was no longer helpless on the cold †weltering world of waters; and the thought that my friends were thinking of me, and doing all they could for me, gave to me a wonderful courage. I may yet pass the night in the ship, I thought; and I looked round eagerly to hear the rush of her prow, or to see through the snowdrift the gleaming of her sails.

13 This was but a momentary gladness. The ship, I knew, could not be far off, but, for any good she could do me, she might as well have been in the heart of the Atlantic Ocean. Ere she could have altered her course, I must have drifted a long way to leeward, and in that dim, snowy night, how was such a speck to be seen? I saw a flash of lightning, and then, there was thunder. It was the ship firing a gun, to let me know, if still alive, that she was somewhere lying to.

14. But wherefore? I was separated from her by a dire necessity, by many thousand fierce waves, that would not let my shrieks be heard. Each succeeding gun was heard fainter and fainter, till at last, I cursed the sound that, scarcely heard above the hollow rumbling of the †tempestuous sea, told me that the ship was further and further off, till she and her heartless crew had left me to my fate.

15. Why did they not send out all their boats to row round and round all that night through, for the sake of one whom they pretended to love so well? I blamed, blessed, and cursed them by fits, till every emotion of my soul was †exhausted, and I clung in sullen despair, to the wretched piece of wood, that still kept me from eternity.

16. Every thing was now seen in its absolute, dreadful reality. I was a castaway, with no hope of rescue. It was broad daylight, and the storm had ceased; but clouds lay round the †horizon, and no land was to be seen. What dreadful clouds! Some black as pitch, and charged with thunder; others like cliffs of fire, and here and there all streamered over with blood. It was, indeed, a sullen, wrathful, and †despairing sky.

17. The sun itself was a dull, brazen orb, cold, dead, and beamless. I beheld three ships afar off, but all their heads were turned away from me. For whole hours, they would adhere motionless to the sea, while I drifted away from them; and then a rushing wind would spring up, and carry them, one by one, into the darkness of the stormy distance. Many birds came close to me, as if to flap me with their large spreading wings, screamed round and round me, and then flew away in their strength, and beauty, and happiness.

18. I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came over me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, and for all my friends on earth. A ringing was in my ears, and I remember only the hollow fluctuations of the sea with which I seemed to be blended, and a sinking down and down an †unfathomable depth, which I thought was Death, and into the kingdom of the eternal Future.

19. I awoke from insensibility and †oblivion, with a hideous racking pain in my head and loins, and in a place of utter darkness. I heard a voice say, "Praise the Lord." My †agony was dreadful, and I cried aloud. Wan, glimmering, melancholy lights, kept moving to and fro. I heard dismal whisperings, and now and then, a pale, silent ghost glided by. A hideous din was overhead, and around me the fierce dashing of the waves. Was I in the land of spirits?

20. But why try to recount the mortal pain of my recovery, the soul-humbling gratitude that took possession of my being? I was lying in the cabin of a ship, and kindly tended by a humane and skillful man. I had been picked up, †apparently dead, and cold. The hand of God was there. Adieu, my dear friend. It is now the hour of rest, and I hasten to fall down on my knees before the merciful Being who took pity upon me, and who, at the ‡intercession of our Redeemer, may, I hope, pardon all my sins.

PROF. WILSON.

QUESTIONS.—Narrate this story in your own language. What were the Professor's feelings when he first fell into the water? What did he imagine was clutching at his heels? How did he act upon rising to the surface? How did he escape a watery grave?

Parse the first "one" in the 17th paragraph. "Try," in the 20th Which is the principal verb of the first sentence in the 19th paragraph? What *three* verbs in the second sentence of the same paragraph? What *two* in the third?

TO TEACHERS.

The teacher is once more reminded of the importance of thorough and frequent practice of the EXERCISES on ARTICULATION which are placed between the lessons in this book. The pupil should utter the elementary *sounds* of each difficult word before reading the sentences containing them. A few such words are placed at the head of each exercise. For example, in the next page the sounds should be uttered thus: *tr-ă-v-ĕ-ld, travel'd. tr-ă-cts, tracts,* &c. Where several consonants come together, they should be uttered as one sound; as, *tr, ld, cts.*

ARTICULATION.

Travel'd, tracts, territory, transition, tragic.

We *travel'd* through extensive *tracts* of *territory*. The *transition* was *extreme* and sudden. *Proofs* of the *crime* of an *irrefragable* nature can be *produced*. The *tragic* nature of the scene *seem'd* rather *attractive* than repulsive.

LESSON LII.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Fool-ish, not *full-ish:* sud-den-ly, not *sud-din-ly:* nei-ther, or *ny-ther:* swal-low-eth, not *swal-ler-eth:* up-ward, not *up-wud:* chast-en-ing, pro. *chase-ning.*

2 De-vi'-ces, *n.* contrivances.
Craft'-i-ness, *n.* cunning, artfulness.
Coun'-sel, *n.* deliberations, designs.
Fro'ward, *n,* disobedient.
Grope, *v.* to search by feeling in the dark.
3. Tab'-er-na-cle, *n.* a temporary dwelling place.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

1. CALL now, if there be any that will answer thee;
And to which of the saints wilt thou turn?
For wrath killeth the foolish man,
And envy slayeth the silly one.
I have seen the foolish taking root:
But suddenly I cursed his †habitation.
His children are far from safety,
And they are crushed in the gate,
Neither is there any to deliver them.
Whose harvest the hungry eateth up
And taketh it even out of the thorns,
And the robber swalloweth up their substance.
Although †affliction cometh not forth of the dust,

Neither doth trouble spring out of the ground:
Yet man is born unto †trouble,
As the sparks fly upward.

2. I would seek unto God,
And unto God would I commit my cause:
Who doeth great things and †unsearchable;
†Marvelous things without number:
Who giveth rain upon the earth,
And sendeth waters upon the fields:
To set up on high those that be low;
That those which mourn may be exalted to safety.
He disappointeth the devices of the †crafty,
So that their hands can not perform their †enterprise:
He taketh the wise in their own craftiness:
And the counsel of the froward is carried headlong:
They meet with darkness in the daytime,
And grope in the noonday as in the night
But he saveth the poor from the sword,
From their mouth, and from the hand of the mighty.
So the poor hath hope,
And †iniquity stoppeth her mouth.

8 Behold! happy is the man whom God correcteth:
Therefore despise not thou the †chastening of the Almighty:
For he maketh sore, and bindeth up:
He woundeth, and his hands make whole.
He shall deliver thee in six troubles:
Yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.
In famine, he shall †redeem thee from death:
And in war, from the power of the sword.
Thou shalt be hid from the †scourge of the tongue:
Neither shalt thou be afraid of †destruction when it cometh.
At destruction and †famine thou shalt laugh:
Neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth.
For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field:
And the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee.
And thou shalt know that thy †tabernacle shall be in peace;
And thou shalt visit thy habitation, and shalt not sin.
Thou shalt know also that thy seed shall be great,
And thine †offspring as the grass of the earth.
Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age,
Like as a †shock of corn cometh in, in his season.
Lo! this, we have searched it, so it is;
Hear it, and know thou it for thy good.

BIBLE.

QUESTIONS.—Who is meant by the foolish man? Why are the wicked called foolish? What advice is given in this lesson to Job? What is the proper effect of divine chastisement?

What interjections are there in the 3d paragraph? What prepositions in the last four lines?

LESSON LIII.

REMARK.—As each one reads, let each scholar in the class mention every syllable that is pronounced wrong, and correct it.

UTTER the final *g* distinctly in the following words in this lesson: blazing, endeavoring, listening, wasting, surrounding, gathering, driving, neighboring, herring, swellings, tidings, ministering, defending, frowning, barking, continuing, giving, darling, springing.

1. Fag'-ots, *n.* bundles of sticks and small branches used for fuel.
   Prat'-tle, *n.* trifling talk.
   Dis'-si-pate, *v.* to scatter, to disperse.
2. Pu'-ny, *a.* small and weak.
4. Pil'-grim-age, *n.* the journey of human life.
7. Com-pli-ca'-tion, *n.* the act mingling together several things.
   Sym'-pa-thies, *n.* compassion.
9. Gush'-ed, *v.* flowed copiously.
   Man'-na, *n.* food miraculously provided by God for the Israelites.

THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN.

1. IT was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing fagots, with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring by listening to the †artlessness of their prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hand had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter: she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around.

2. But that †mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways is above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become †exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amid the neighboring pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

3. The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the †anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children: and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He, whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan, can not forget his word.

4. †Providence had, many years before, taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the high seas, since which she had heard no †tidings of him; and, in her latter time, had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her earthly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

5. The †indolent may well bear with poverty, while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in †populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery.

6. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to †console her. And such a one was the widow of the Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty †remnant of food, to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind:

> Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
> But trust him for his grace;
> Behind a frowning Providence
> He hides a smiling face.

7. The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, and †apparently indifferent health, entered and begged a lodging, and a mouthful of food. Said he, "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and a share of all she had she

proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

8. The traveler drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment: "And is this *all* your store?" said he, "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? then never saw I *charity* before: but madam," said he, continuing, "do you not wrong your *children* by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?"

9. "Ah," said the poor widow, and the teardrops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a *boy*, a darling *son*, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away, and I only act toward you, as I would that others should act toward him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel; and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a †wanderer, †destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home, even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away."

10. The widow ended, and the stranger springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms: "God indeed has provided your son a home, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his †benefactress: my mother! oh my mother!" It was her long lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that †disguise that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.

11. That humble †residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed beautiful, in the valley; and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue: and at this day the passer-by is pointed to the willow that spreads its branches above her grave.

ANONYMOUS.

QUESTIONS. — Relate the history of the widow and her son, as given in this lesson. Can evil ever come from judiciously obeying the dictates of benevolence? Are there many in this world really so poor as not to be able to do something for others?

ARTICULATION.

Priceless, prob'd, principle, profitable, printed.

Priceless was the offering. The wound was *thoroughly prob'd.* *Principle* may not be *profitable.* The books are *printed.* *Spring flings* her rosy *mantle* o'er the *plains.* The *rowers ply* their weary *oars.*

LESSON LIV.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—An-swer, pro. *an-ser:* fast-en'd, pro. *fas'n'd:* swad-dling, pro. *swod-dling:* treas-ures, pro. *treas-yures:* a-gainst, pro. *a-genst.*

1. Whirl'-wind, *n.* a violent wind moving in a circle.
8. Swad'-dling-band, *n.* (pro. *swod-dling-band*) a band or cloth wrapped round an infant.
Stay'-ed, *p.* stopt.
8. Wa'-ter-course, *n.* a stream of water.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

1 THEN the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,
Who is this that darkeneth †counsel
By words without knowledge?
Gird up now thy loins like a man;
For I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

2 Where wast thou when I laid the †foundations of the earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
Or who hath stretched the line upon it?
Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the corner stone thereof,
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

3 Or who shut up the sea with doors,
When it brake forth, as if it had †issued out of the womb?
When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
And thick darkness a swaddling-band for it,

And brake up for it my †decreed place,
And set bars and doors,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further;
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed?

4 Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days;
And caused the †dayspring to know his place;
That it might take hold of the ends of the earth,
That the wicked might be shaken out of it?
It is turned as clay to the seal;
And they stand as a garment.
And from the wicked their light is withholden,
And the high arm shall be broken.

5 Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea?
Or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?
Have the gates of death been opened unto thee?
Or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?
Hast thou †perceived the breadth of the earth?
Declare if thou knowest it all.

6. Where is the way where light dwelleth?
And as for darkness, where is the place thereof,
That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof,
And that thou shouldest know the paths to the house thereof?
Knowest thou it because thou wast then born?
Or because the number of thy days is great?

7. Hast thou entered into the treasures of the SNOW?
Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,
Which I have †reserved against the time of trouble,
Against the day of battle and of war?

8. By what way is the light parted,
Which scattereth the east wind upon the earth?
Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters;
Or a way for the lightning of thunder;
To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is;
On the †wilderness, wherein there is no man;
To satisfy the †desolate and waste ground;
And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?

9 Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Canst thou make him afraid as a †grasshopper?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
He paweth in the valley, and †rejoiceth in his strength;
He goeth out to meet the armed men.

10. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted;
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The [+]quiver rattleth against him,
The glittering spear and the shield.
He swalloweth the ground with [+]fierceness and rage;
Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet
He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha.
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains, and the shouting

BIBLE.

QUESTIONS.—Is this poetry? Select a metaphor and a simile from the many to be found in this lesson. What is meant by the words "Ha! ha!" in the last paragraph?

Which are the conjunctions in the 10th paragraph? Parse "spear" and "shield" in the same. Parse "Ha! ha!" in the same. In the first sentence, parse "whirlwind." Which word in that sentence represents the subject, or the actor? Which, the object, or the receiver? Which, the action, or thing done? Which is the adverb of time? Is the sentence simple, complex, or compound?

TO TEACHERS.

One of the most difficult things to be learned in reading is, a *proper attention* to the *pauses*. The teacher will find various plans useful for accomplishing this. The following will often succeed: Let the first pupil read to the first pause in a sentence, the second from that pause to the next, the third to the next, and so on. In doing this, the readers must be careful to take up their parts *promptly*, to read in the *same key* as nearly as possible and to give the *proper inflection* at each pause.

LESSON LV.

REMARK.—Be careful not to join the last part of one word to the beginning of the next word; as, *an das*, for *and as*.

SOUND the final *d* clearly in the following and similar words in this lesson: blind, ask'd, sinn'd, ground, wash'd, open'd, receiv'd, fear'd, revil'd, worship'd.

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1 Dis-ci-ples, *n.* followers, learners.
Man'-i-fest, *a.* clear, plain.
2 A-noint'-ed, *v.* smeared, rubbed over.
4 Phar'-i-see, *n.* one of a sect who were very strict in observing the *ceremonies* of religion, and therefore thought themselves more holy than others.
6. Syn'-a-gogue, *n.* a Jewish church.
8. Re-vi'-led, *v.* reproached, treated with contemptuous language.
Mar'-vel-ous, *a.* wonderful.

CHRIST AND THE BLIND MAN.

1. AND as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.

2. When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of †Siloam, (which is, by †interpretation, Sent). He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

3. The †neighbors, therefore, and they which before had seen him, that he was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged? Some said, This is he; others said, He is like him; but he said, I am he. Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus, made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight. Then said they unto him, Where is he? He said, I know not.

4. They brought to the †Pharisees him that afore time was blind. And it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes. Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed and do see. Therefore said some of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner, do such †miracles? And there was a division among them.

5. They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of him, that he hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet But the Jews did not believe †concerning him that he had been blind, and received his sight, until they called the parents of him that had received his sight. And they asked them, saying, Is this your son, who ye say was born blind? How then doth he now see? His parents answered them and said, we know that this is our son, and that he was born blind: but by what means he now seeth, we know not: or who hath opened his eyes, we know not. he is of age, ask him, he shall speak for himself.

6. These words spake his parents, because they feared the Jews: for the Jews had agreed already, that if any man did †confess that he was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue. Therefore said his parents, He is of age, ask him.

7. Then again called they the man that was blind, and said, Give God the praise; we know that this man is a †sinner. He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind. now I see. Then said they to him again, What did he to thee? How opened he thine eyes? He answered them, I have told you already, and ye did not hear: wherefore would ye hear it again? Will ye also be his disciples?

8. Then they reviled him, and said, Thou art his disciple; but we are Moses' disciples. We know that God spake unto Moses: as for this fellow, we know not from whence he is. The man answered and said unto them. Why, herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a †worshiper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth. Since the world began, was it not heard, that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing. They answered, and said unto him, Thou wast †altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they cast him out.

9. Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when he had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of

God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshiped him.

10 And Jesus said, For †judgment I am come into this world: that they which see not, might see; and that they which see, might be made blind. And some of the †Pharisees which were with him heard these words, and said unto him, Are we blind also? Jesus said unto them, If ye were blind, ye should have no sin; but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin †remaineth.

BIBLE.

QUESTIONS.—From what part of the Bible is this lesson taken? What miracle is recorded in it? Who performed this miracle? What means did he make use of? Will clay, prepared in the same manner, restore sight to the blind now? What does the performance of this miracle prove concerning Christ? This miracle, and many others, were performed openly: why were not the Jews convinced by them, that he came from God? How did the Jews treat the man whose sight was restored? Why did they put him out of the synagogue?

In the last sentence, "Jesus—remaineth," which verb is in the subjunctive mode? Which is in the potential mode? Which verbs, in the same sentence, are in the indicative mode? Which are the conjunctions? Which are the pronouns? Which is the preposition? What adverb is there in the sentence? What adjective? What is the difference between an adjective and an adverb?

LESSON LVI.

REMARK.—In reading poetry, that does not rhyme, or blank verse as it is called, the pauses should be regulated chiefly by the sense, as in prose.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—First, not *furss:* hear'st, not *hear'ss:* didst, not *didss:* in-vest, not *in-vess:* re-vis-itst, not *re-vis-its:* sha-di est, not *sha-di-ess:* mist, not *miss.*

6. Ef'-flu-ence, *n.* that which flows or issues from any substance or body. Es'-sence, *n.* being, existence. In-cre-ate', *a.* uncreated.
10. In-vest', *v.* clothe, surround.
14. Sty'-gi-an, *a.* referring to the Styx, fabled to be a river of Hell.
15. So'-journ, *n.* a temporary residence.
17. Or'-phe-an, *a.* referring to Orpheus, a celebrated musician.
18. Cha'-os, *n.* confusion, disorder.
25. Drop'-so-rene', *n.* a disease of the eye.
26. Suf-fu'-sion, *n.* the state of being spread over as with a fluid.
39. Dark'-ling, *a.* without light.
40. Noc-tur'-nal, *a.* nightly.
49. Ex-pun'-ged, *p.* rubbed out, blotted out. Ra'-zed, *p.* blotted out, obliterated.
53. Ir-ra'-di-ate, *v.* illuminate, enlighten.

APOSTROPHE TO LIGHT.

HAIL! holy Light, †offspring of Heaven first born.
Or of the †eternal, coëternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou, rather, pure †ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the †void and formless infinite.

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that †obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of chaos and eternal night,

Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reäscend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign, †vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes that roll in vain,
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop-serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion †vailed. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses †haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equaled with me in fate,
So were I equaled with them in †renown,
Blind Thamyris* and blind Mæonides,†
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest †covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year,
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even and morn;
Or sight of †vernal bloom, or summer's rose;
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud, instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, †celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and †disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things †invisible to mortal sight

MILTON

QUESTIONS.—Why does Milton mention light so reverently? Who is the source and author of light? What is meant by the reference to the Stygian pool? To the Orphean lyre? What does he mean by saying that light revisits not his eyes? To whom does he refer as having been blind like himself? What bird does he call the "wakeful bird"?

* A celebrated musician of Thrace, who was blind. † A name of Homer.

ARTICULATION.

Shed'st, forests, hop'st, gifts, hadst, form'd.

Thou *shed'st* a sunshine on his head. The brown *forests*. *Hop'st* thou for *gifts* like these? Or ever thou *had'st form'd* the earth. I have received *presents*.

LESSON LVII.

UTTER distinctly *all* the consonants in the following and similar words in this lesson: majesty, scriptures, sanctity, gospel, addresses, philosopher, subject, enthusiast, instructions, described, disgrace, exactly, rewards, sobriety, midst, friends, fabricate, subject.

1. Sanc'-ti-ty, *n.* holiness, purity.
2. En-thu'-si-ast, *n.* one whose imagination is heated.
   Sect'-a-ry, *n.* one who separates from the established church.
   Max'-ims, *n.* established principles.
3. Pre-pos-ses'-sion, *n.* an opinion formed before examining a subject.
   Ig'-no-min-y, *n.* public disgrace.
   Soph'-ist, *n.* a deceptive reasoner.
4. Pre'-cept, *n.* a rule of action.
   Eu'-lo-gi-zed, *v.* praised, commended.
5. Fa-nat'-i-cism, *n.* wild notions of religion.
6. Ex'-e-cra-ted, *p.* cursed, denounced.
   Ex-cru'-cia-ting, *a.* extremely painful.
7. Fab'-ric-ate, *v.* to invent, to devise falsely.

THE SCRIPTURES AND THE SAVIOR.

1. THE +majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with astonishment, and the sanctity of the gospel addresses itself to my heart. Look at the volumes of the +philosophers, with all their pomp: how +contemptible do they appear in comparison with this! Is it possible, that a book at once so simple and sublime, can be the work of man!

2. Can he who is the subject of its history, be himself a mere man? Was his the tone of an enthusiast, or of an ambitious sectary? What sweetness! What purity in his manners! What an affecting +gracefulness in his instructions! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his +discourses!

What presence of mind, what sagacity and propriety in his answers! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, suffer, and die, without weakness and without †ostentation!

3. When Plato described his †imaginary good man, covered with all the disgrace of crime, yet worthy of all the rewards of virtue, he described exactly the character of Jesus Christ. The resemblance was so striking, it could not be mistaken, and all the fathers of the church perceived it. What prepossession, what blindness must it be, to compare the son of Sophronius to the son of Mary! What an †immeasurable distance between them! Socrates, dying without pain, and without ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a mere sophist.

4. He †invented, it is said, the theory of moral science. Others, however, had before him put it in practice; and he had nothing to do but to tell what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precept. Aristides had been just, before Socrates defined what justice was. Leonidas had died for his country, before Socrates made it a duty to love one's country. Sparta had been temperate, before Socrates eulogized sobriety; and before he celebrated the praises of virtue, Greece had abounded in virtuous men.

5. But from whom of all his countrymen, could Jesus have derived that sublime and pure morality, of which he only has given us both the precepts and example? In the midst of the most †licentious fanaticism, the voice of the sublimest wisdom was heard; and the simplicity of the most heroic virtue crowned one of the humblest of all the multitude.

6. The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, is the most pleasant that could be desired! That of Jesus, expiring in torments, †outraged, †reviled, and execrated by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who presented it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating torture, prayed for his merciless tormentors.

7. Yes! if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God. Shall we say that the evangelical history is a mere †fiction? It does not bear the stamp of fiction, but the contrary. The history of Socrates, which nobody doubts, is not as well †attested as that of Jesus

Christ. Such an assertion in fact only shifts the difficulty, without removing it. It is more inconceivable that a number of persons should have agreed to fabricate this book, than that one only should have furnished the subject of it.

8. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality, contained in the gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking, so perfectly †inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing man than the hero.

ROUSSEAU.

QUESTIONS.—What was the character of Rousseau? How could an infidel testify thus without renouncing his infidelity? How does Plato's character of what a good man *ought* to be, correspond with what Christ *was?* What differences can you mention between the life and death of Christ, and those of Socrates? In what country did Aristides, Leonidas, Plato, and Socrates live? What is the character of each? Is the history of Socrates any better attested than that of Christ? Why is it inconceivable that the book is a fiction? Suppose it an invention of man; which would be the most wonderful, the inventor or the hero?

ARTICULATION.

Canst, skin, barbed, slumberdst, laidst, rest.

Canst thou fill his *skin* with bar*bed* iron*s*. Thou *slumber'd'st* not in vain. Thou *laidst* thy waves at *rest*. Aroun*d* him fall *dr*ead power*s*, dominion*s*, *hosts*, and ki*ngly thrones*. When *Ajax strives* some *rocks vast* weight to *throw*. He was *distinguished* for his *conscientiousness*. His *lips grow restless* and his *smile* is *curled* into *scorn*. His *limbs* were *strength'n'd* by *exercise*.

LESSON LVIII.

REMARK.—The pathos of the description in the following lesson is its great beauty, and requires an appropriate tone and manner.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Join, not *jine:* cov-er'd, not *cov-ud:* sac-ra-ment, not *sa-cra-ment:* pict-ure, (pro. *pict-yur*) not *pic-tshure*, nor *pic-tee:* fig-ure, pro. *fig-yur:* grand-eur, pro. *grand-yur:* por-ten-tous, not *por-ten-shus:* at-ti-tudes, pro. *at-tit-yudes.*

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2. Pre-ter-nat'-u-ral, *a.* beyond or different from what is natural.
Shriv'-el-ed, *a.* shrunk into wrinkles.
3. Prog-nos'-tic, *a.* showing something to come.
Pas'-sion, *n.* suffering, the last suffering of our Savior.
Pa'-thos, *n.* that which excites feeling.
4. Mys'-tic, *a.* sacredly obscure, involving some secret meaning.
Sym'-bol, *n.* a sign or representation of something.
E-nun-ci-a'-tion, *n.* the act of uttering.
U'-ni-son, *n.* agreement, harmony.
5. Dis-tor'-tion, *n.* a twisting out of shape.
Buf'-fet, *n.* a blow with the fist.
7. Fal-la'-cious, *a.* deceiving.
Ab-rupt'-ness, *n.* suddenness.
9. Por-tent'-ous, *a.* foretelling of evil.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

1. As I traveled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these States, I had no difficulty in †understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

2. Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a †palsy; and a few moments †ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

3. The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings

changed? The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject was, of course, the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man, whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

4. As he descended from the pulpit, to †distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manners, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his †crucifixion. I knew the whole history; but never until then, had I heard the circumstances so †selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

5. His peculiar phrases had that force of †description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and †convulsively clinched.

6. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Savior; when he drew, to the life, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter, until, his †utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

7. It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able let his audience down from the hight to which he had wound them, without †impairing the solemnity and dignity of the subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of his fall. But, no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

8. The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could †perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on †delivery.

9. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy †grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm, to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few moments of portentous, death-like silence, which reigned throughout the house; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which held it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then, pausing, raising his other, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy, to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his †tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!"

10. This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau: a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded, that his peculiar manner and power arose from an †energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's †introductory picture of his Bard.

WIRT.

QUESTIONS.—Can you describe the personal appearance of the blind preacher? What effect was produced by his manner? What, by his language? When he described the character and conduct of Christ, what was the effect on the congregation? What effect was produced by the circumstance of his blindness? What was the secret of the preacher's great power?

LESSON LIX.

REMARK.—Be careful to speak such little words as *by, in, on, a, and, at, of, with, for, to, from, through, the,* &c., very distinctly, and yet not to dwell on them so long as on other more important words.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Path-less, not *path-liss:* u-ni-verse, not *u-ni-vuss:* thou-sand, not *thou-sund:* mo-ment, not *mo-munt:* ar-ma-ments, not *ar-ma-munts:* sav-age, not *sav-ij:* tem-pests, not *tem-pists.*

1. In'-ter-views, *n.* meetings, mutual sight or view.
2. Rav'-age, *n.* waste, ruin.
   Un-knell'-ed, *p.* without the tolling of a bell at one's funeral.
3. Arm'-a-ment, *n.* a body of naval forces equipped for war; ships of war.
   Le-vi'-a-than, *n.* a huge sea animal; *here used figuratively for* ships.
   Ar'-bi-ter, *n.* one who controls or decides between others.
   Yest,* *n.* (the same as *yeast,*) the foam of the sea.
4. Realms, *n.* kingdoms.
   Az'-ure, *a.* blue, like the sky.
5. Glass'-es,* *v.* mirrors as in a glass.
   Slime, *n.* sticky mud.
   Zone, *n.* a division of the earth.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

1. THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
   There is a †rapture on the lonely shore,
   There is society where none †intrudes
   By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
   I love not man the less, but Nature more,
   From these our interviews, in which I steal
   From all I may be, or have been before,
   To mingle with the universe and feel
   What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
   Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
   Man marks the earth with ruin, his †control
   Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain
   The †wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
   A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
   When for a moment, like a drop of rain,

*Throughout this work, that definition is given which belongs to the word as it is used in the lesson. This meaning is frequently figurative.

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, †uncoffined, and unknown.

* * * * * * * * *

3. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations †quake,
And monarchs tremble in their †capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy †flake,
They melt into thy yest of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

4. Thy shores are †empires, changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up †realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

5. Thou glorious †mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or †convulsed; in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, †fathomless, alone.

BYRON

QUESTIONS.—What is the society which exists where none intrudes? What is meant by "oak leviathans?" How is the ocean the image of eternity? Where is Trafalgar, and for what is it celebrated? Where were Assyria, Rome, Greece, and Carthage?

ARTICULATION.

Exists, smooth'st, sat'st, throne, birds, nests, call'st.

It *exists* every where. Thou *smooth'st* his rugged *path*. Thou *sat'st* upon thy *throne*. Do you see the *birds' nests?* Thou *call'st* in vain Alkaline *earths*.

LESSON LX.

UTTER distinctly the *r*, giving it its *soft* sound, in the following words in this lesson: declare. there, nor, where, their, circuit, perfect, converting, sure, pure, enduring, ever, sweeter, moreover.

3. Tab'-er-na-cle, *n.* a temporary habitation.
5. Test'-i-mo-ny, *n.* solemn declaration. Stat'-utes, *n.* written laws.
8. Pre-sump'-tu-ous, *a.* bold, rash. Do-min'-ion, *n.* power, controlling influence. Trans-gres'-sion, *n.* violation of law.

NATURE AND REVELATION.

1. THE heavens declare the glory of God;
And the †firmament showeth his †handwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.

2. There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.

3 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a †bridegroom coming out of his †chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

4. His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his †circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof

5. The law of the Lord is perfect, †converting the soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple,
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart.

6. The †commandment of the Lord is pure, †enlightening the eyes
The fear of the Lord is clean, †enduring for ever:
The †judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

7 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;
Sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
And in keeping of them there is great reward.

8. Who can understand his †errors?
Cleanse thou me from secret faults,
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;
Let them not have dominion over me.

9. Then shall I be upright,
And I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
Let the words of my mouth, and the †meditation of my heart,
Be †acceptable in thy sight,
O Lord, my strength, and my †Redeemer! BIBLE.

QUESTIONS.—What is the character of God, as exhibited by the works of nature? What is the character and influence of the law of God? How can a man be kept from sin?

In the 8th paragraph, which are the pronouns? What does the word *pronoun* mean? Which is the interrogative pronoun in that paragraph? Which are the nouns in the plural number? Which, in the singular? Which, of the neuter gender? Which, of common gender? In what case is each one? What does the word *noun* mean? Which are the verbs? What does the word *verb* mean? Why is this part of speech so called? Which are in the imperative mode? What does the word *imperative* mean?

LESSON LXI.

REMARK.—The following lesson is of a didactic character, and should be read slowly, impressively, and with especial attention to emphasis.

GIVE the *r* its *rolling* sound in the following words in this lesson: strongest, approbation, secret, afraid, alacrity, brilliant, right, free, erect, heroic, phrase, pride, constrain, private, scrupulous, integrity, drives, morality, greatness, streamlets, presents, torrent, purity.

In-teg'-ri-ty, *n.* honesty of purpose.
2. A-lac'-ri-ty, *n.* cheerful readiness.
E-las'-tic, *a.* rebounding, springing back.
4. Vi-cis'-si-tude, *n.* change.
5. Scru'-pu-lous, *a.* careful, nicely doubtful.
7. Mea'-ger, *n.* small, scanty.
Stream'-let, *n.* a little stream, a brook.
Im-ped'-i-ment, *n.* hinderance.
Hav'-oc, *n.* wide destruction.
Ca-reer', *n.* course.

DECISIVE INTEGRITY.

1. THE man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the †approbation and support of heaven. While he, who is conscious of secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him.

2. Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans, steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit; but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring †confidence, and exulting alacrity, with him who feels, at every step, that he is in the pursuit of honest ends, by honest means. The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye, which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet †courteously, in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his purposes are pure and right.

3. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be †slandered; he may be deserted by the world; but he has that

within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward on his course, with his eyes fixed on heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

4. Let your first step, then, in that †discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase, "honest men," in the narrow sense merely of meeting your †pecuniary engagements, and paying your debts; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do.

5. I use it in its larger sense of †discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, †heaven-attesting integrity; in that sense, further, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing †considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier, and nobler spirit; one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born, not so much for yourselves, as for your country, and your fellow creatures, and which will lead you to act, on every occasion, sincerely, justly, generously, †magnanimously.

6. There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the hight of folly to neglect: a generous expansion, a proud elevation and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course, in every situation into which you can be thrown; and it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you to †aspire.

7. I would not have you to resemble those weak and meager streamlets, which lose their †direction at every petty impediment which presents itself, and stop, and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little †channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its mad career.

8. But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of †majestic decision, which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime declaration of independence, and tossing, and sporting, on its bed, with an †imperial †consciousness of strength that laughs at †opposition. It is this depth, and weight, and power, and purity of character, that I would have you to resemble; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action.

WIRT.

QUESTIONS.—What is the effect of conscious rectitude upon a man? What is the effect of the want of it? What then should be the first step in the attainment of decision of character? In what two senses may we be considered "honest men?" With what beautiful metaphor does this piece close?

In the first sentence of the 3d paragraph, which is the nominative? Which is the verb? What kind of a verb is it? In what mode and tense? What word is in the objective case? Which is the general attribute? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 124.

LESSON LXII.

REMARK.—Do not let the voice grow weaker at the last words of a sentence.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Act-u-al, not *ac-tew-al:* en-gin-eer, not *in-gi-neer:* boil-er, not *bi-ler:* fast-en-ings, pro. *fas'nings:* move-ments, not *move-munce:* en-gine (pro. *en-gin*) not *in-gine:* joint, not *jint:* oil, not *ile:* fur-nace, not *fur-niss:* gov-erns, not *gov-uns.*

2. Pro-pel', *v.* to push forward. [gines.
3. En-gin-eer', *n.* one who manages en-
Steam'-gage, *n.* something which measures the force of the steam.
Scru'-ti-ni-zes, *v.* examines closely.
4. Pon'-der-ous, *a.* very heavy.
Pis'-ton, *n.* a short cylinder used in pumps and engines.
5. Com'-pli-ca-ted, *a.* intricate.
Mi-nu'-tiæ, *n.* the smaller particulars.
6. Fric'-tion, *n.* rubbing. [tion.
10. Mo-ment'-um, *n.* the quantity of mo-
11. Sym'-bol, *n.* type or emblem.
Res-er-voir', *n.* (pro. *rez-er-vwor'*) a place where any thing is kept in store.
13. Sus-cep-ti-bil'-i-ties, *n.* capacity for receiving impressions.

THE STEAMBOAT TRIAL.

1. THE Bible every where †conveys the idea that this life is not our home, but a state of †probation, that is, of *trial and †discipline*, which is intended to prepare us for another. In order that all, even the youngest of my readers, may understand what is meant by this, I shall †illustrate it by some familiar examples, drawn from the actual business of life.

2. When a large steamboat is built, with the intention of having her employed upon the waters of a great river, she must be *proved* before put to service. Before trial, it is somewhat doubtful whether she will succeed. In the first place, it is not absolutely certain whether her †machinery will work at all. There may be some flaw in the iron, or an imperfection in some part of the †workmanship, which will prevent the motion of her wheels. Or if this is not the case, the power of the machinery may not be †sufficient to propel her through the water, with such force as to overcome the current; or she may, when brought to encounter the rapids at some narrow passage in the stream, not be able to force her way against their resistance.

3. The engineer, therefore, resolves to try her in all these respects, that her †security and her power may be properly *proved* before she is †intrusted with her valuable cargo of human lives. He cautiously builds a fire under her boiler; he watches with eager interest the rising of the steam-gage, and scrutinizes every part of the machinery, as it gradually comes under the control of the tremendous power, which he is apprehensively applying.

4. With what interest does he observe the first stroke of the ponderous piston! and when, at length, the fastenings of the boat are let go, and the motion is †communicated to the wheels, and the mighty mass slowly moves away from the wharf, how deep and eager an interest does he feel in all her movements, and in every indication he can discover of her future success!

5. The engine, however, works imperfectly, as every one must on its first trial; and the object in this †experiment is not to gratify idle curiosity, by seeing that she will move, but to discover and remedy every little imperfection, and to remove every obstacle which prevents more entire success. For this purpose, you will see our engineer examining, most minutely and most attentively, every part of her complicated machinery. The crowd on the wharf may be simply gazing on her majestic progress, as she moves off from the shore, but the engineer is within, looking with faithful †examination into all the minutiæ of the motion.

6. He scrutinizes the action of every lever and the friction of every joint; here, he oils a bearing, there, he tightens a nut; one part of the machinery has too much play, and he confines it; another, too much friction, and he loosens it; now, he stops the engine, now, reverses her motion, and again, sends the boat forward in her course. He discovers, perhaps, some great improvement of which she is †susceptible, and when he returns to the wharf and has extinguished her fire, he orders from the machine-shop the necessary alteration.

7. The next day he puts his boat to the trial again, and she glides over the water more smoothly and swiftly than before. The jar which he had noticed is gone, and the friction reduced; the beams play more smoothly, and the †alteration which he has made produces a more equable motion in the †shaft, or gives greater effect to the stroke of the paddles upon the water.

8. When at length her motion is such as to satisfy him upon the smooth surface of the river, he turns her course, we will imagine, toward the rapids, to see how she will sustain a greater trial. As he increases her steam, to give her power to overcome the new force with which she has to contend, he watches, with eager interest, her boiler, †inspects the gage and the safety-valves, and, from her movements under the increased pressure of her steam, he receives suggestions for further improvements, or for †precautions which will insure greater safety.

9. These he executes, and thus he perhaps goes on for many days, or even weeks, trying and examining, for the purpose of improvement, every working of that mighty power, to which he knows hundreds of lives are soon to be intrusted. This now is probation—*trial for the sake of improvement.* And what are its †results? Why, after this course has been thoroughly and faithfully pursued, this floating palace receives upon her broad deck, and in her carpeted and curtained cabin, her four or five hundred passengers, who pour along in one long procession of happy groups, over the bridge of planks; father and son, mother and children, young husband and wife, all with †implicit confidence, trusting themselves and their dearest interests to her power.

10. See her as she sails away! How beautiful and yet how powerful are all her motions! That beam glides up and down gently and smoothly in its †grooves, and yet gentle as it seems, hundreds of horses could not hold it still; there is no apparent violence, but every movement is with irresistible power. How graceful is her form, and yet how mighty is the momentum with which she presses on her way!

11. Loaded with life, and herself the very symbol of life and power, she seems something †ethereal, unreal, which, ere we look again, will have vanished away. And though she has within her bosom a furnace glowing with furious fires, and a reservoir of death, the elements of most dreadful ruin and conflagration, of destruction the most complete, and agony the most †unutterable; and though her strength is equal to the united energy of two thousand men, she restrains it all.

12. She was †constructed by genius, and has been *tried* and improved by fidelity and skill; and one man governs and controls

her, stops her and sets her in motion, turns her this way and that, as easily and certainly as the child guides the gentle lamb. She walks over the one hundred and sixty miles of her route, without rest and without †fatigue; and the passengers, who have slept in safety in their berths, with destruction by water without, and by fire within, defended only by a plank from the one, and by a sheet of copper from the other, land at the appointed time in safety.

13. My reader, you have within you susceptibilities and powers, of which you have little present conception; energies, which are hereafter to operate in producing fullness of enjoyment or horrors of suffering, of which you now can form scarcely a conjecture. You are now on *trial.* God wishes you to prepare yourself for safe and happy action. He wishes you to look within, to examine the complicated movements of your hearts, to detect what is wrong, to †modify what needs change, and to †rectify every irregular motion.

14. You go out to try your moral powers upon the stream of active life, and then return to retirement, to improve what is right, and †remedy what is wrong. Renewed opportunities of moral practice are given you, that you may go on from strength to strength, until every part of that complicated moral machinery, of which the human heart consists, will work as it ought to work, and is prepared to †accomplish the mighty purposes for which your powers are designed. You are *on trial, on probation* now. You will enter upon *active service* in another world.

ABBOTT.

QUESTIONS.—How does the Bible consider this life? What is a state of probation? What is a steamboat? Who invented it? Was Robert Fulton an American? What is meant by proving a steamboat? What is the use of doing this? Is there any resemblance between man and a steamboat? If this life is our state of probation, what will a future state of existence be? What difference is there between man's probation before the fall, and man's probation now?

ARTICULATION.

Kraken, kremlin, crutch, crush'd, prank, praiseworthy

The *kraken* is *probably* a fabulous animal. The *kremlin* is the Russian *emperor's* palace. With his *crutch* he *crushed* the *flowers*. The *prank* was not *praiseworthy*. The *props* were *prop'd* by other *props*. The *crafty creatures crawl'd* in *crowds*. The *proud prig prates*.

LESSON LXIII.

ARTICULATE distinctly. — Prec-e-dent, not *prec' dent:* pro-cras-ti-na-tion, not *pro-crast' na-tion:* e-ter-nal, not *e-ter-n'l:* mi-rac-u-lous, not *mi-rac' lous:* ex-cel-lent, not *ex' lent:* sus-pects, not *s' pec' s:* in-fa-mous, not *in-f' mous.*

2. Prec'-e-dent, *n.* something that serves for an example.
4. Pro-cras-ti-na'-tion, *n.* delay.
11. Palm, *n.* victory.
14. Driv'-el, *v.* to be foolish. [session.
15. Re-ver'-sion, *n.* right to future pos-
18. Vails, *n.* money given to servants. *It here means* that which may be spent for pleasure. *This word is obsolete, that is, it is not now used.*
23. Dil'-a-to-ry, *a.* slow, delaying.
29. Chides, *v.* reproves.

PROCRASTINATION.

1. BE wise today; 'tis madness to †defer;
Next day the †fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time:
5. Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment, leaves
The vast †concerns of an †eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
10. Of man's †miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, that all men are about to live,
Forever on the †brink of being born.
All pay themselves the †compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
15 On this reversion takes up ready praise,
At least their own: their future selves †applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they †consign:

20. The thing they can't but purpose, they †postpone.
'T is not in folly not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young indeed,
25. In full content, we sometimes nobly rest
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man †suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and †reforms his plan;
30. At fifty, chides his †infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the †magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and †re-resolves; then dies the same.

YOUNG.

QUESTIONS.—What is meant by procrastination? Name some of the evils of procrastination? What is the meaning of lines 10, 11, and 12? What, of all things, are men most apt to defer?

LESSON LXIV.

REMARK.—Sound the *r* clearly in the following words: are, mark bard, hard, lard, barb, garb, hear, clear, dear, near, tear, arm, harm charm, lord, cord, far, care, course, never, merely, conform.

BE CAREFUL also to pronounce correctly the following: Oth-ers, not *oth-uz:* rule, not *rool:* virtue, not *vir-too:* rec-ti-tude, not *rec-ti-tshude:* a-dopt, not *ud-opt:* mer-cy, not *mus-sy:* com'-plai-sance, not *com-plai'-sance:* sac-ri-fice, not *sa-cri-fis:* sec-u-lar, not *sec-ky-lar,* nor *sec-ew-lar:* mor-als, not *mor-uls:* scru-pu-lous, not *scru-py-lous.*

1. De-void', *a.* destitute.
2. Rec'-ti-tude, *n.* correctness of principle.
4. Vis'-ion, *n.* faculty of sight.
5. Cas'-u-al, *a.* accidental.
6. Com'-plai-sance, *n.* (pro. *com'-pla-zance*) obliging treatment.
8. Sec'-u-lar, *a.* worldly.
9. Tam'-per, *v.* to meddle with improperly.
11. En-tail', *v.* to fix unalienably upon a particular person.
13. Pelf, *n.* money, riches.

LOVE OF APPLAUSE.

1. To be †insensible to public opinion, or to the estimation in which we are held by others, indicates any thing, rather than a good and generous spirit. It is, indeed, the mark of a low and

worthless character; devoid of principle, and therefore devoid of shame. A young man is not far from ruin, when he can say without blushing, *I don't care what others think of me.*

2. But to have a proper regard to public opinion, is one thing; to make that opinion our rule of action, is quite another. The one we may cherish †consistently with the purest virtue, and the most unbending rectitude; the other we can not adopt, without an utter abandonment of principle and disregard of duty.

3. The young man whose great aim is to please, who makes the opinion and favor of others his rule and motive of action, stands ready to adopt any sentiments, or pursue any course of conduct, however false and †criminal, provided only that it be popular.

4. In every †emergency, his first question is, what will my companions, what will the world think and say of me, if I adopt this, or that course of conduct? Duty, the eternal laws of rectitude, are not thought of. Custom, fashion, popular favor: these are the things, that fill his entire vision, and decide every question of opinion and duty.

5. Such a man can never be trusted; for he has no †integrity and no independence of mind, to obey the dictates of rectitude. He is at the mercy of every casual †impulse and change of popular opinion; and you can no more tell whether he will be right or wrong tomorrow, than you can predict the course of the wind, or what shape the clouds will then assume.

6. And what is the usual consequence of this weak and foolish regard to the opinions of men? What the *end* of thus acting in compliance with custom in opposition to one's own convictions of duty? It is to lose the esteem and respect of the very men whom you thus attempt to please. Your defect of principle and †hollow-heartedness are easily perceived: and though the persons to whom you thus sacrifice your conscience, may affect to commend your complaisance, you may be assured, that, inwardly, they despise you for it.

7. Young men hardly commit a greater mistake, than to think of gaining the esteem of others, by yielding to their wishes contrary to their own sense of duty. Such conduct is always morally wrong, and rarely fails to †deprive me, both of self-respect and the respect of others.

8. It is very common for young men, just commencing business, to imagine that, if they would advance their secular interests, they must not be very †scrupulous in binding themselves down to the strict rules of rectitude. They must conform to custom; and if, in buying and selling, they sometimes say things that are not

true, and do the things that are not honest; why, their neighbors do the same; and, verily, there is no getting along without it. There is so much competition and rivalry, that, to be *strictly honest*, and yet succeed in business, is out of the question.

9. Now, if it were indeed so, I would say to a young man; then, quit your business. Better dig, and beg too, than to tamper with conscience, sin against God, and lose your soul.

10. But is it so? Is it necessary, in order to succeed in business, that you should adopt a †standard of morals, more lax and pliable, than the one placed before you in the Bible? Perhaps for a time, a rigid †adherence to rectitude might bear hard upon you; but how would it be in the end? Possibly, your neighbor, by being less scrupulous than yourself, may invent a more expeditious way of acquiring a fortune. If he is willing to violate the dictates of conscience, to lie and cheat, and trample on the rules of justice and honesty, he may, indeed, get the start of you, and rise suddenly to wealth and distinction.

11. But would you envy him his riches, or be willing to place yourself in his situation? Sudden wealth, especially when obtained by dishonest means, rarely fails of bringing with it sudden ruin. Those who acquire it, are of course beggared in their morals, and are often, very soon, beggared in property. Their riches are †corrupted; and while they bring the curse of God on their immediate possessors, they usually entail misery and ruin upon their families.

12. If it be admitted, then, that strict integrity is not always the shortest way to success, is it not the surest, the happiest, and the best? A young man of thorough integrity may, it is true, find it difficult, in the midst of dishonest †competitors and rivals, to start in his business or profession; but how long, ere he will surmount every difficulty, draw around him †patrons and friends, and rise in the confidence and support of all who know him.

13. What, if, in pursuing this course, you should not, at the close of life, have so much money, by a few hundred dollars? Will not a fair character, an approving conscience, and an approving God, be an abundant †compensation for this little deficiency of pelf?

14. O, there is an hour coming, when one whisper of an approving mind, one smile of an approving God, will be accounted of more value than the wealth of a thousand worlds like this. In that hour, my young friends, nothing will sustain you but the †consciousness of having been governed in life by worthy and good principles.

HAWES.

QUESTIONS.—What must be said of a total disregard of public opinion in a young man? What is the effect of making public opinion the rule of life? What erroneous opinion respecting *strict honesty* is common? Is it a well founded opinion?

Explain the inflections in the last five paragraphs.

ARTICULATION.

Grappl'd, grizzly, grumbl'd, crippl'd, crevice, cranny, frost.

They *grappl'd* and fell. The *grizzly* bear is ferocious. They *grumbl'd* at their *crippled* condition. Each *crevice* and *cranny* was filled with *frost*. *Alt*ars and *shrines incredibly increase*. *Herds*men *protect herds* in the *forests*. *Scenes* of *pleasure* soon pall upon the *senses*. The *trees* fell *thundering* and *crackling* and *crashing*. The *Franks fled fran*tically.

LESSON LXV.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—Sur-prise, not *s'prise:* di-rect-ly, not *d'rec-ly:* old maid, not *ole maid:* just, not *juss:* un-der-stand, not *un-der-stan:* slight-est, not *slight-es:* ob-ject, not *ob-jec.*

A-ver'-sion, *n.* dislike.
I-ro-ny, *n.* language intended to convey a meaning contrary to its literal signification.
De-ris'-ion, *n.* the act of laughing at in contempt.
In-com-pat'-i-ble, *a.* inconsistent, that can not exist together.

TIT FOR TAT.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. I wish I knew what was the matter with me this morning. Why do you keep the †newspaper all to yourself, my dear?

Mr. Bolingbroke. Here it is for you, my dear; I have †finished it.

Mrs. B. I humbly thank you for giving it to me when you have done with it. I hate †stale news. Is there any thing in the paper? for I can not be at the trouble of hunting it.

Mr. B. Yes, my dear; there are the marriages of two of our friends.

Mrs. B. Who? Who?

Mr. B. Your friend, the widow Nettleby, to her cousin John Nettleby.

Mrs. B. Mrs. Nettleby? Dear! But why did you tell me?

Mr. B. Because you asked me, my dear.

Mrs. B. Oh, but it is a hundred times pleasanter to read the †paragraph one's self. One loses all the pleasure of the surprise by being told. Well, whose was the other marriage?

Mr. B. Oh, my dear, I will not tell you; I will leave you the pleasure of the surprise.

Mrs. B. But you see I can not find it. How †provoking you are, my dear! Do pray tell me.

Mr. B. Our friend, Mr. Granby.

Mrs. B. Mr. Granby? Dear! Why did you not make me guess? I should have guessed him directly. But why do you call him *our* friend? I am sure he is no friend of mine, nor ever was. I took an aversion to him, as you †remember, the very first day I saw him. I am sure he is no friend of mine.

Mr. B. I am sorry for it, my dear; but I hope you will go and see Mrs. Granby.

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, my dear. Who was she?

Mr. B. Miss Cooke.

Mrs. B. Cooke? But there are so many Cookes. Can't you †distinguish her any way? Has she no Christian name?

Mr. B. Emma, I think. Yes, Emma.

Mrs. B. Emma Cooke? No; it can not be my friend Emma Cooke; for I am sure she was cut out for an old maid.

Mr. B. This lady seems to me to be cut out for a good wife.

Mrs. B. May be so. I am sure I'll never go to see her. Pray, my dear, how came you to see so much of her?

Mr. B. I have seen very little of her, my dear. I only saw her two or three times before she was married.

Mrs. B. Then, my dear, how could you decide, that she was cut out for a good wife? I am sure you could not judge of her

by seeing her only two or three times, and before she was married.

Mr. B. Indeed, my love, that is a very just observation.

Mrs. B. I understand that †compliment †perfectly, and thank you for it, my dear. I must own I can bear any thing better than irony.

Mr. B. Irony? my dear, I was perfectly in earnest.

Mrs. B. Yes, yes; in earnest; so I perceive; I may naturally be dull of †apprehension, but my feelings are quick enough; I comprehend too well. Yes, it is impossible to judge of a woman before marriage, or to guess what sort of a wife she will make. I presume you speak from †experience; you have been †disappointed yourself, and repent your choice.

Mr. B. My dear, what did I say that was like this? Upon my word, I meant no such thing. I really was not thinking of you in the least.

Mrs. B. No, you never think of me now. I can easily believe that you were not thinking of me in the least.

Mr. B. But I said that, only to prove to you that I could not be thinking ill of you, my dear.

Mrs B. But I would rather that you thought ill of me, than that you did not think of me at all.

Mr B. Well, my dear, I will even think ill of you, if that will please you.

Mrs. B. Do you laugh at me? When it comes to this, I am wretched indeed. Never man laughed at the woman he loved. As long as you had the slightest remains of love for me, you could not make me an object of derision: ridicule and love are incompatible, †absolutely incompatible. Well, I have done my best, my very best, to make you happy, but in vain. I see I am not *cut out* to be a good wife. Happy, happy Mrs. Granby!

Mr. B. Happy, I hope sincerely, that she will be with my friend; but my happiness must depend on you, my love; so, for my sake, if not for your own, be composed, and do not torment yourself with such fancies.

Mrs. B. I do wonder whether this Mrs. Granby is really that Miss Emma Cooke. I'll go and see her directly; see her I must.

Mr. B. I am heartily glad of it, my dear; for I am sure a visit to his wife will give my friend Granby real pleasure.

Mrs. B. I promise you, my dear, I do not go to give him pleasure, or you either, but to satisfy my own †*curiosity*.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

QUESTIONS.—What traits of temper or feeling does Mrs. B. display? Why is it particularly unwise for a husband or wife to speak to each other in an unfriendly manner? What is the best method of replying to angry words? What will generally be the effect of kind answers?

Parse "dear" in the last sentence. Parse "to satisfy" in the same.

LESSON LXVI.

REMARK.—Let each pupil in the class observe and mention every syllable that is not sounded correctly as each one reads.

PRONOUNCE correctly—Gos-sips, not *gos-sups:* lan-guage, not *lan-quig:* or-chard, not *or-chud:* curds, not *cuds:* wash-ers, not *wash-uz:* not-a-ble, not *no-ta-ble* (*not*-a-ble means *industrious: no*-ta-ble, *worthy of notice*): fra-grance, not *frag-runce:* u-su-al (pro. *u-zhu-al*), not *u-shal:* buoy-ant, pro. *bwoy-ant.*

1. Mu'-ses, *n.* a name given, in the fables of the ancients, to nine sisters, who were supposed to preside over the liberal arts.
   Gos'-sip, *n.* one that goes about and tattles.
2. Busk'-in-ed, *a.* tragic, dignified.
15. Quaint, *a.* odd, fanciful.
   De-vice', *n.* contrivance.
18. Un-wont'-ed, *a.* unusual.
25. Dis-as'-ters, *n.* unfortunate events.
31. Not'-a-ble, *a.* industrious, careful.
33. Welk'-in, *n.* the sky, the region of the air.
39. Im-per'-vi-ous, *a.* not to be penetrated.
49. Stint'-ed, *a.* limited, restrained.
71. Elf'-in, *a.* relating to a fairy, or evil spirit.
82. Mon-gol'-fier, *n.* the inventor of balloons.

WASHING DAY.

1. THE Muses are turned gossips; they have lost
   The buskined step, and clear high-sounding phrase,
   Language of Gods. Come then, domestic Muse,
   In slip-shod measure loosely †prattling on
5. Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
   Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
   By little †whimpering boy, with †rueful face;
   Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing Day.
   Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
10. With bowed soul, full well ye know the day
   Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
   Too soon; for to that day nor peace belongs

Nor comfort; ere the first gray streak of dawn,
The red-armed washers come and chase repose.
Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day: the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared, and †reeking hearth,
Visits the parlor, an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast meal is soon dispatched,
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the †lowering sky, if sky should lower.
From that last evil, O preserve us, heavens!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet: then expect to hear
Of sad disasters; dirt and gravel stains
Hard to †efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short, and linen horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty †miseries of life.
Saints have been calm while stretched upon the rack,
And Guatimozin smiled on burning coals;
But never yet did †housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing day.
But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance; ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the †yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find
Some snug †recess impervious: shouldst thou try
The 'customed garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding †fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crushed beneath the weight
Of coarse checked apron, with impatient hand
Twitched off when showers impend; or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face †abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim,
On such a day, the †hospitable rites!
Looks, blank at best, and stinted †courtesy,
Shall he receive. Vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chickens, savory pie,
Or tart or pudding: pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat: nor, though the husband try
Mending what can't be helped, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up †propitious: the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.
I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me; for then the maids,

I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove me from them;
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual †indulgences; jelly or creams,
Relic of costly suppers, and set by
For me, their petted one; or buttered toast,
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
Of ghost, or witch, or murder; so I went
And sheltered me beside the parlor fire:
There, my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,
Tended the little ones, and watched from harm,
Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her †raveled stockings, might have soured
One less indulgent.
At †intervals my mother's voice was heard,
Urging dispatch: briskly the work went on,
All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,
To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.
Then would I sit me down and ponder much
Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow bowl
Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles; little dreaming then
To see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball
Ride †buoyant through the clouds; so near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men.

MRS. BARBAULD.

QUESTIONS.—What is meant by the "Muses?" What is meant by "buskined step?" Can you explain the reference to Guatimozin? The allusion to Erebus? What is meant by the "silken ball," in the 82 line?

LESSON LXVII.

REMARK.— Be careful to read the last words of every sentence in as full and loud a tone as the first part.

ARTICULATE distinctly the *h* in the following words in this lesson: his, holy, heart, hath, heaven, heartily, holiness, haven, head, house.

1. Mar'-vel-ous, *a.* wonderful.
2. Or-dain'-ed, *v.* appointed, established.
   Do-min'-ion, *n.* supreme authority.
5. Ha'-ven, *n.* a harbor, a place where ships can lie in safety.

SELECT PARAGRAPHS.

1. O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him; sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name; let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord Remember his marvelous works that he hath done; his †wonders, and the †judgments of his mouth.

2. O Lord, our Lord, how †excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art †mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the work of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

3. "I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in him will I trust."—"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I †deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my †salvation."

4. O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all Gods. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him. For he cometh, for he cometh, to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.

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5. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven; they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble; they reel to and fro, and †stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their †distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they are quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

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6. The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the †shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they †comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

BIBLE.

QUESTIONS.—In the 3d paragraph, who is represented as declaring that he will make God his refuge? What does God promise to such a one? What is meant by "setting him on high"? Is the promise of "satisfying him with long life,' fulfilled in this world? Who are described in the 5th paragraph?

LESSON LXVIII.

REMARK.—Be careful not to allow the voice to grow weaker and weaker, as you approach the end of each sentence.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Scarce, not *scurce:* fra-grant, not *frag-rant:* or'-i-sons, not *o-ri'-sons:* hal-le-lu-jahs, pro. *hal-le-lu-yaks:* beau-te-ous not *beau-che-ous:* hal-low-ed, not *hal-lerd:* o-be-di-ence, not *o-be-jince.*

1. Tinge, *n.* a slight degree of color.
3. Rab'-bi, *n.* a title given to learned men among the Jews.
19. Re-past', *n.* a meal.
26. Or'-i-sons, *n.* prayers.
28. Pon-tif'-i-cal, *a.* belonging to the high priest.
30. Cym'-bal, *n.* an instrument of music.
Psal'-ter-y, *n.* an instrument of music.
33. Hal-le-lu'-jahs, *n.* praises to God.
36. In'-cense, *n.* the odors of spices burnt in religious worship.
Re-luct'-ant, *a.* unwilling.
44. Sap'-phire, *n.* a precious stone of a blue color; *here put for* the color.
48. Lus'-ter, *n.* splendor, brightness.
58. Spou'-sal, *a.* relating to marriage.
83. Chas'-ten-ed, *a.* (pro. *chais nd*) afflicted for correction.
84. Hom'-age, *n.* reverential worship.

A HEBREW TALE.

1. †TWILIGHT was deepening with a tinge of eve,
As toward his home in Israel's †sheltered vales
A †stately Rabbi drew. His camels spied
Afar the palm trees' lofty heads, that †decked
5. The dear, †domestic †fountain, and in speed
Pressed with broad foot, the smooth and dewy †glade
The holy man his peaceful threshold passed
With hasting step. The evening meal was spread,
And she, who, from life's morn his heart had shared,
10 Breathed her fond welcome. Bowing o'er the board,
The blessing of his father's God he sought;
Ruler of earth and sea. Then raising high
The †sparkling wine cup, "Call my sons," he bade,
"And let me bless them ere their hour of rest."
15 The observant mother spake with gentle voice
Somewhat of soft †excuse, that they were wont
To linger long amid the Prophet's school,
Learning the holy law their father loved.
——His sweet repast with sweet †discourse was blent,
20 Of journeying and return. "Would thou hadst seen
With me, the golden morning bring to light
Yon mountain summits, whose blue, waving line

Scarce meets thine eye, where chirp of joyous birds,
A breath of fragrant herbs and spicy gales,
And sigh of waving boughs, stirred in the soul
Warm orisons. Yet most I wished thee near
Amid the temple's pomp, when the high priest,
Clad in his robe pontifical, †invoked
The God of Abraham, while on the lute and harp,
Cymbal, and trump, and psaltery, and glad breath
Of tuneful Levite, and the mighty shout
Of all our people, like the swelling sea,
Loud hallelujahs burst. When next I seek
Blest Zion's glorious hill, our beauteous boys
Must bear me company. Their early prayers
Will rise as incense. Thy reluctant love
No longer must withhold them:—the new †toil
Will give them sweeter sleep, and touch their cheek
With brighter crimson. 'Mid their raven curls
My hand I 'll lay, and dedicate them there,
Even in those courts, to Israel's God,
Two spotless lambs, well pleasing in his sight.
But yet, methinks, thou 'rt paler grown, my love?
And the pure sapphire of thine eye looks dim,
As though 't were washed with tears."
—— Faintly she smiled,
"*One doubt*, my lord, I fain would have thee solve.
Gems of rich luster and of countless cost
Were to my keeping trusted. Now, alas!
They are demanded. Must they be restored?
Or may I not a little longer gaze
Upon their dazzling †hues?" His eyes grew stern,
And on his lip there lurked a sudden curl
Of indignation.—"Doth *my wife* propose
Such doubt? as if a master might not claim
His own again?" "Nay, Rabbi, come, behold
These †priceless jewels ere I yield them back."
So to their spousal chamber, with soft hand
Her lord she led. There, on a snow-white couch
Lay his two sons, *pale, pale, and motionless*,
Like fair twin lilies, which some †grazing kid
In †wantonness had cropped. "My sons!—my sons!
Light of my eyes!" the astonished father cried;
"My teachers in the law! whose †guileless hearts
And prompt obedience warned *me* oft to be
More perfect with my God!"
To earth he fell,
Like Lebanon's rent cedar; while his breast
Heaved with such groans as when the laboring soul

Breaks from its clay companion's close embrace.
The mourning mother turned away and wept,
Till the first storm of †passionate grief was still.
Then, pressing to his ear her faded lip,
She sighed in tone of tremulous tenderness,
"*Thou* didst instruct me, Rabbi, how to yield
The summoned jewels. See! the Lord did give,
The Lord hath taken away."
"Yea!" said the sire,
"And *blessed be his name.* Even for *thy sake*
Thrice blessed be Jehovah." Long he pressed
On those cold, beautiful brows his †quivering lip,
While from his eye the burning anguish rolled;
Then, kneeling low, those chastened spirits poured
Their mighty homage forth to God.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

QUESTIONS.—What is a Rabbi? What was the character of this Rabbi? Where had he been journeying? How do you know he had been at Jerusalem? Where is Jerusalem? How often did the Jews go up to Jerusalem for religious purposes? What had happened during the Rabbi's absence? What had been the character of his sons? How did his wife prepare him to hear of their death? What is the best support in time of trouble and affliction?

ARTICULATION.

When similar sounds come at the end of one word and the beginning of the next word, they must not be blended into one sound.

Malice *s*eeks to destroy. The breeze *s*ighs *s*oftly. The ice *s*lowly melts. The hosts *s*till stand. The land *d*escends. His dea*th th*rilled the nation. Li*fe f*lies *s*wiftly. With sa*d d*ismay he saw his dreade*d* destiny. His blan*k* countenance revealed all. Grie*f f*ills his heart. The ji*b b*oom was carried away. The ha*g g*roaned *d*rearily.

LESSON LXIX.

ARTICULATE distinctly the *t* in the following and similar words in this lesson: lost, antagonist, suppliants, duelist, least, last, lift, must, penitent, object, subject, silent, innocent, wept.

1. Im-pe'-ri-ous, *a.* urgent, not to be opposed.
   An-tag'-o-nist, *n.* an opponent, one who contends with another in combat.
2. Poign'-ant, *a.* (pro. *poin-ant*) sharp, severe.
   Par'-a-ly-zed, *v.* deprived of the power of action.
3. Sanct'-u-a-ry, *n.* a sacred place, a place of protection.
4. An-i-mad-vert'-ed, *v.* censured, reproved.
5. Com-punc'-tion, *n.* remorse, sorrow from a consciousness of guilt.
6. Plen'-i-tude, *n.* fullness, completeness.

CRIMINALITY OF DUELING.

1. HAMILTON yielded to the force of an imperious custom; and yielding, he †sacrificed a life in which all had an interest; and he is lost, lost to his country, lost to his family, lost to us. For this rash act, because he disclaimed it, and was penitent, I forgive him. But there are those whom I can not forgive. I mean not his antagonist, over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks down and weeps.

2. If he be capable of feeling, he suffers already all that humanity can suffer: suffers, and wherever he may fly, will suffer, with the poignant recollection of having taken the life of one, who was too †magnanimous in return to attempt his own. If he had known this, it must have paralyzed his arm while he pointed, at so †incorruptible a bosom, the instrument of death. Does he know this now, his heart, if it be not adamant, must soften; if it be not ice, it must melt. * * * But on this article I forbear. Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent, I forgive him; and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as †suppliants, I wish not to excite your †vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers.

3 But I have said, and I repeat it, there are those whom I can not forgive. I can not forgive that minister at the altar, who has hitherto forborne to †remonstrate on this subject. I can not forgive that public †prosecutor, who, intrusted with the duty of avenging his country's wrongs, has seen these wrongs, and taken no measures to avenge them. I can not forgive that judge upon the bench, or that governor in the chair of state who has lightly

passed over such offenses. I can not forgive the public, in whose opinion the duelist finds a sanctuary. I can not forgive you, my brethren, who till this late hour have been silent, while †successive murders were committed.

4. No; I can not forgive you, that you have not in common with the freemen of this state, raised your voice to the powers that be, and loudly and †explicitly demanded an execution of your laws; demanded this in a manner, which, if it did not reach the ear of government, would at least have reached the heavens, and have pleaded your excuse before the God that filleth them: in whose presence as I stand, I should not feel myself innocent of the blood that crieth against us, had I been silent. But I have not been silent. Many of you who hear me are my witnesses; the walls of yonder temple, where I have heretofore addressed you, are my witnesses, how freely I have animadverted on this subject, in the presence both of those who have violated the laws, and of those whose †indispensable duty it is to see the laws executed on those who violate them.

5. I enjoy another †opportunity; and would to God, I might be permitted to approach for once the last scene of death. Would to God, I could there assemble on the one side the †disconsolate mother with her seven fatherless children, and on the other those who administer the justice of my country. Could I do this, I would point them to these sad objects. I would entreat them, by the agonies of †bereaved fondness, to listen to the widow's heartfelt groans; to mark the orphan's sighs and tears; and having done this, I would uncover the breathless corpse of Hamilton; I would lift from his gaping wound his bloody mantle; I would hold it up to heaven before them, and I would ask, in the name of God, I would ask, whether at the sight of it they felt no compunction. Ye who have hearts of pity; ye who have experienced the anguish of dissolving friendship; who have wept, and still weep over the †moldering ruins of departed kindred, ye can enter into this †reflection.

6. O thou disconsolate widow! robbed, so cruelly robbed, and in so short a time, both of a husband and a son! what must be the plenitude of thy suffering! Could we approach thee, gladly would we drop the tear of †sympathy, and pour into thy bleeding bosom the balm of †consolation! But how could we comfort her whom God hath not comforted! To his throne let us lift up our voices and weep. O God! if thou art still the widow's husband, and the father of the fatherless; if, in the fullness of thy goodness, there be yet mercy in store for miserable mortals, pity, O pity this afflicted mother, and grant that her hapless †orphans may find a friend, a benefactor, a father in thee! Norr.

QUESTIONS.—To what imperious custom did Hamilton yield? What is dueling? Why does the writer forgive Hamilton? What is the duty of the minister in reference to dueling? Of the public prosecutor? Of the judge? Of the governor? Of the public? Why is dueling wrong? What does the Bible teach with regard to our treatment of those who injure us?

Explain the inflections in the 1st, 5th, and 6th paragraphs.

In the last sentence of the 3d paragraph (I——committed), how many simple sentences are included? Which is the subject, and which the attribute of each? Which is the verb in the last? What word forms the connection between the first and second of the simple sentences? What between the second and third? Which are the conjunctions in the last paragraph? Which are the interjections? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar.

LESSON LXX.

REMARK.—Be careful to observe the commas and other points making an appropriate pause at each one of them.

1. Im-per-cept'-i-ble, *a.* not to be perceived.
2. In-cip'-i-ent, *a.* commencing, beginning.
3. Dex-ter'-i-ty, *n.* expertness, skill.
4. Pro-pen'-si-ties, *n.* bent of mind, inclination.
7. Fas-cin-a'-tion, *n.* a powerful influence on the affections.
8. Stim'-u-lus, *n.* something which excites.
9. Can'-ons, *n.* rules.
10. Cal'-lous, *a.* insensible, unfeeling.
11. Ban'-di-ed *p.* tossed about.
12. Bac-cha-na-lian, *a.* reveling in intemperance.
13. Phys'-ic-al, *a.* material, external.
14. Di'-a-lect, *n.* a particular form of speech.
15. Re-cept'-a-cles, *n.* places where any thing is received.
16. Glad'-i-a-tor, *n.* a prizefighter.
17. A-re'-na, *n.* an open space.
18. Ru'-mi-na-ting, *p.* meditating
19. Ret-ri-bu'-tion, *n.* recompense.

EFFECTS OF GAMBLING.

1. THE love of gambling steals, perhaps, more often than any other sin, with an imperceptible influence on its victim. Its first pretext is inconsiderable, and falsely termed innocent play, with no more than the gentle excitement necessary to amusement. This plea, once indulged, is but too often "as the letting out of

water." The interest imperceptibly grows. Pride of superior skill, opportunity, avarice, and all the overwhelming passions of depraved nature, ally themselves with the incipient and growing fondness Dam and dike are swept away. The victim struggles in vain, and is borne down by the †uncontrolled current.

2. Thousands have given scope to the †latent guilty avarice, unconscious of the guest they harbored in their bosoms. Thousands have exulted over the avails of gambling, without comprehending the baseness of using the money of another, won without honest industry, obtained without an equivalent: and perhaps from the simplicity, rashness, and †inexperience of youth. Multitudes have commenced gambling, thinking only to win a small sum, and prove their superior skill and dexterity, and there pause.

3. But it is the teaching of all time, it is the experience of human nature, that †effectual resistance to powerful propensities, if made at all, is usually made before the commission of the first sin. My dear reader! let me implore you, by the mercies of God and the worth of your soul, to †contemplate this enormous evil only from a distance. Stand firmly against the first temptation, under whatsoever †specious forms it may assail you. "Touch not." "Handle not." "Enter not into temptation."

4. It is the †melancholy and well known character of this sin, that, where once an appetite for it has gained possession of the breast, the common motives, the gentle excitements, and the ordinary inducements to business or amusement, are no longer felt. It incorporates itself with the whole body of thought, and fills with its fascination all the desires of the heart. Nothing can henceforward arouse the spell-bound victim to a pleasurable consciousness of existence, but the destructive stimulus of gambling.

5. Another appalling view of gambling is, that it is *the prolific stem, the fruitful parent, of all other vices.* Blasphemy, falsehood, cheating, drunkenness, quarreling, and murder, are all naturally connected with gambling; and what has been said, with so much power and truth, of another sin, may, with equal emphasis and truth, be asserted of this: "Allow yourself to become a confirmed gambler; and detestable as this practice is, it will soon be only one among many gross sins of which you will be guilty." Giving yourself up to the †indulgence of another sinful course, might prove your ruin; but then you might perish only under the guilt of the indulgence of a single gross sin.

6. But, should you become a gambler, you will, in all probability, descend to destruction with the added infamy of having been the slave of all kinds of iniquity, and "led captive by Satan

at his will." Gambling seizes hold of all the passions, allies itself with all the appetites, and compels every propensity to pay tribute The subject, however plausible in his external deportment, becomes avaricious, greedy, insatiable. Meditations upon the card table occupy all his day and night dreams. Had he the power, he would annihilate all the hours of this our short life, that necessa rily †intervene between the periods of his favorite pursuit.

7. *Cheating* is a sure and †inseparable attendant upon a con tinued course of gambling. We well know with what horror the canons of the card table repel this charge. It pains us to assert our deep and deliberate conviction of its truth. There must be prostration of moral principle, and silence of conscience, even to begin with it. Surely a man who regards the natural sense of right, laying the obligations of Chrisitanity out of the question, can not sit down with the purpose to win the money of another in this way.

8. He must be aware, in doing it, that avarice and dishonest thoughts, it may be almost †unconsciously to himself, mingle with his motives. Having once closed his eyes upon the unworthiness of his motives, and deceived himself, he begins to study how he may deceive others. Every moralist has remarked upon the deli cacy of conscience; and that, from the first violation, it becomes more and more callous, until finally it sleeps a sleep as of death, and ceases to remonstrate. The gambler is less and less scrupu lous about the modes of winning, so that he can win. No person will be long near the gambling table of high stakes, be the stand ing of the players what it may, without hearing the charge of CHEATING bandied back and forward; or reading the indignant expression of it in their countenances. One half of our fatal duels have their immediate or remote origin in insinuations of this sort.

9. The alternations of loss and gain; the preternatural excite ment of the mind, and consequent depression when that excite ment has passed away; the bacchanalian merriment of guilty asso ciates; the loss of natural rest; in short, the very atmosphere of the gambling table, foster the temperament of *hard drinking*. A keen sense of interest may, indeed, and often does, restrain the gambler, while actually engaged in his employment, that he may possess the requisite coolness to watch his †antagonist, and avail himself of every passing advantage.

10. But the moment the high excitement of play is intermitted, the moment the passions †vibrate back to the state of repose, what shall sustain the sinking spirits; what shall renerve the relaxed physical nature; what shall fortify the mind against the tortures of conscience, and the thoughts of "a judgment to come,"

but intoxication? It is the experience of all time, that a person is seldom a gambler for any considerable period, without being also a drunkard.

11. *Blasphemy* follows, as a thing of course: and is, indeed, the well-known and universal dialect of the gambler. How often has my heart sunk within me, as I have passed the dark and dire receptacles of the gambler, and seen the red and bloated faces, and †inhaled the mingled smells of tobacco and †potent drink; and heard the loud, strange, and horrid curses of the players; realizing the while, that these beings so occupied were candidates for eternity, and now on the course which, if not speedily forsaken, would fix them forever in hell.

12. We have already said, that gambling naturally leads to *quarreling and murder*. How often have we retired to our berth in the steamboat, and heard charges of dishonesty, accents of reviling and recrimination, and hints that these charges must be met and settled at another time and place, ring in our ears, as we have been attempting to commune with God and settle in a right frame to repose! Many †corses of young men, who met a violent death from this cause, have we seen carried to their long home! Every gambler, in the region where we write, is always armed to the teeth, and goes to his horrid pursuit, as the gladiator formerly presented himself on the arena of combat.

13. The picture receives deeper shades, if we take into the grouping the *wife*, or the *daughter*, or the *mother*, who lies sleepless, and ruminating through the long night, trembling lest her midnight retirement shall be invaded by those who bring back the husband and the father wounded, or slain, in one of those sudden †frays which the card table, its accompaniments, and the passions it excites, so frequently generate. Suppose these †forebodings should not be realized, and that he should steal home alive in the morning, with beggary and drunkenness, guilt and despair, written on his †haggard countenance, and accents of sullenness and ill temper falling from his tongue, how insupportably gloomy must be the prospects of the future to that family!

14. These are but feeble and general sketches of the misery and ruin to individuals and to society from the indulgence of this vice, during the present life. If the wishes of unbelief were true, and there were no life after this, what perverse and miserable †calculations would be those of the gambler, taking into view only the present world! But, in any view of the character and consequences of gambling, who shall dare close his eyes upon its *future bearing* on the interest and the eternal welfare of his soul! Who shall dare lay out of the calculation the *retributions of eternity?*

15. Each of the sins that enters into this deadly compound of them all, must incur the threatened displeasure and punishment of the Almighty. If there be degrees in the misery and despair of the †tenants of that region, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," how must the persevering and †impenitent gambler sink, as if "a millstone were hung about his neck, and he cast into the sea!" Say thou, my youthful reader, I implore thee, looking up to the Lord for a firm and unalterable purpose, "I will hold fast my integrity and not let it go!"

TIMOTHY FLINT.

QUESTIONS.—What is said of the influence of the love of gambling over an individual? What is the only safe course to pursue? What is the well-known character of this sin? What is another appalling view of gambling? What vice is first mentioned as the sure attendant of gambling? What is the evidence supporting this assertion? What vice next follows? How is it brought on? What follows next to hard drinking? What is said about quarreling and murder? What is said of the wife, the mother, and the daughter? What is the future bearing of this vice?

LESSON LXXI.

REMARK.—Remember that the chief beauty and excellence of reading consists in a clear and smooth articulation of the words and letters.

PRONOUNCE correctly the following words in this lesson; Sac-ri-fic'd, (pro. *sac-ri-fiz'd*,), not *sa-cri-fisd:* be-nev-o-lence, not *be-nev-er-lunce:* of-fer'd, not *of-fud:* bit-ter-ness, not *bit-ter-niss:* yel-low, not *yel-ler:* fol-low'd, not *fol-lerd:* il-lus-tri-ous, not *il-lus-trous:* a-bund-ance, not *ub-und-unce.*

7. Al-lure'-ment, *n.* something attractive.
7. Plight, *n.* state, condition.
21. Phan'-tom, *n.* a fancied vision, a specter.
23 A-wry', *a.* (pro. *a-ri'*) turned to one side, squinting.
28 In-an'-i-mate, *a.* without life.
32. Vig'-il-ance, *n.* watchfulness.
38. De-crep'-it, *a.* wasted with age.
43. Prone, *a.* bending down, not erect. De-ba'-sed, *a.* degraded.
49. Un-alms'-ed, *a.* (pro. *un amzd'*) not having received alms, or charitable assistance.

THE MISER

1. GOLD many hunted, sweat and bled for gold;
Waked all the night, and labored all the day;
And what was this allurement, dost thou ask?
A dust dug from the †bowels of the earth,

Which, being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called
A god; and in devout and humble plight
Before it kneeled, the greater to the less;
And on its altar, †sacrificed ease, and peace,
Truth, faith, †integrity, good conscience, friends,
Love, †charity, benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender †sympathies of life;
And, to complete the horrid, †murderous rite,
And †signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls, and an eternity of bliss,
To gain them; what? an hour of dreaming joy,
A feverish hour that hasted to be done,
And ended in the †bitterness of woe.
Most, for the †luxuries it bought, the †pomp,
The praise, the glitter, fashion, and renown,
This yellow phantom followed and adored.
But there was one in folly, further gone,
With eye awry, †incurable, and wild,
The laughing stock of devils and of men,
And by his †guardian angel quite given up,
The *miser*, who with dust inanimate
Held wedded intercourse.
Ill-guided wretch!
Thou might'st have seen him at the midnight hour,
When good men slept, and in light-winged dreams
Ascended up to God, — in wasteful hall,
With vigilance and fasting, worn to skin
And bone, and wrapped in most †debasing rags,
Thou might'st have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
And holding strange †communion with his gold;
And as his thievish fancy seemed to hear
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,
And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,
That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth,
To make it sure.
Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most †debased;
Of all that sold Eternity for Time,
None bargained on so easy terms with death.
†Illustrious fool! Nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sat among his bags, and, with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed, and mid †abundance died,
Sorest of evils! died of *utter want.*

POLLOK.

QUESTIONS.—What is the subject of this extract? What are some of the evil consequences of the love of money? What good can wealth bestow on its votaries? What are some of the marks of a miserly character? What are the effects of avarice upon body and mind? What is the miser's fate?

Explain the inflections from the 1st to the 27th line

LESSON LXXII.

REMARK.—Let the pupil stand at a distance from the teacher, and try to read so loud and distinctly, that the teacher may hear each syllable.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—Pen-al-ty, not *pen' l-ty:* qual-i-ty, not *qual' ty:* per-ju-ry, not *per-j' ry:* law-ful-ly, not *law-f'ly:* ex-po-si tion, not *ex-p' si-tion:* prin-ci-pal, not *prin-c' p' l:* in-di-rect, not *in-d' rect.*

Ex-act', *v.* to compel to pay.
For'-feit, *n.* that to which the right is lost by breach of contract.
Car'-ri-on, *a.* putrid.
Duc'-at, *n.* a piece of money worth from one to two dollars.
Hu'-mor, *n.* disposition, fancy.
Ba'-ned, *p.* poisoned.
Gap -ing, *a.* open mouthed.
Strain'-ed, *p.* forced.
Ex-po-si'-tion, *n.* explanation.
Nom'-i-na-ted, *p.* named.
Pen'-al-ty, *n.* the suffering or loss to which one is subjected by not fulfilling certain conditions.
Con'-fis-cate, *a.* taken away and devoted to the public use.
Al'-ien, (pro. *ale'-yen*), *n.* one who is not entitled to the privileges of a citizen.
Cof'-fer, *n.* treasury.

SHYLOCK, OR THE POUND OF FLESH.

Judge. WHAT! is Antonio here?

Antonio. ready, so please your grace.

Ju. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony † adversary, an inhuman wretch,
†Incapable of pity.

Ant I am armed to suffer.

(*Enter Shylock.*)

Ju. Dost thou now exact the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh?

Shy. By our holy Sabbath, I have sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

Ju. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the †current of thy †cruelty.

Shy I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
You 'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that:
But say it is my humor. Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
As there is no firm reason to be †rendered,
Why one can not abide a gaping pig;
Another, a harmless, necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, and I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him.

Ju. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Ant. For thy three thousand ducats, here are six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Ju. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; is mine; and I will have it:
If you deny me, fy upon your law!
I stand for †judgment; answer; shall I have it?

Ju. Antonio, do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Ju. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy On what †compulsion *must* I? tell me *that.*

Ju The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes

Shy My deeds upon my head! I †crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond

Ju. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Ant. Yes, here I tender it to him in the court;
Yea, twice and thrice the sum.

Shy. I 'll have my bond, I will not take thy offer.

Ju. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a †decree †established.

Shy. O wise, wise Judge, how do I honor thee!

Ju. I pray you let me look upon the bond.

(*Gives it to the Judge.*)

Shy. Here 't is, most †reverend doctor,* here it is.

Ju. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offered thee

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Ju. Why, this bond is forfeit:
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart; be merciful;
Take thrice the money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound.
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stand here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily do I beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Ju. Why, then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble Judge!

Ju. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due unto the bond.

Shy. 'T is very true: O wise and upright Judge!

Ju. Therefore, lay bare your bosom. (*To Antonio*)

Shy Ay, his breast:
So says the bond; does it not, noble Judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Ju. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

Shy I have them ready.

* This word here means a learned man.

Ju Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy Is it so *nominated* in the bond?

Ju. It is not so *expressed;* but what of *that?*
'T were good you do so much in *charity.*

Shy. I can not find it; 't is not in the bond.

Ju. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant But little; I am armed and well prepared.

Ju. Shylock! A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine!
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful Judge!

Ju. And you must cut the flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned Judge! A sentence: come, prepare.

Ju. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the law of Venice, confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.

Shy. Is that the law?

Ju. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be †assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Shy I take his offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Ju. The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste!
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou not blood; nor cut thou less nor more,
Than just one pound; be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the †estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Why doth the Jew pause? take thy †forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Ju. Thou hast refused it in the open court;
Thou shalt have merely justice, and the bond.

Shy Shall I not barely have my †principal?

Ju. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy Why, then, the devil give him good of it!
I 'll stay no longer question.

Ju Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts,
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; and the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the court only.

Shy. Take my life, then, and all, and pardon not that.
You do take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means by which I live.

Ju. The court in mercy spares thy life,
But the forfeiture of thy estate
Comes not within our power to remedy;
The law is strict in its demands of justice.
Are you †contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; O give me leave to go
Where I may die in peace:
Since what I hold dearer than my life,
Is taken from me.

Ju. The court has mercy on your life;
Go, repent, and live,
And with a softer heart, remember mercy too.

SHAKSPEARE.

QUESTIONS.—Why did Shylock choose the pound of flesh rather than the payment of his debt? What does he mean by saying "my deeds upon my head?" In whose favor does the judge decide? How does he eventually relieve Antonio from his danger? How is Shylock punished? Was his punishment just? Why?

In the last three lines, which are the verbs? Which of them is in the indicative mode? Which are in the imperative mode? What does the word *indicative* mean? Why is this mode so called? What does the word *imperative* mean? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 63.

LESSON LXXIII.

REMARK.—Be careful not to read in a faint and low tone, but give due force and emphasis to each word.

PRONOUNCE the following words correctly.—(The fault consists in inserting a vowel between consonants which should coalesce): Supply, not *sup-pul-ly:* press, not *per-ess:* prose, not *per-ose:* ca-pri-cious, not *ca-per-i-cious:* Dry-den, not *Der-y-den:* bright-er, not *ber-ight-er:* flights, not *ful-ights:*

Par'-al-lel, *n.* a comparison made.
2. Al-lot'-ed, *p.* granted, given.
La'-tent, *a.* secret, hidden.
E-ject'-ed, *v.* dismissed, cast out.
3. Punc-til'-ious, *a.* very particular.
6. Scho-las'-tic, *a.* scholar-like.
7. Pred-e-ces'-sor, *n.* one who has gone before another in the same capacity.
Ex-u'-ber-ance, *n.* an overflowing quantity.
8. In-ert', *a.* powerless, inactive.
9. Dil'-a-to-ry, *a.* slow, delaying.

PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN.

1. POPE professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried †liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some †illustration, if he be compared with his master.

2. Integrity of understanding, and nicety of †discernment, were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical †prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration: when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no †pecuniary interest, he had no further †solicitude.

3. Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavored to do his best; he did not court the

candor, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with †indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

4 For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of *Thirty-eight*, of which Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Every line," said he, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean †transcript, which he sent sometime afterward to me for the press, with every line written twice over a second time."

5. His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them: what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, †elegance, or †vigor. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

6. In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his †images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

7. Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is †capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes †vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe and leveled by the roller.

8 Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, †amplifies, and animates: the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It must not be inferred, that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope: and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems

9 Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion or †extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one †excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to †condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If the blaze of Dryden's fire is brighter, the heat of Pope's is more regular and constant. Dryden often †surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

10. This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me: for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

JOHNSON.

QUESTIONS.—What is meant by a parallel as used in this lesson? In comparing these two authors, Pope and Dryden, which is considered as excelling in genius? Which in education? Which bestowed the most labor on his poems? What motive, do you suppose, influenced Pope, in preparing his poems? By what motive was Dryden influenced? Can you mention any of the poems of either author?

What inflections, in this lesson, are explained by Rule VI, §1?

Which are the verbs in the last paragraph? Let the pupil parse each one of them. Which are the pronouns, and how is each one of them parsed?

ARTICULATION.

Thwack, bludgeon, athwart, brittle, fall'n, draggl'd, brine.

Thwack went the *bludgeon athwart* the *brittle* beam. The *fall'n flag* was *draggl'd* in the *brine*. *Blotch'd* and *bloated*, the *blear*-eyed *swaggerer staggered* onward. The high *bred Briton braves* the *battle*-field. The chill *precincts* of the *dreaded* tomb. Shot madly from *its sphere*. *Life's fitful* fever over, he *rests* well.

LESSON LXXIV.

PRONOUNCE correctly. — Per-son-a-ges, not *per-son-ij-is:* prin-ci-pal, not *prin-ci-pul:* sac-ri-fice, not *sa-cri-fis:* in-car-nate, not *in-car-nit:* com-fort, not *com-fut:* rec-ords, not *rec-uds:* ex-hi-bi-tions, not *ex-er-bi-tions:* mor-al-i-zing, not *mor-er-li-zing.*

2. Spe-cif'-ic, *a.* particular.
3. Sus-cep-ti-bil'-i-ties, *n.* the quality of receiving impressions.
   Class'-ic, *a.* relating to the ancient Grēek and Roman authors.
4. In-car'-nate, *a.* clothed in flesh.
6. Mosques, *n.* (pro. *mosks*) Mohammedan places of worship.
10. Be-reft', *p.* deprived.
    Cha'-os, *n.* a mixed mass without order.
11. Teem'-ing, *p.* being full.
    Fan-tas'-tic, *a.* unsteady, whimsical.
    Ca-pri'-ces, *n.* (pro. *ca-pree'-sez*) sudden starts of the mind, whims.
12. Po'-e-sy, *n.* poetry.
13. Mi-nu'-tiæ, *n.* the smaller particulars.
    Ef-front'-er-y, *n.* shameless boldness.
14. Wail'-ings, *n.* loud lamentation.
    En-trance', *v.* to fill the soul with delight.

HENRY MARTYN AND LORD BYRON.

1. BY reasoning from the known laws of mind, we gain the position, that obedience to the Divine law, is the surest mode of securing every species of happiness †attainable in this state of existence.

2. The recorded experience of mankind does no less prove, that obedience to the law of God is the true path to happiness. To exhibit this, some specific cases will be selected, and perhaps a fairer illustration can not be presented than the contrasted records

of two youthful †personages who have made the most distinguished figure in the Christian, and the literary world: Henry Martyn, the missionary, and Lord Byron, the poet.

3. Martyn was richly endowed with ardent feelings, keen susceptibilities, and superior intellect. He was the object of many affections, and in the principal University of Great Britain, won the highest honors, both in classic literature and mathematical science. He was flattered, caressed, and admired; the road to fame and honor lay open before him, and the brightest hopes of youth seemed ready to be †realized.

4. But the hour came when he looked upon a lost and guilty world, in the light of eternity; when he realized the full meaning of the sacrifice of our incarnate God; when he assumed his obligations to become a fellow worker in recovering a guilty world from the †dominion of sin, and all its future woes.

5. "The love of God constrained him;" and without a murmur, for wretched beings, on a distant shore, whom he never saw, of whom he knew nothing but that they were miserable and guilty, he relinquished the wreath of fame, forsook the path of worldly honor, severed the ties of kindred, and gave up friends, country, and home. With every nerve throbbing in anguish at the sacrifice, he went forth alone, to †degraded heathen society, to solitude and privation, to weariness and painfulness, and to all the trials of missionary life.

6. He spent his days in teaching the guilty and degraded the way of pardon and peace. He lived to write the law of his God in the wide-spread character of the Persian nation, and to place a copy in the hands of its king. He lived to contend with the chief Moullahs of Mohammed in the mosques of Shiras, and to kindle a flame in Persia, more undying than its fabled fires.

7. He lived to endure rebuke and scorn, to toil and suffer in a †fervid clime, to drag his weary steps over burning sands, with the daily dying hope, that at last he might be laid to rest among his kindred, and on his native shore. Yet even this last earthly hope was not attained, for after spending all his youth in ceaseless labors for the good of others, at the early age of thirty-two, he was laid in an unknown and foreign grave.

8. He died *alone*, a stranger in a strange land, with no friendly form around to †sympathize with and soothe him. Yet this was the last record of his dying hand: "I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God! in solitude, my company! my friend! my comforter!"

9. And in reviewing the record of his short, yet blessed life, even if we forget the †exulting joy with which such a benevolent

spirit must welcome to heaven the thousands he toiled to save; if we look only at his years of self-denying trial, where were accumulated all the sufferings he was ever to feel, we can find *more* evidence of *true happiness*, than is to be found in the records of the youthful poet, who was gifted with every susceptibility of happiness, who spent his days in search of selfish enjoyment, who had every source of earthly bliss laid open, and drank to the very dregs.

10. We shall find that a mind which obeys the law of God, is happier when bereft of the chief joys of this world, than a worldly man can be when possessed of them all. The remains of Lord Byron present one of the most mournful †exhibitions of a noble mind in all the wide chaos of ruin and disorder. He, also, was naturally endowed with overflowing affections, keen sensibilities, quick conceptions, and a sense of moral rectitude. He had all the †constituents of a mind of first-rate order. But he passed through existence amid the wildest disorder of a ruined spirit.

11. His mind seemed utterly unbalanced, teeming with rich thoughts and overbearing †impulses, the sport of the strangest fancies, and the strongest passions; bound down by no habit, restrained by no principle; a singular combination of great conceptions and fantastic caprices, of manly dignity and childish folly, of noble feeling and babyish weakness.

12. The Lord of Newstead Abbey, the heir of a boasted line of †ancestry, a peer of the realm, the pride of the social circle, the leading star of poesy, the hero of Greece, the wonder of the gaping world, can now be followed to his secret haunts. And there the veriest child of the nursery might be amused at some of his silly weaknesses and ridiculous conceits. Distressed about the cut of a collar, fuming at the color of his dress, intensely anxious about the whiteness of his hands, deeply †engrossed with monkeys and dogs, he flew about from one whim to another, with a reckless earnestness as ludicrous as it is disgusting.

13. At times, this boasted hero and genius, seemed naught but an overgrown child, that had broken its leading strings and overmastered its nurses. At other times, he is beheld in all the rounds of dissipation and the †haunts of vice, occasionally filling up his leisure in recording and †disseminating the disgusting minutiæ of his weakness and shame, and with an effrontery and stupidity equaled only by that of the friend who retails them to the insulted world.

14. Again we behold him philosophizing like a †sage, and †moralizing like a Christian; while often from his bosom burst forth the repinings of a wounded spirit. He sometimes seemed to

gaze upon his own mind with wonder, to watch its disordered powers with curious inquiry, to touch its complaining strings, and start at the response; while often with maddening sweep he shook every chord, and sent forth its deep wailings to entrance a wondering world.

MISS BEECHER.

QUESTIONS.—What truths have we gained by reasoning from the known laws of the mind? What else furnishes us with evidence of the same truth, and what two characters are given as examples? What is said of Henry Martyn? Why did he give up all the honors and pleasures of life? Do you suppose he was happier in this life, than he would have been if he had lived for his own pleasure? Will he be happier in heaven, for the sacrifices he has made on earth? Which had the most of this world to enjoy, Martyn or Byron? What is said of Byron?

LESSON LXXV.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—Dif-fer-ent, not *dif-f'rent:* con-so-la-tion, not *con-s'la-tion:* in-com-pre-hens-i-bly, not *in-com-pr'en-si-bly:* glo-ri-ous, not *glo-r'ous:* mis-er-a-ble, not *mis-r'a-ble:* am-or-ous, not *amr'ous:* av-a-ri-cious, not *av'ri-cious:* pre-dom-i-nates, not *pre-dom'nates:* mem-o-ry, not *mem'ry:* com-pa-ny, not *com-p'ny;* fir-ma-ment, not *firm'ment.*

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3. Prank'-ish, *a.* frolicsome.
4. Pre-dom'-in-ate, *v.* to have the most influence, to prevail.
   Baf'-fled, *p.* defeated.
6. An-ni-vers'-a-ry, *n.* a stated day returning with the revolution of the year.
7. Com-pla'-cen-cy, *n.* pleasure, satisfaction.
8. Men-ace, *n.* the threatening of evil [to come.

MARTYN AND BYRON.—(CONTINUED.)

1 BOTH Henry Martyn and Lord Byron shared the sorrows of life, and their records teach the different workings of the Christian and the worldly mind. Byron lost his mother, and when urged not to give way to sorrow, he burst into an agony of grief, saying, "I had but *one* friend in the world, and now she is gone!" On

the death of some of his early friends, he thus writes: "My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. *I have no* †*resource but my own reflections*, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed most wretched."

2. And thus Henry Martyn mourns the loss of one most dear: "Can it be that she has been lying so many months in the cold grave? Would that I could always remember it, or always forget it; but to think a moment on other things, and then feel the remembrance of it come, as if for the first time, rends my heart †asunder. O my gracious God, what should I do without Thee! But now thou art manifesting thyself as, 'the God of all consolation.' Never was I so near thee. There is nothing in the world for which I could wish to live, except because it may please God to appoint me some work to do. O thou incomprehensibly glorious Savior, what hast thou done to alleviate the sorrows of life!"

3. It is recorded of Byron, that, in society, he generally appeared humorous and prankish; yet, when †rallied on his melancholy turn of writing, his constant answer was, that though thus merry and full of laughter, he was, at heart, one of the most miserable wretches in existence.

4. And thus he writes: "Why, at the very hight of desire, and human pleasure, worldly, amorous, ambitious or even avaricious, does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow, a fear of what is to come, a doubt of what is? If it were not for hope, what would the future be? A hell! As for the past, what predominates in memory? Hopes baffled! From whatever place we commence, we know *where it must all end.* And yet what good is there in knowing it? It does not make men wiser or better. If I were to live over again, I do not know what I would change in my life, unless it were for *not to have lived at all.* All history and †experience teach us, that good and evil are pretty equally balanced in this existence, and that what is *most* to be desired, is an *easy passage out of it.* What can it give us but years, and these have *little of good but their ending.*"

5. And thus Martyn writes: "I am happier here in this remote land, where I seldom hear what happens in the world, than I was in England, where there are so many calls to look at things that are seen. The precious *Word* is now my only study, by means of †translations. Time flows on with great rapidity. It seems as if life would all be gone before any thing is done. I sometimes rejoice that I am but twenty-seven, and that, unless God should ordain it otherwise, I may double this number in constant and †successful labor. But I shall not cease from my happiness, and scarcely from my labor, by passing into the other world."

6. And thus they make their records at anniversaries, when the mind is called to review life and its labors. Thus Byron writes: "At twelve o'clock I shall have †completed thirty-three years! I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long and to so little purpose. * * It is now three minutes past twelve, and I am thirty-three!

'Alas my friend, the years pass swiftly by.'

But I do not regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I *might* have done."

7. And thus Martyn: "I like to find myself employed usefully, in a way I did not expect or foresee. The coming year is to be a †perilous one, but my life is of little consequence, whether I finish the Persian New Testament or not. I look back with pity on myself, when I attached so much importance to my life and labors. The more I see of my own works, the more I am ashamed of them, for coarseness and †clumsiness mar all the works of man. I am sick when I look at the wisdom of man, but am relieved by reflecting, that we have a city whose builder and maker is God. The least of *his* works is refreshing. A dried leaf, or a straw, makes me feel *in good company*, and complacency and admiration take the place of disgust. What a momentary †duration is the life of man! 'It glides along, rolling onward forever,' may be affirmed of the river; but men pass away as soon as they begin to exist. Well, let the moments pass!

'They waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea,
Soon we shall reach the blissful shore
Of blest eternity!'"

8. Such was the experience of those who in youth completed their course. The poet has well described his own †career:

"A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless comet and a curse,
The menace of the †universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a †sphere, without a course,
A bright †deformity on high,
The †monster of the upper sky!"

9 In holy writ we read of those who are "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; *wandering stars*, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." The lips of man may not apply these †terrific words to any whose doom is yet to

be disclosed; but there is a passage which none can fear to apply. "Those that are wise, shall shine as the brightness of the +firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as stars forever and forever!"

MISS BEECHER.

QUESTIONS.—Which had the most comfort in seasons of affliction, Byron or Martyn? How did Byron feel when he was enjoying himself most? How did Martyn feel when he was cut off from most of the pleasures that Byron was seeking? What is described as the difference of their feelings at their birth days? What poetic description may be applied to Byron?

LESSON LXXVI.

ARTICULATE each letter in its proper place: Harp and, not *har pand:* heard entranced, not *her dentranced:* rapid exhaustless, not *rapy dexhaustless:* fountains in, not *founty nsin:* seemed at home, not *seem dat ome:* hand upon, not *han dupon:* talked as, not *talk das:* seas and wind and storms, not *sea san dwin dan dstorms.*

1. En-tranc'-ed, *p.* (pro. *en-transt'*) charmed, filled with rapture.
9. Whiles, *adv.* (put for whilst or while.)
19. Gar'-land, *n.* a wreath of flowers.
26. Me'-te-or, *n.* a luminous body passing through the air.
56. Mol'-der, *v.* to decay, to perish.
58. Surge, *n.* a great rolling swell of water. (Here used figuratively.)

BYRON.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, +exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden hights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed +struggling whiles,
He from above descending, stooped to touch

The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarced deserved his verse. With nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious †majesty.
He laid his hand upon the "ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks;
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines;
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In †sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in †vengeance seemed,
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, which sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed.
As some fierce comet of †tremendous size.
To which the stars did †reverence as it passed:
So he through learning and through fancy took
His flight sublime; and on the loftiest top
Of fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled, and worn,
As if he from the earth had labored up;
But as some bird of heavenly †plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And †perched it there, to see what lay beneath
Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised: and many called his evil, good.
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness:
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus full of titles, †flattery, honor, fame;
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,
He died; he died of what? Of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame: drank early, deeply drank; drank †draughts
That common millions might have quenched, then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms †abhorred; his passion died;
Died, all but dreary, solitary pride;
And all his sympathies in being died.
As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
Which angry tides cast on our desert shore,
And then retiring, leave it there to rot
And molder in the winds and rains of heaven;

So he, cut from the †sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from pleasure's †boisterous surge,
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,
Repined and groaned, and withered from the earth.

POLLOK.

QUESTIONS.—Who was Byron? Why is he compared to a comet? What was his character? Are talents always a blessing? Where are the Alps? Where are the Apennines? What is meant by laying his hand upon the "ocean's mane?"

Explain the inflections from the 29th line to the end of the lesson.

LESSON LXXVII.

REMARK.—As each one reads, let all the pupils in the class observe and mention every syllable that is not fully and correctly sounded.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—Dif-fer-ent not *dif-f'rent:* el-e-gant, not *el'gant:* fu-til-i-ty, not *fu-til'ty:* ex-pe-ri-enc'd, not *ex-pe-r'enc'd:* il-lu-mi-nate, not *il-lu-m'nate:* dec-o-ra-tion, not *dec'ra-tion:* friv-o-lous, not *friv'tous:* oc-ca-sions, not *ca-sions:* res-o-lu-tions, not *res'lu-tions:* test-i-mony, not *test'mo-ny.*

2. Fu-til'-i-ty, *n.* triflingness, unimportance.
Glare, *n.* a bright dazzling light.
3. Pul'-ley, *n.* a small wheel for a running cord, with which heavy articles are raised.
4. Fu'-gi-tive, *a.* soon passing away.
5. Mer-it-o'-ri-ous, *a.* deserving of reward.
6. Per'-son-age, *n.* a person of distinction.
Per'-ils, *n.* dangers, risks.
8. Ex-ult-a'-tion, *n.* lively joy, great gladness.
9. Ru'-by, *n.* (*plural,* rubies), a kind of precious stone.

CHESTERFIELD AND PAUL.

1. To those youthful witnesses,* whose remains show the difference between the happiness of those who obey, and those who disobey the law of God, may be added the †testimony of two

* Martyn and Byron.

who had fulfilled their years. The first was the polished, the witty, the elegant, and admired Earl of Chesterfield, who tried every source of earthly enjoyment, and, at the end, makes this acknowledgment.

2. "I have seen," says he, "the silly rounds of business and of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and †consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I †appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas, those that have not experienced, always overrate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled at the glare.

3. "But I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy †machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant †audience.

4. "When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself, that all that †frivolous hurry of bustle and pleasure of the world, had any reality; but I look upon all that is passing, as one of those romantic dreams, which opium commonly occasions; and I do, by no means, desire to repeat the †nauseous dose, for the sake of the fugitive dream.

5. "Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and †resignation, which most people boast of? No, for I really can not help it. I bear it, because I *must* bear it, whether I will or not! I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can, now that he has become my enemy. It is my resolution to *sleep in the carriage* during the remainder of the journey of life."

6. The other personage was Paul, the Aged. For Christ and the †salvation of those for whom Christ died, Paul "suffered the loss of all things;" and this is the record of his course; "in labors abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness; and that which cometh daily upon me, the care of all the churches.

7. "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, yet not in despair; †persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. For though our outward man perish,

yet the inward man is renewed, day by day. For our *light* affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

8. And, as the time drew near when he was to be "offered up," and he looked back on the past course of his life, these are his words of †triumphant exultation: "I have fought a *good* fight! I have finished my course! I have kept the faith! henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which Christ, the righteous judge shall give."

9. To this testimony of the †experience of mankind, may be added that of scripture. "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he! The fear of the Lord, *that is wisdom*, and to depart from evil understanding. Wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired, are not to be †compared to her. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Keep sound wisdom, so shall it be life to thy soul. Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and when thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid, yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."

10. And thus the Redeemer invites to his service: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls!"

Miss Beecher.

Questions.—What two persons, who lived to be old, have left their testimony in regard to the way to be happy? What is said of Lord Chesterfield? How did he look on his past life? What did he resolve to do? What is said of Paul? Which was the happier man of the two? What does the Bible say respecting the way of happiness?

What inflections, in this lesson, are explained by Rule II, §3, and Rule VI, §1?

In the last paragraph, what verbs are in the imperative mode? Which are in the indicative mode? Which are the pronouns, and for what nouns does each one stand? Which are the adjectives? Compare those that can be compared. Which are the adverbs? What is the difference between the adjective and the adverb? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 16.

ARTICULATION.

Indulged'st, waft'st, tempted'st, loved'st.

Thou *indulged'st* the appetite. O wind! that *waft'st* us o'er the main. Thou *tempted'st* him. Thou *loved'st* him fondly. Thou *credited'st* his story. The *lists* are open. The light *dazzl'd* his eyes. They were *puzzl'd* by the *intricacies* of the path. In vain thou *muzzl'd'st* the fierce *beast*.

LESSON LXXVIII.

ARTICULATE clearly *all* the consonants in the following and similar words in this lesson: stability, prosperity, interested, principles, friend, suspect, comprehends, fabric, concerns, itself, improvements, perpetrator, extinction, describe, unprotected, trample, restraints.

1. Rec-og-ni'-tion, *n.* acknowledgment.
2. Fab'-ric, *n.* any system composed of connected parts.
   E-ra'-sed, *p.* blotted out. [a crime.
3. Per'-pe-tra-tor, *n.* one that commits
   Ex-tinc'-tion, *n.* a putting an end to.
4. Fer'-til-ize, *v.* to make fruitful.
   A'-the-ism, *n.* disbelief in the existence of a God.

RELIGION THE ONLY BASIS OF SOCIETY.

1. RELIGION is a social concern; for it operates powerfully on society, +contributing, in various ways, to its stability and prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair; the +community is deeply interested in its +diffusion; for it is the best support of the virtues and principles, on which the social order rests. Pure and undefiled religion is, to do good; and it follows, very plainly, that, if God be the Author and Friend of society, then, the recognition of him must enforce all social duty, and enlightened piety must give its whole strength to public order.

2. Few men suspect, perhaps no man +comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware, how much our moral and +social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how +powerless conscience would become,

without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind.

3. And, let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior †intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no †recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let them *thoroughly* †abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow!

4. We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches would †illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the †unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true?

5. Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A †sordid self-interest would †supplant every feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be, — *a companion for brutes*

CHANNING.

QUESTIONS. — What is the operation of religion upon society? What would be the effect of the removal of religion, upon the whole fabric of virtue? Why would not human laws and sympathies hold society together?

Point out all the emphatic words in this lesson.

In the first sentence of the 4th paragraph, what is the subject of the verb "hope?" What is its object? What two nominatives form the subject of the verb "hold?" What is the object of that verb? In what mode and tense is "would hold?" What are "together" and "perhaps?" What kind of a verb may "hold together" be called? See Analytical Grammar, p. 101, § 310

LESSON LXXIX.

REMARK.—Be careful to give a full sound to the vowels.

The names of the Deity are seldom pronounced with that full an solemn sound that is proper. *Lud* and *Law-ard*, and *Gud* and *Gawd*, are too frequently used, instead of the proper sounds. If the pupil can learn to speak the three words, O—Lord—God, properly, it will be worth no little attention. Every pupil ought to be exercised on these words till they are pronounced properly, and in a full and solemn tone.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Mer-cy, not *mus-sy:* nei-ther, or nei-ther: Is-ra-el, not *Is-r'el:* si-lence, not *si-lunce.*

THE GODS OF THE HEATHEN.

1 NOT unto us, O Lord! not unto us,
But unto thy name give glory,
For thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.
Wherefore should the †heathen say,
Where is now their God?
But our God is in the heavens:
He hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.

2. Their idols are silver and gold,
The work of men's hands.
They have mouths, but they speak not:
Eyes have they, but they see not:
They have ears, but they hear not:
Noses have they, but they smell not:
They have hands, but they handle not:
Feet have they, but they walk not:
Neither speak they through their throat.
They that make them are like unto them;
So is every one that †trusteth in them.

3 O Israel! trust thou in the Lord:
He is their help and their †shield,
O house of Aaron! trust in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.
Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.

4 The Lord hath been †mindful of us: he will bless us;
He will bless the house of Israel:
He will bless the house of Aaron:
He will bless them that fear the Lord,
Both small and great.
The Lord shall †increase you more and more,
You and your children.
Ye are blessed of the Lord
Which made heaven and earth.

5 The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's:
But the earth hath he given to the children of men.
The dead praise not the Lord,
Neither any that go down into †silence.
But we will bless the Lord
From this time forth and for †evermore:
Praise the Lord! BIBLE.

QUESTIONS.—What is the general sentiment intended to be inspired by this Psalm? What is the contrast made between the true God, and the idols of the heathen?

Point out the emphatic words in the 1st paragraph. Explain the inflections in the 2nd paragraph, and point out the emphatic words. What words in these two paragraphs admit the circumflex? Which words receive a relative emphasis? In the 5th paragraph, what instances are there of relative emphasis?

In the 3rd paragraph, for what does the pronoun "their" stand in each instance where it is used? Will you name all the verbs in this lesson that are in the imperative mode. In the first line of the 5th paragraph, parse "Lord's" In the fourth line of the same paragraph, parse "any."

ARTICULATION.

Throne, throng'd, thrush, thorough, through.

The *throne* was *throng'd* with *suppliants*. The *thrush* and the *oriole* s*em'd* to vie in song. He is *thorough through* all. *Springing, swinging, clinging*, the ape *jumps* from *branch* to *branch*. The *subjects* were *appropriate* to the *circumstances*. *Reflection* is desira*ble* under *difficult exigencies*. A *catapult* is an engine for *throwing stones*. A *cataplasm* is a *soft poultice*. *Drifting*, and almost *drown'd*, he *drank* the *briny* wave. From *star* to *star* the livid *lightnings flash*.

LESSON LXXX.

PRONOUNCE correctly and ARTICULATE distinctly.—Which, not *wich:* shad-ow, not *shad-der:* where, not *were:* haunt, not *haunt;* when, not *wen;* east-ward, not *east-ud;* dis-cov-er-est, not *dis-cov-ust;* what, not *wat;* tor-tur'd not *tort-er'd.*

Vis'-ion, *n.* something imagined to be seen, though not real.
3. Ge'-ni-us, *n.* a good or evil spirit.
Trans-port'-ing, *a.* bearing away the soul in pleasure.
4. Af-fa-bil'-i-ty, *n.* condescension and kindness of manner.
Ap-pre-hen'-sion, *n.* uneasiness of mind occasioned by the fear of evil.
So-lil'-o-quy, *n.* (*plural,* so-lil-o quies) a talking to one's self.
6. Con-sum-ma'-tion, *n.* end, completion.
8. Pit'-falls, *n.* pits slightly covered for the purpose of catching beasts or men.
11. Cim'-e-ter, *n.* a short, curved sword.
12. Perch, *v.* to light upon like a bird.
14. Ad'-a-mant, *n.* a very hard stone.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

1. ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here †airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

2. While I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock, that was not far from me, where I discovered one, in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes, that were inexpressibly †melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs, that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place.

3. My heart melted away in secret raptures. I had been often told that the rock before me was the †haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music, who had passed by

it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasure of his conversation, as I looked upon him, like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

4. I drew near, with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that †familiarized him to my imagination, and at once †dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me."

5. He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the valley of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see, rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"

6. "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its †consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea, that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life: consider it attentively." Upon a more †leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred.

7. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that the bridge consisted, at first, of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see †multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it."

8 As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable †trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge

which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that †throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

9. There were indeed some persons,—but their number was very small,—that continued a kind of †hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented.

10. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping, unexpectedly, in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching by every thing that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk.

11. In this †confusion of objects, I observed some with cimeters in their hands, and others with lancets, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors, which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had not they been thus forced upon them.

12. The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me that I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are †perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch, in great numbers, upon the middle arches."

13. "These," said the Genius, "are Envy, Avarice, †Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life." I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death." The Genius, being moved with compassion toward me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man, in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast

thine eye on that thick mist, into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

11. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and, whether or not the good Genius strengthened it with any †supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to †penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas, that ran among them.

15. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused †harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me, upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats: but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

16. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted, as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea shore. There are †myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a †paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants.

17. "Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed, with †inexpressible pleasure, on those happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie under those dark clouds, that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant."

18 The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left

me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it. ADDISON.

QUESTIONS.—What is this kind of fiction called? Why is the scene of almost all allegories laid in the East? Why is instruction conveyed by parable or allegory, more likely to be remembered than that communicated by any other method? What is figured by the arches of the bridge? What, by the pitfalls? Who are the persons with cimeters? What are meant by the birds and winged boys? What do the islands represent? What do you suppose is intended by the "dark clouds," and why did not the Genius reply to this question?

Explain the inflections in paragraphs 5, 6, and 7. What inflection prevails in the 13th paragraph?

LESSON LXXXI.

REMARK.—Observe the poetic pauses in the following lines, viz: one at the end of each line, and the cesural pause, which occurs near the middle of the line.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—Dust, not *duss:* just, not *juss:* old, not *ole:* bold, not *bole:* rust, not *russ:* trust, not *truss:* fast, not *fass:* last, not *lass:* lust, not *luss:* Je-ru-sa-lem, not *J'ru-s'lem.*

1. Vas'-sal, *n.* a servant, a subject.
   Scep'-ter, *n.* a kind of staff borne by kings as a sign of royalty.
2. Throng, *n.* a crowd, a great multitude.
3. Her'-ald-ed, *p.* introduced as if by a herald.
   Rue, *v.* to regret deeply.
4. Ran'-som-ed, *a.* rescued from death or captivity by paying an equivalent.
5. Gor'-geous, *a.* showy, splendid.
   Mar'-tyr, *n.* one who suffers death in defense of what he believes to be the truth.

A DIRGE.

1. "EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
   Here the evil and the just,
   Here the youthful and the old,
   Here the fearful and the bold,
   Here the †matron and the maid,
   In one silent bed are laid;

Here the vassal and the king,
Side by side, lie †withering:
Here the sword and scepter rust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

2. Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep:
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Never shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his †sullen trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

3. But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder:
It shall come in strife and toil;
It shall come in blood and spoil;
It shall come in †empires' groans,
Burning temples, †trampled thrones:
Then, †ambition, rue thy lust!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

4. Then shall come the †judgment sign;
In the east, the King shall shine;
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousands, thousands round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plume;
Tremble, then, thou solemn tomb;
Heaven shall open on our sight;
Earth be turned to living light,
†Kingdom of the ransomed just!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

5 Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem:
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than †Paradise,
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyr's tears
Through a thousand †glorious years:
Now in hope of him we trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

QUESTIONS.—For what occasion is a "Dirge" used? What is inculcated in the 1st stanza? What is taught in the 2d stanza? What, in the 4th? What, in the 5th? What is the argument of the whole?

To what words in this lesson, does Rule VI, §1, for inflections, apply To what, Rule II? To what, Rule IV?

Parse the first "earth," in the first line.

LESSON LXXXII.

REMARK.—In reading any thing solemn, a full, slow, and distinct manner should be preserved, and particular attention paid to the stops.

PRONOUNCE correctly and ARTICULATE distinctly.—Might-i-ly, not *might'ly:* re-mem-ber'd, not *re-mem-bud:* lux-u-ri-ous, not *lux-u-r'ous:* wid-ow, not *wid-der:* mourn-ing, not *mourn-in:* o-dor-ous, not *o-d'rous:* i-vo-ry, not *i-ver-y,* nor *i-v'ry:* del-i-ca-cies, not *del'ca-cies:* trump-et-ers, not *trum'p-tuz.*

6. De'-mons, *n.* evil spirits.
21. Lux-u'-ri-ous, *a.* indulging excessively in pleasure.
31. Be-wail', *v.* to grieve for.
44. O'-dor-ous, *a.* sweet smelling.
47. A-mo'-mum, *n.* a spicy plant, or fruit.
65. Mar'-in-ers, *n.* seaman.
72. Wax'-ed, *v.* grew.
73. Cost'-li-ness, *n.* expensiveness, splendor.
81. Ar-tif'-i-cer, *n.* a mechanic or manufacturer.
86. Sor'-ce-ries, *n.* magic, witchcraft.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

1 AND after these things, I saw another angel descending from heaven,
Having great power: and the earth was enlightened with his glory:
And he cried mightily with a loud voice, saying,
She is fallen! she is fallen!
5. Babylon the great!
And is become the habitation of demons,
And the hold of every impure spirit;
And the cage of every impure and †hateful bird;
For in the wine of the wrath of her lewdness hath she pledged all nations;
10. And the kings of the earth have with her committed lewdness,
And the †merchants of the earth, from the excess of her wanton luxury, have waxed rich.
And I heard another voice from heaven, saying,
Come out of her, my people;

That ye be not partakers of her sins,
And of her plague that ye may not receive:
For her sins have reached up unto heaven,
And God hath remembered her †iniquities:
Repay to her as she also hath repaid,
And double to her double, according to her works.
In the cup which she hath mingled, mingle to her double;
As much as she hath glorified herself and played the luxurious wanton,
So much give to her torment and sorrow:
For in her heart she saith:
"I sit a queen
And a widow am not I:
And sorrow I shall not see;"
Therefore, in one day, shall come her plagues;
Death, and mourning, and famine.
And with fire shall she be consumed!
For strong is the Lord God, who hath passed sentence upon her
Then shall bewail her, and smite the breast for her,
The kings of the earth who have committed
Lewdness with her, and lived in wanton luxury,
When they shall see the smoke of her burning,
Standing afar off, because of the fear of her torment; saying,
"Woe! Woe! the great city, Babylon, the strong city!
In one hour thy judgment is come!"
And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her
For their †merchandise no man buyeth any more:
Merchandise of gold and silver;
Of precious stones and pearls;
And of fine linen and of purple;
And of silk and scarlet;
And every odorous wood and every vessel of ivory;
And every vessel of most precious wood;
And of brass, and iron, and marble;
And †cinnamon and amomum;
And †perfumes, and †myrrh, and †incense;
And wine and oil;
And fine flour and wheat;
And cattle and sheep;
And horses, and chariots, and slaves;
And the souls of men:
And the autumnal fruits of thy soul's desire are gone from thee;
And all †delicacies and splendors have †vanished from thee;
And thou shalt never find them any more!
The merchants of these things, who were enriched by her,
Shall stand afar off because of the fear of her torment,
Weeping and mourning; saying,

"Woe! Woe! the great city!
She, who was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet,
And was decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls;
For in one hour is brought to †desolation this so great wealth!"
And every shipmaster, and every †supercargo,
And mariners, and all who labor on the sea,
Stood afar off, and cried aloud,
When they saw the smoke of her burning; saying,
"What city, like the great city!"
And they cast dust upon their heads,
And cried aloud, weeping and mourning; saying,
"Woe! Woe! the great city!
Wherein all who had ships upon the sea waxed rich
By her costliness;
For in one hour has she been made †desolate!"
Rejoice over her thou heaven!
And ye saints! and ye apostles! and ye prophets!
For God hath for her crimes against you passed sentence upon her!
And a mighty angel took up a stone like a huge millstone, and cast it into the sea; saying,
"Thus with violence shall be thrown down Babylon the great city, and shall be found no more:
And the voice of harpers and musicians, and flute players, and trumpeters shall be heard in thee no more:
And any artificer of any ingenious art shall be found in thee no more:
And the sound of a millstone shall be heard in thee no more:
And the light of a lamp shall be seen in thee no more:
And the voice of the bridegroom, and of the bride, shall be heard in thee no more:
For thy merchants were the great ones of the earth;
For by thy sorceries were deceived all the nations;
And in her, the blood of prophets and saints hath been found,
And of all those who were slain upon the earth."
After these things, I heard as it were, the voice of a great multitude in heaven, saying, †"Hallelujah!
†Salvation, and glory; and honor,
And power, be unto the Lord our God!
For true and righteous are his judgments;
For he hath judged the great harlot
Who corrupted the earth with her lewdness;
And he hath †avenged the blood of her servants at her hand."
And, a second time, they said, "Hallelujah!"
And her smoke ascendeth forever and ever!

QUESTIONS.—To what city does this prophecy refer? From what book is it taken? Why is evil denounced upon Babylon? Who are represented as lamenting her fall? Who are they that sing "hallelujah" to God? How long ago was this prophecy written? Is it supposed to be yet fulfilled? Is Babylon, here, the real name of the city, or is it used figuratively? Where was the Babylon whose destruction is foretold in the Old Testament? Was that fulfilled?

To what inflections in this lesson is Rule II, §3, applicable? To what, Rule II, §2, and §4?

Which nouns in the lesson specify the merchandise spoken of in the 39th and 40th lines? Parse the sixteen nouns found in lines 47 to 53 inclusive. Parse each word contained in the 60th line.

LESSON LXXXIII.

REMARK.—In reading poetry, that does not rhyme, the pauses should be regulated chiefly by the sense, as in prose. The poetic measure, however, should be observed, whenever it is consistent with the sense, and the construction of the sentence.

PRONOUNCE correctly and ARTICULATE distinctly.—Ru-ins, not *runes:* burst, not *buss:* bul-warks, not *bul-wuks:* pal-ace, not *pal-iss:* lab-y-rinth, not *lab-er-inth,* nor *lab'rinth:* wan-der-ing, not *wan-d'rin:* dan-ger-ous, not *dan-g'rous:* aw-ful, not *awe-f'l:* col-umns, not *col-yums:* whith-er-ward, not *with-er-wud.*

1. Domes, *n.* buildings.
Dusk'-y, *a.* dark, gloomy.
Bit'-tern, *n.* a water fowl.
Boom, *n.* the sound which the bittern makes.
2. Char-i-ot-eer', *n.* one who drives a chariot.
Por'-tals, *n.* gates.
Bul'-warks, *n.* walls, means of defense.
Bask'-ed, *v.* lay in the sun.
Sanct'-u-a-ry, *n.* a place devoted to the worship of God.
3. A-e'-ri-al, *a.* placed in the air.
Do'-tage, *n.* the childishness of old age.
Fane, *n.* a temple.
Be'-lus, *n.* one of the Gods of Babylon.
De-vi-ous, *a.* out of the common way

THALABA AMONG THE RUINS OF BABYLON.

1 THE many-colored domes *
Yet wore one dusky hue;
The cranes upon the †mosque
Kept their night †clatter still;

*Of Bagdad

When through the gate the early traveler passed.
And when, at evening, o'er the swampy plain
The bittern's boom came far,
Distinct in darkness seen,
Above the low †horizon's lingering light,
Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.

2 Once, from the lofty walls the charioteer
Looked down on swarming †myriads; once she flung
Her arches o'er Euphrates' conquered tide,
And, through her brazen portals, when she poured
Her armies forth, the distant nations looked
As men who watch the thunder cloud in fear,
Lest it should burst above them. She was fallen!
The queen of cities, Babylon was fallen!
Low lay her bulwarks; the black †scorpion basked
In palace courts; within the sanctuary
The she-wolf hid her whelps.

3. Is yonder huge and shapeless heap, what once
Hath been the aerial gardens, hight on hight,
Rising, like Media's mountains, crowned with wood,
Work of †imperial dotage? Where the fane
Of Belus? Where the golden image now,
Which, at the sound of dulcimer and lute,
Cornet and sackbut, harp and psaltery,
The Assyrian slaves †adored?
A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon
Spreads o'er the blasted plain.
The wandering Arab never sets his tent
Within her walls. The shepherd eyes afar
Her evil towers, and devious, drives his flock.
Alone unchanged, a free and †bridgeless tide,
Euphrates rolls along,
Eternal nature's work.

4 Through the broken portal,
Over weedy †fragments,
Thalaba went his way.
Cautious he trod, and felt
The dangerous ground before him with his bow.
The jackal started at his steps;
The stork, alarmed at sound of man,
From her broad nest upon the old pillar top,
Affrighted fled on flapping wings;
The adder, in her haunts disturbed,
Lanced at the †intruding staff her arrowy tongue.

5 Twilight and moonshine, dimly mingling, gave
An awful light †obscure:
Evening not wholly closed,
The moon still pale and faint:
An awful light obscure,
Broken by many a mass of blackest shade;
Long columns stretching dark through weeds and †moss;
Broad length of lofty wall,
Whose windows lay in light,
And of their former shape, low-arched or square,
Rude outline on the earth
Figured with long grass fringed.

6 Reclined against a column's broken †shaft,
Unknowing whitherward to bend his way,
He stood and gazed around.
The ruins closed him in:
It seemed as if no foot of man
For ages had †intruded there.
He stood and gazed awhile,
†Musing on Babel's pride, and Babel's fall;
Then, through the ruined street,
And through the further gate,
He passed in silence on.

SOUTHEY

QUESTIONS.—Where was Babylon situated, and of what was it the capital? How could a charioteer look down from the walls? Do you understand what is meant by the ærial gardens? Do you recollect anything in the Bible about the "golden image" here mentioned? What was formerly the condition of Babylon? What became of the city? What is here represented as the appearance of the place where it stood? Where was its ruin foretold?

ARTICULATION.

Fragrance and *aromatic odors* every where. *Frolic* and *gleesomeness characterized* the scene. We *arranged* the *change*. *Chance* and *change* await all. Thou troubl'st thy *father's friends*. The *sculptor* has executed *three busts*. The *swift* dark *whirlwind* that *uproots* the *woods*

LESSON LXXXIV.

REMARK.—Avoid reading in a monotonous way, as if you were not interested, and did not understand what you read.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Sub-due, not *sub-doo*, nor *sub-jue:* reg-u-la-tions, not *reg-ew-la-tions*, nor *reg-gy-la-tions:* stren-u-ous, not *stren-ew-ous:* spec-u-la-tion, not *spec-ky-la-tion:* val-u'd, (pro. *val-yude*), not *val-ewd:* vir-tue, not *vir-too*, nor *vir-tew*, nor *vir-tshue:* su-pe-ri-or, not *shu-pe-ri-ar:* sur'-vey, not *sur-vey'* (the *noun* is pronounced *sur'-vey*, and the *verb*, *sur-vey'*).

Pol'-i-cy, *n.* the art of governing nations.
Stren'-u-ous, *a.* bold, active.
Reg'-is-ter, *n.* a book in which records are kept.
Dis'-taff, *n.* the staff of a spinning wheel, to which flax is tied.
Pan-e-gyr'-ic, *n.* praise bestowed on eminent persons.
Chi-me'-ra, *n.* a vain or idle fancy.
Drudg'-er-y, *n.* hard labor.
Ar-tif'-i-cer, *n.* one who makes and contrives.
Ef-fem'-i-nate, *a.* womanish, tender.

BENEFITS OF LITERATURE.

1. *Hercules.* Do you pretend to sit as high on Olympus as Hercules? Did you kill the Nemæan lion, the Erymanthian boar, the Lernean serpent, and Stymphalian birds? Did you destroy tyrants and robbers? You value yourself greatly on subduing one serpent: I did as much as that while I lay in my cradle.

2. *Cadmus.* It is not on account of the serpent, that I boast myself a greater †benefactor to Greece than you. Actions should be valued by their utility, rather than their splendor. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which laws owe their †precision and †permanency. You subdued monsters; I civilized men. It is from untamed passions, not from wild beasts, that the greatest evils arise to human society. By wisdom, by art, by the united strength of a civil community, men have been enabled to subdue the whole race of lions, bears, and serpents; and, what is more, to bind by laws and wholesome regulations, the ferocious violence and dangerous treachery of the human disposition. Had lions

been destroyed only in single combat, men had had but a bad time of it; and what, but laws, could awe the men who killed the lions?

3. The genuine glory, the proper distinction of the rational species, arises from the perfection of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and strength is often exerted in acts of †oppression: but wisdom is the associate of justice. It assists her to form equal laws, to pursue right measures, to correct power, protect weakness, and to unite individuals in a common interest and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants, but it is wisdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppression. The operations of policy far surpass the labors of Hercules, preventing many evils which valor and might can not even †redress. You heroes regard nothing but glory: and scarcely consider whether the conquests, which raise your fame, are really beneficial to your country. Unhappy are the people who are governed by valor not directed by prudence, and not †mitigated by the gentle arts.

4. *Hercules.* I do not expect to find an admirer of my strenuous life, in the man who taught his countrymen to sit still and read; and to lose the hours of youth and action in idle †speculation and the sport of words.

5. *Cadmus.* An ambition to have a place in the registers of fame, is the Eurystheus which imposes heroic labors on mankind. The Muses †incite to action, as well as entertain the hours of repose; and I think you should honor them for presenting to heroes so noble a †recreation, as may prevent their taking up the distaff when they lay down the club.

6. *Hercules.* Wits as well as heroes can take up the distaff. What think you of their thin-spun †systems of philosophy, or lascivious poems, or Milesian fables? Nay, what is still worse, are there not panegyrics on tyrants, and books that †blaspheme the gods, and perplex the natural sense of right and wrong? I believe if Eurystheus were to set me to work again, he would find me a worse task than any he imposed; he would make me read over a great library; and I would serve it as I did the Hydra, I would burn it as I went on, that one chimera might not rise from another, to plague mankind. I should have valued myself more on clearing the library, than on cleansing the Augean stables.

7. *Cadmus.* It is in those libraries only, that the memory of your labor exists. The heroes of Marathon, the patriots of †Thermopylæ, owe their fame to me. All the wise institutions of lawgivers, and all the doctrines of sages, had perished in the ear, like a dream related, if letters had not preserved them. O Hercules! it is not for the man who preferred Virtue to Pleasure,

to be an enemy to the Muses. Let Sardanapalus and the silken sons of luxury, who have wasted life in inglorious ease, despise the records of action, which bear no honorable testimony to their lives: but true merit, heroic virtue, should respect the sacred source of lasting honor.

8. *Hercules.* Indeed, if writers employed themselves only in recording the acts of great men, much might be said in their favor. But why do they trouble people with their meditations? Can it be of any consequence to the world what an idle man has been thinking?

9. *Cadmus.* Yes, it may. The most important and extensive advantages mankind enjoy, are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their closets. To them mankind are obliged for the facility and security of †navigation. The invention of the compass has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to construct such wonderful machines, as perform what the united labor of millions, by the severest drudgery, could not accomplish. †Agriculture, too, the most useful of arts, has received its share of improvement from the same source. Poetry, likewise, is of excellent use, to enable the memory to retain with more ease, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts and examples of virtue. From the little root of a few letters, science has spread its branches over all nature, and raised its head to the heavens. Some philosophers have entered so far into the counsels of Divine Wisdom, as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The †dimensions and distances of the planets, the causes of their †revolutions, the path of comets, and the ebbing and flowing of tides, are understood and explained.

10. Can any thing raise the glory of the human species more, than to see a little creature, inhabiting a small spot, amid innumerable worlds, taking a survey of the universe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the †scheme of that wonderful connection and correspondence of things so remote, and which it seems a great exertion of Omnipotence to have established? What a volume of Wisdom, what a noble theology, do these discoveries open to us? While some superior geniuses have soared to these sublime subjects, other †sagacious and diligent minds have been inquiring into the most minute works of the Infinite Artificer: the same care, the same Providence, is exerted through the whole; and we should learn from it, that, to true wisdom, utility and fitness appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial, is noble.

11. *Hercules.* I approve of science, as far as it is an assistant to action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the discovery

of the greater part of the globe, because it opens a wider field for the master spirits of the world to bustle in.

12. *Cadmus.* There spoke the soul of Hercules. But if learned men are to be esteemed for the assistance they give to active minds in their schemes, they are not less to be valued for their endeavors to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great †ardor. The study of history will teach the legislator, by what means states have become powerful; and, in the private citizen, they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of sages point out a private path of virtue, and show that the best empire is self-government, and that †subduing our passions, is the noblest of conquests.

13. *Hercules.* The true spirit of patriotism acts by a generous impulse, and wants neither the experience of history, nor the doctrines of philosophers, to direct it. But do not arts and science render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive? And can you deny that wit and learning are often made †subservient to very bad purposes?

14. *Cadmus.* I will own, that there are some natures so happily formed, they scarcely want the assistance of a master, and the rules of art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do. But these favored geniuses are few. As learning flourishes only where ease, plenty, and mild government subsist, in so rich a soil, and under so soft a climate, the weeds of luxury will spring up among the flowers of art: but the †spontaneous weeds would grow more rank, if they were allowed the undisturbed possession of the field. Letters keep a frugal, temperate nation from growing ferocious; a rich one from becoming entirely sensual and debauched.

15. Every gift of heaven is sometimes abused; but good sense and fine talents, by a natural law, gravitate toward virtue. Accidents may drive them out of their proper direction; but such accidents are an alarming †omen, and of dire †portent to the times. For if virtue can not keep to her allegiance those men, who, in their hearts confess her divine right, and know the value of her laws, on whose fidelity and obedience can she depend? May such geniuses never descend to flatter vice, encourage folly, or propagate irreligion; but exert all their powers in the service of Virtue, and †celebrate the noble choice of those, who, like Hercules, preferred her to Pleasure! LORD LYTTLETON.

QUESTIONS.—Who was Hercules? Can you enumerate some of his principal exploits, as described in this dialogue? Who was Cadmus? What did he do? How should actions be valued? From what must the genuine glory of rational beings arise? To which of his labors does

Hercules compare the reading of a modern library? Since so much trash and folly is written, what is the use of writers? What does Hercules think of science? What is patriotism?

Will you point out some instances in this lesson to which Rule I, for inflections, applies? Rule II? Rule III? Rule IV? Rule V? Rule VI? Point out some instances of absolute emphasis. Of relative emphasis.

Which are the conjunctions in the 12th paragraph? Which are the adverbs? Which are the prepositions? What verbs are in a past tense? Which are in the present tense? Which are in a future tense? Which nouns are in the plural number? Which are in the singular?

LESSON LXXXV.

REMARK.—Speak every syllable distinctly, and do not slip over the little words, nor pronounce them wrong.

ARTICULATE distinctly the following and similar words in this lesson: World, not *worl:* no-blest, not *no-bles:* gift, not *gif:* re-flect, not *re-flec;* just, not *juss;* e-van-ge-list, not *e-van-gel-iss.*

1. Class'-ic, *n.* a book written by an author of the first class.
   An-tiq'-ui-ty, *n.* great age.
   Un-ri'-val-ed, *p.* having no equal.
2. Au-then-tic'-i-ty, *n.* genuineness, the quality of being a real original.
   Sanc'-tion, *n.* authority.
3. Vers'-a-tile, *a.* (pro. *vers'-a-til*) various in application.
4. Vin'-di-ca-ted, *v.* defended, justified.
6. Ser'-aph, *n.* an angel of the highest order.

THE BIBLE THE BEST OF CLASSICS.

1. THERE is a classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and †dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration, unrivaled in the history of †literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of man, of nature, and of angels, yea, even of "God, manifest in the flesh," of "God blessed forever."

2. If we †consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time, that can be compared with it. If we †examine its authority, for it speaks as never man spake, we

discover, that it came from heaven, in vision and prophecy, under the sanction of Him, who is Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

3. If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy, as God himself, unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous †dominion, and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must †estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness, of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme †felicity of an eternal kingdom.

4. If we inquire, who are the men, that have †recorded its truths, vindicated its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme, from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer; the patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist and the †martyr.

5. If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the †prey of cruelty, of injustice, and inquire what are its benefits, even in this †temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and †resignation, purity, order and peace, faith, hope, and charity, are its blessings upon earth.

6. And if, raising our eyes from time to eternity, from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect, from the visible creation, †marvelous, beautiful, and glorious as it is, to the invisible creation of angels and seraphs, from the foot-stool of God, to the throne of God himself, we ask, what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the †records of the book of life.

7. Such is the best of classics the world has ever admired; such, the noblest that man has ever adopted as a guide. GRIMKE.

QUESTIONS.—Why is the Bible called a classic? What is said of the antiquity of the Bible? What is said of its evidences? What, of its authenticity? What, of the nature of its truths? What, of the men who wrote it and have defended it? What is said of the change it produces in the character of men? What, of its bearing upon our future prospects?

In the 3d paragraph, which verbs are in the subjunctive mode? which are the adjectives in the first sentence of that paragraph? Compare each one of them. What part of speech is "they" and for what does it stand? Parse "God," "natures," "dominion" and "condition"

LESSON LXXXVI.

REMARK.—Let each pupil in the class observe and mention every syllable that is not sounded as each one reads.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—An-gel (pro. *ane-gel*), not *ann-gel:* hea. . (pro. *herd*), not *heerd:* de-mands, not *dum-ands:* com-pli-cate, not *com-pli-kit:* ex'-quis-ite, not *ex'-quis'-ite:* ab-so-lute, not *ab-ser-lute:* hus-bands, not *hus-bunds.*

1. Note, *n.* notice. [bell.
5. Knell, *n.* the sound of the funeral
9. Verge, *n.* the brink, the edge.
14. Ab'-ject, *a.* worthless, mean.
Au-gust', *a.* grand, majestic.
15. Com'-pli-cate, *a.* complex, composed of many parts.
19. Ex'-quis-ite, *a.* nice, complete.
22. E-the re-al, *a.* heavenly.
Sul'-lied, *p.* stained, soiled.
Ab-sorpt', *p.* wasted, swallowed up
39. Fan-tas'-tic, *a.* fanciful, existing only in imagination.
44. An'-tic, *a.* odd, fanciful. [cate.
46. Sub'-tler, *a.* (pro. *sut-tler*) more deli-
Es'-sence, *n.* existence, substance.
51. Weal, *n.* prosperity. [omy.
Hus'-band, *v.* to manage with econ-

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

THE bell strikes One. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood
It is the signal that demands †dispatch.
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up †alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless †abyss,
A dread eternity, how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor †pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder, He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes
From different natures †marvelously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!

Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim †miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, †aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed;
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can 't snatch me from the grave;
†Legions of angels can 't confine me there.

'T is past conjecture; all things rise in proof.
While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields, or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods, or down the †craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool
Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds
With †antic shapes, wild natives of the brain!
Her ceaseless flight, though †devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, †aërial, towering, unconfined,
Unfettered with her †gross companion's fall.
Even silent night †proclaims my soul immortal:
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal Heaven husbands all events:
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

YOUNG

QUESTIONS.—What leads us to take "note of time?" What reflections follow, if this warning is "heard aright!" Repeat some of the numerous epithets applied to man. What does one class of these epithets represent man to be? In what light does the other class consider him? In what respect is he a "worm?" How can he be called a "god?" What is the state of the mind during sleep? What does this prove? Point out the instances of antithetic inflections and emphasis in this lesson. Why does "He," in the 16th line, commence with a capital letter?

LESSON LXXXVII.

REMARK.—Be careful to give a full sound to the vowels. Regard to this rule, will correct the common, flat, clipping way in which many read.

UTTER each sound correctly and distinctly.—Ir-reg-u-lar, not *ir-reg-gy-lur*, nor *ir-reg'lar:* un-err-ing, not *un-er'n:* in-tel-lect-u-al, not *in-tel-lect-ew-al:* cal-cu-la-ting, not *cal-ky-la-tin:* beau-ti-ful, not *beau-ti-f'l;* struct-ure, not *struct-er;* reg-u-late, not *reg-gy-late:* chem-ic-al, not *chem-ic'l:* vis-age, not *vis-ij:* por-tal, not *por-t'l.*

1. Phys'-ic-al, *a.* relating to nature.
Math-e-mat'-ics, *n.* the science of quantity.
2. Pas'-sion-less, *a.* without feeling.
Ab-strac'-tions, *n.* truths separated from sensible objects.
Syl-lo-gis'-tic, *a.* relating to a syllogism.
3. Ra'-tio, *n.* the relation of two quantities of the same kind to each other.
Pro-por'-tion, *n.* equality of ratios.
4. Ac-cel'-er-a-ted, *p.* increased.
5. Di'-a-gram, *n.* a figure drawn for the purpose of demonstration or illustration.
Phe-nom'-e-na, *n. pl. of phenomenon,* appearances.
Re-frac'-tion, *n.* the turning from a direct course.
In'-ci-dence, *n.* falling on any thing.
6. Par'-al-lax, *n.* the difference between the true and apparent place of a heavenly body.
A-nom'-a-lies, *n.* irregularities.
Pre-ces'-sion, *n.* motion of the equinox to the westward.
A-nal'-y-sis, *n.* separation of any thing into its parts.
Or'-rer-y, *n.* an instrument to show the motions of the planets.
7. Op'-tics, *n.* the science of light.
Aus-ter'-i-ty, *n.* severity, roughness.
Cru'-ci-ble, *n.* a chemical melting pot.
E-quiv'-a-lents, *n.* equals in value.
8. Min-er-al'-o-gy, *n.* the science of minerals. [mineral.
Crys'-tal, *n.* regular solid of any
Hex'-a-gons, *n.* six-sided figures.
Do-dec'-a-gons, *n.* twelve-sided figures.
9. Cy'-cloid, *n.* a certain kind of curve.

VALUE OF MATHEMATICS.

1. MAN may construct his works by irregular and uncertain rules; but God has made an unerring law for his whole creation, and made it, too, in respect to the physical system, upon principles, which, as far as we now know, can never be understood, without the aid of mathematics.

2. Let us suppose a youth who despises, as many do, these *cold* and *passionless abstractions of the mathematics.* Yet, he is †intellectual; he loves knowledge; he would †explore nature, and

know the reason of things; but he would do it, without aid from this *rigid, syllogistic, measuring, calculating science.* He seeks indeed, no "royal road to †geometry," but, he seeks one not less difficult to find, in which geometry is not needed.

3. He begins with the †mechanical powers. He takes the lever and readily understands that it will move a weight. But the principle upon which *different* weights at *different* distances are moved, he is forbidden to know; for *they* depend upon *ratios* and *proportions.* He passes to the inclined plane; but quits it in disgust, when he finds its action depends upon the relations of angles and †triangles. The screw is still worse, and when he comes to the wheel and axle, he gives them up forever; they are *all mathematical!*

4. He would investigate the laws of falling bodies, and moving fluids, and would know why their motion is *accelerated* at different periods, and upon what their momentum depends. But, roots and squares, lines, angles, and curves, float before him in the †mazy dance of a disturbed intellect. The very first proposition is a *mystery:* and he soon discovers, that mechanical philosophy is little better than mathematics itself.

5. But he still has his *senses;* he will, at least, not be indebted to diagrams and †equations for their enjoyment. He gazes with admiration upon the phenomena of light; the many-colored rainbow upon the bosom of the clouds; the clouds themselves reflected with all their changing shades from the surface of the quiet waters. Whence comes this beautiful imagery? He investigates and finds that every hue in the rainbow is made by a different *angle of refraction*, and that each ray reflected from the mirror, has its angle of incidence equal to its angle of reflection; and, as he pursues the subject further, in the construction of lenses and †telescopes, the whole family of triangles, ratios, proportions, and conclusions arise to alarm his excited vision.

6. He turns to the heavens, and is charmed with its shining host, moving in solemn procession, "through the halls of the sky," each star, as it rises and sets, marking time on the records of nature. He would know the structure of this beautiful system, and search out, if possible, the laws which regulate those distant lights. But †astronomy forever banishes him from her presence; she will have none near her to whom mathematics is not a *familiar friend.* What can *he* know of her parallaxes, anomalies, and precessions, who has never studied the conic sections, or the higher order of analysis? She sends him to some wooden orrery, from which he may gather as much knowledge of the heavenly bodies, as a child does of armies from the gilded troopers of the toy shop.

7. But if he can have no companionship with optics, nor astronomy, nor mechanical philosophy, there *are* sciences, he thinks, which have better taste and less austerity of manners. He flies to chemistry, and her garments float loosely around him. For a while, he goes gloriously on, †illuminated by the *red lights* and *blue lights* of crucibles and retorts. But, soon he comes to compound bodies, to the †composition of the elements around him, and finds them all in fixed relations. He finds that gases and fluids will †combine with each other, and with solids only in a certain *ratio*, and that all possible compounds are formed by nature in *immutable proportion*. Then starts up the whole doctrine of chemical equivalents, and mathematics again stares him in the face.

8. Affrighted, he flies to mineralogy; stones he may pick up, jewels he may draw from the bosom of the earth, and be no longer alarmed at the stern †visage of this terrible science. But, even here, he is not safe. The first stone that he finds, quartz, contains a *crystal*, and that crystal assumes the dreaded form of geometry. Crystallization allures him on; but, as he goes, cubes and hexagons, pyramids and dodecagons arise before him in beautiful array. He would understand more about them, but must *wait* at the †portal of the temple, till †introduced within by that honored of time and science, our friendly *Euclid*.

9. And now, where shall this student of nature, without the aid of mathematics, go for his knowledge, or his enjoyments? Is it to natural history? The very *birds* †cleave the air in the form of the cycloid, and mathematics prove it the *best*. Their feathers are formed upon calculated mechanical principles; the muscles of their frame are moved by them. The little bee has constructed his †cell in the very geometrical figure, and with the precise angles, which mathematicians, after ages of investigation, have demonstrated to be that which contains the greatest *economy of space and strength*. Yes! he, who would shun mathematics, must fly the bounds of "flaming space," and in the realms of chaos, that

"——— dark,
Illimitable ocean, ———"

where Milton's Satan wandered from the wrath of heaven, he may *possibly* find some spot visited by no figure of geometry, and no †harmony of proportion. But nature, this beautiful creation of God, has no resting place for him. All its construction is *mathematical;* all its uses, *reasonable;* all its ends, *harmonious*. It has no elements mixed without regulated law; no broken chord to make a false note in the music of the †spheres.

E. D. MANSFIELD.

QUESTIONS.—What is it the object of this lesson to illustrate? If a student, unacquainted with mathematics, attempts to investigate the subject of mechanics, what will be the result? What, if he trusts to his senses? If he attempts to learn chemistry, what obstacles does he find here? How is it with mineralogy? With natural history?

Point out the inflections in the 8th and 9th paragraphs.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

REMARK.—Observe the commas, and stop at each long enough to take breath.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Prog-ress, not *pro-gress*, (the *noun* is pronounced *prog'-ress* and the *verb*, *pro-gress'*): post-u-lates, not *pos-ty-lates:* en-gin-eer-ing, not *in-gi-neer-ing:* ves-ti-bule, not *ves-tib-u-le:* vol-ume (pro. *vol-yum*), not *vol-lum:* fract-ur'd (pro. *fract-yur'd*), not *frac-ter'd.*

1. Hu'-man-i-zes, *v.* renders kind and humane.
   De-vel'-op-ment, *n.* an unfolding.
2. Im-preg'-na-ble, *a.* that can not be defeated. [taken as self evident.
   Pos'-tu-late, *n.* a position which is
   Syl'-lo-gism, *n.* an argument of three propositions, the first two of which are premises, the third, the inference.
3. Civ'-il En-gin-eer-ing, *n.* the science of the construction of extensive works, such as canals, aqueducts, &c.
   Hy-draul'-ics, *n.* the science which treats of fluids in motion.
   Ves'-ti-bule, *n.* the porch or entrance.
4. El-lip'-sis, *n.* a kind of oval figure.
   Ec-cen'-tric, *a.* irregular.
5. Do-main', *n.* dominion, empire.

VALUE OF MATHEMATICS.—(CONTINUED.)

1 LET us take *another student*, with whom †mathematics is neither despised nor neglected. He sees in it the means of *past success*, to others; he reads in its history the *progress of universal improvement;* and he believes, that what has contributed so much to the civilization of the world; what is even now contributing so much to all that humanizes society; and what the †experience of all mankind has sanctioned, *may*, perchance, be useful to his own intellectual development.

2. He opens a volume of geometry, and steadily pursues its abstractions from the definition of a right line, through the elegant properties of the right-angled triangle, the relations of similar figures and the laws of curved surfaces. He finds a chain of *unbroken* and *impregnable* reasoning, and is at once possessed of all the knowledge of postulates, syllogisms, and conclusions, which the most accomplished school of †rhetoric could have taught him.

3. He looks upon society, and wherever he turns, arts, sciences and their *results*, from carpentry to civil engineering, from †architecture to hydraulics, from the ingenious lock upon a canal, to the useful mill upon its sides, disclose their operations, no longer mysterious to his enlightened understanding. Many an interesting repository of knowledge this key has opened to his vision, and as he thus walks through the *vestibule* of science, he longs to penetrate those deep aisles, and ascend that †magnificent stairway, which lead up to the structure of the universe.

4. With the properties of the ellipsis, the laws of motion demonstrated by mathematics, and two facts drawn from observation, the one that bodies fall toward the earth, and the other, the regular motion of the planets, he †demonstrates, beyond the power of refutation, the laws of the celestial system. He traces star after star, however eccentric their course, through the unseen immensity of space, and calculates with *unfailing certainty*, the hour of its return, after ages have passed away.

5. He does more, he weighs matter in the balances of creation, and finds that, to complete the harmony of the system, a planet is wanting in some distant corner of its wide domain; — no mortal eye has ever seen it, no †tradition tells of its existence. Yet with the confidence and zeal of prophecy, he announces that it *must exist*, for *demonstration has proved it.* The †prediction is recorded in the volume of science.

6. Long after, astronomy, by the aid of mathematics, discovers the long-lost tenant of the skies; and fractured though it be, while its members perform their †revolution, no living soul can be permitted to doubt the *worth of mathematics*, or the powers of his own immortal mind.

7. And what were the glorious contemplations of that pupil of mathematical philosophy, as he passed behind the clouds of earth to investigate the machinery of †celestial spheres! Alone, yet not solitary, amid the glowing lights of heaven, he sends his spirit forth through the works of God. He has risen by the force of cultivated intellect to hights which mortal fancy had never reached.

8. He has taken line, and figure, and measure, and from proposition to proposition, and from conclusion to conclusion, *riveting* link after link, he has bound the universe to the throne of its Creator, by that

"——— golden, everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main."

9. And is there no *moral* instruction in this? Does he learn no lesson of wisdom? Do no strong †emotions of love and gratitude arise toward that being who thus delights him with the charms of intellectual enjoyment, and blesses him with the multiplied means of happiness? *Harder* than the †adamant of his own reasoning, *colder* than the abstractions in which he is *falsely* supposed to move, must be he, who, *thus* conducted by the handmaid of the arts and sciences, through whatever humanizes man; through whatever is †sublime in his progress to a higher state; through all the vast †machinery, which the Almighty has made tributary to his comfort, and his happiness, yet feels no livelier sentiment of duty toward him; no kinder or more peaceful spirit toward his fellow man.

E. D. Mansfield.

Questions.—In what light does the student, referred to in this lesson, regard mathematics? What does he find in geometry? In what particulars, does he observe the influence of mathematical science upon society? Through what source, are the laws of the heavenly bodies discovered? What is said of a planet predicted to exist, before any discovery authorized such opinion? What is said of the moral instruction to be derived from all this?

Let the pupil point out each subject of a verb in the 5th paragraph. Let him point out also, each object of a verb or of a preposition. Which are the prepositions? Which are the adjectives? How many simple sentences?

TO TEACHERS.

In the grammatical questions it is not intended to prescribe any particular form of examination, but rather to draw attention to the subject. Each teacher will determine for himself how many and what questions to ask. But, it is believed that he will derive great advantage from connecting this study with the reading lesson.

LESSON LXXXIX.

REMARK.—Read the last part of each sentence with a full and distinct utterance, giving to each word its proper emphasis.

ARTICULATE distinctly.—E-pis-to-la-ry, not *e-pis-t'lary:* per-son-al, not *per-s'nal:* mis-er-y, not *mis'ry:* drudg-er-y, not *drudg'ry:* fe-lic-i-tous-ly, not *f'lic'tous-ly:* Her-cu-les, not *Her-c'les:* un-fort-u-nates, not *un-fort'nates:* dis-con-so-late, not *dis-con-s'late:* sim-i-lar, not *sim'lar:* du-ti-ful, not *dute-ful:* cal-cu-la-tion, not *cal-c'la-tion:* suf-fer-ings, not *suf-f'rin's:* ex-pe-ri-ence, not *ex-pe-r'ence:* par-tic-u-lar, not *par-tic'lar:* un-du-late, not *un-d'late.*

1. Pre'-lude, *n.* something introductory.
   Carp'-ing, *a.* finding fault.
2. Prot-est-a'-tions, *n.* solemn declara-
   Gra-da'-tions, *n.* orders, degrees.
3. Pro'-sing, *a.* tedious, like prose.
   Let'-ter-mon-ger, *n.* a dealer in letters.
6. Pique, *a.* (pro. *peek*) to pride or value one's self.
   Scrib-ler-i'-na, *n.* an affected or romantic writer.
   Drag'-on-ism, *n.* tyranny, violence.
   Mar'-gin, *n.* the border or edge.
   At'-tar, *n.* (the same as ot-ter) the oil or essence of roses.
   Cha-rade' (pro. *sha-rade'*), *n.* a peculiar kind of enigma or riddle.
7. Fe-lic'-i-tous-ly, *adv.* happily.
   Ex-or'-di-um, *n.* the beginning.
9. In-dite', *v.* to write, to compose.
   Pen'-ance, *n.* suffering imposed as punishment.
10. E-lic'-it, *v.* to draw forth.
    Un'-du-late, *v.* to present a wavy appearance (used *figuratively.*)

ON LETTER WRITING.

1. †EPISTOLARY as well as personal intercourse is, according to the mode in which it is carried on, one of the pleasantest or most irksome things in the world. It is delightful to drop in on a friend without the solemn prelude of invitation and acceptance, to join a †social circle, where we may suffer our minds and hearts to relax and expand in the happy consciousness of perfect security from invidious remark and carping criticism; where we may give the reins to the †sportiveness of innocent fancy, or the enthusiasm of warm-hearted feeling; where we may talk sense or nonsense, (I pity people who *can not* talk nonsense), without fear of being looked into icicles by the coldness of unimaginative people, living pieces of clock work, who dare not themselves utter a word, or lift up a little finger, without first weighing the important point in the hair balance of propriety and good breeding.

2. It is equally delightful to *let* the pen talk freely, and unpremeditatedly, and to one by whom we are sure of being understood; but a formal letter, like a †ceremonious morning visit, is tedious alike to the writer and receiver; for the most part spun out with unmeaning phrases, †trite observations, complimentary flourishes, and protestations of respect and attachment, so far not deceitful, as they never deceive anybody. Oh, the misery of having to compose a set, proper, well-worded, correctly-pointed, polite, elegant epistle! one that must have a beginning, a middle, and an end, as methodically arranged and portioned out as the several parts of a sermon under three heads, or the three gradations of shade in a school-girl's first landscape!

3. For my part, I would rather be set to beat hemp, or weed in a turnip field, than to write such a letter exactly every month, or every fortnight, at the precise point of time from the date of our correspondent's last letter, that he or she wrote after the reception of ours; as if one's thoughts bubbled up to the †well-head, at regular periods, a pint at a time, to be bottled off for immediate use. Thought! what has thought to do in such a correspondence? It murders thought, quenches fancy, wastes time, spoils paper, wears out innocent goose quills. "I'd rather be a kitten, and cry mew! than one of those same" prosing letter-mongers.

4. Surely in this age of invention something may be struck out to †obviate the necessity (if such necessity exists) of so tasking, degrading the human intellect. Why should not a sort of mute barrel-organ be †constructed on the plan of those that play sets of tunes and contra dances, to indite a catalogue of polite epistles calculated for all the ceremonious observances of good breeding? Oh the unspeakable relief (could such a machine be invented) of having only to *grind* an answer to one of one's "dear, five hundred friends!"

5. Or suppose there were to be an epistolary steam engine. Ay, that's the thing. Steam does every thing now-a-days. Dear Mr. Brunel, set about it, I beseech you, and achieve the most glorious of your undertakings. The block machine at Portsmouth would be nothing to it. *That* spares manual labor; *this* would relieve mental †drudgery, and thousands yet unborn - - - but hold! I am not so sure the female sex in general may quite enter into my views of the subject.

6 Those who pique themselves on the elegant style of their billets, or those fair scriblerinas just †emancipated from boarding-school restraints, or the dragonism of their governess, just beginning to taste the refined enjoyments of sentimental, confidential, soul-breathing correspondence with some Angelina, Seraphina, or Laura Matilda; to indite beautiful little notes, with long-tailed

letters, upon vellum paper, with pink margins, sealed with sweet †mottoes, and dainty devices, the whole deliciously perfumed with musk and attar of roses; young ladies who collect "copies of verses," and charades, keep †albums, copy patterns, make bread seals, work little dogs upon footstools, and paint flowers without shadow — Oh! no! the epistolary steam engine will never come into †vogue with those dear creatures. *They* must enjoy the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul," and they must write — yes! and how they *do* write!

7. But for another genus of female scribes, unhappy innocents! who groan in spirit at the dire necessity of having to hammer out one of those aforesaid terrible epistles; who, having in due form dated the gilt edged-sheet that lies outspread before them in appalling whiteness, having also felicitously †achieved the graceful exordium, "My dear Mrs. P," or "My dear Lady V," or "My dear— —any thing else," feel that they are *in for it*, and must say something! Oh, that something that must come of nothing! those bricks that must be made without straw! those pages that must be filled with words! Yea, with words that must be sewed into sentences! Yea, with sentences that must *seem* to mean something: the whole to be tacked together, all neatly fitted and dovetailed so as to form one smooth, polished surface!

8. What were the labors of Hercules to such a task! The very thought of it puts me into a mental perspiration; and, from my inmost soul, I compassionate the unfortunates now (at this very moment, perhaps,) screwed up perpendicularly in the seat of torture, having in the right hand a fresh-nibbed patent pen, dipped ever and anon into the ink bottle, as if to hook up ideas, and under the outspread palm of the left hand a fair sheet of best Bath post. (ready to receive thoughts yet unhatched), on which their eyes are riveted with a stare of †disconsolate †perplexity infinitely touching to a feeling mind.

9. To such unhappy persons, in whose miseries I deeply sympathize - - - Have I not groaned under similar horrors, from the hour when I was first shut up (under lock and key, I believe), to indite a dutiful epistle to an honored aunt? I remember, as if it were yesterday, the moment when she who had enjoined the task entered to inspect the performance, which, by her calculation, should have been fully completed. I remember how sheepishly I hung down my head, when she snatched from before me the paper, (on which I had made no farther progress than "My dear ant,") angrily exclaiming, "What, child! have you been shut up here three hours to call your aunt a pismire?" From that hour of humiliation I have too often groaned under the †endurance of similar penance, and I have learned from my own sufferings to compassionate

those of my dear sisters in affliction. To such unhappy persons, then, I would fain offer a few hints (the fruit of long experience), which, if they have not already been suggested by their own observation, may prove serviceable in the hour of emergency.

10. Let them - - - or suppose I address myself to *one* particular sufferer—there is something more †confidential in that manner of communicating one's ideas. As Moore says, "Heart speaks to heart;" I say, then, take always special care to write by candle-light, for not only is the apparently unimportant operation of snuffing the candle in itself a momentary relief to the depressing consciousness of mental †vacuum, but not unfrequently that trifling act, or the brightening flame of the taper, elicits, as it were, from the dull embers of fancy, a sympathetic spark of fortunate conception. When such a one occurs, seize it quickly and †dextrously, but, at the same time, with such cautious prudence, as not to huddle up and contract in one short, paltry sentence, that which, if ingeniously handled, may be wiredrawn, so as to undulate gracefully and smoothly over a whole page.

11. For the more ready practice of this invaluable art of †dilating, it will be expedient to stock your memory with a large assortment of those precious words of many syllables, that fill whole lines at once; "incomprehensibly, amazingly, decidedly, solicitously, inconceivably, incontrovertibly." An opportunity of using these, is, to a distressed spinster, as delightful as a copy all m's and n's to a child. "Command you may, your mind from play." They run on with such delicious smoothness!

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

QUESTIONS.—How must epistolary intercourse or letter writing be conducted, in order to be agreeable and useful? What manner of conducting it is ridiculed in this lesson? What is meant by talking *nonsense?*

To what inflections, in this lesson, is Rule II, §3, applicable?

Parse "them" in the 10th paragraph. What word may be understood after it? Parse "dilating" in the 11th paragraph. Parse "incomprehensibly," "amazingly," &c., in the same paragraph. Parse "m's" and "n's." Parse "all." Parse "run on" in the last sentence. What is the subject and what the attribute? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 114.

LESSON XC.

REMARK.—Be careful to give all the consonants their full sound in each word.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—I-rons, pro. *i-urns:* un-clean-ly, pro *un-clen-ly;* Christ-en-dom, pro. *kris'n-dum:* pris-on, pro. *priz'n* (see McGuffey's Spelling Book, page 49): min-utes, pro. *min-its:* pret-ty, pro. *prit-ty.*

Ar'-ras, *n.* a kind of curtains hung around the walls of a room.
Un-clean'-ly, *a.* (pro. *un-klen'-ly*) indecent.
Wan'-ton-ness, *n.* playfulness, sportiveness.
Christ'-en-dom, *n.* territory of Christians: *used for* christening or baptism, *as if he said,* By my baptism.
Prate, *n.* familiar talk.
Sooth, *n.* truth.
Rheum, *n.* (pro. *rume*) *here used for* [tears.
Dis-pit'e-ous, *a.* cruel, without pity.
Foul, *a.* wicked, abominable.
A-non', *adv.* soon; *still and anon means,* now and then, frequently.
Wince, *v.* to shrink back as from pain.
Chid, *v.* blamed, reproached. [or troubles.
An-noy'-ance, *n.* any thing which injures
Troth, *n.* truth, veracity.
Ex-tremes', *n.* the greatest degree of distress: *undeserved extremes means,* acts of cruelty which he had not deserved.
Tarre, *v.* (pro. *tar*) to tease, to set on.
Dog'-ged, *a.* surly, stubborn.
Close'-ly, *adv.* secretly, privately.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

Hubert. HEAT me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Attendant. I hope your †warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly †scruples! Fear not you: look to it.
(*Exeunt Attendants.*)
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you. (*Enter Arthur.*)

Arthur. Good-morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good-morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no person should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so would I be here, but that I doubt
My uncle †practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I were Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Arth Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale today.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper.*) How now
foolish rheum? (*Aside.*)
Turning dispiteous torture out the door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was †crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, and if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,

Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth Ah, none but in this iron age would do it:
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And †quench its †fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. (*Stamps.*) (*Reënter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.*)
Do as I bid you.

Arth. Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out
Even with the fierce-looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert! let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb:
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons angrily;
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go stand within; let me alone with him.

1st *Att* I am best pleased to be from such a deed. (*Ex. Attn.*)

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth Oh heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are †boisterous there,
Your vile †intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue! let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. Oh, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief—
Being create for comfort—to be used
In undeserved extremes. See else yourself.
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown its spirit out,
And †strewed repentant ashes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it †perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog, that is †compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that does tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only *you* do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thy uncle owns;
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth Oh, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were †disguised.

Hub Peace: no more: Adieu!
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I 'll fill these dogged †spies with false †reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth Oh heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

QUESTIONS.—Who was Prince Arthur? Where did he live? Who desired to destroy him? For what purpose? What does Hubert mean by saying, "How now, foolish rheum?" Enumerate the motives by which the Prince induces Hubert to spare him

ARTICULATION.

Thrill'd, thrifty, threaded, streets, prospers.

The tale *thrill'd* his heart. The *thrifty* man *prospers*. They *threaded* the narrow *streets* with *scarcely* a ray of light. *Youths' thoughtlessness heeds* not the *truths* which the *experience* of age *teaches*.

LESSON XCI.

UTTER each SOUND correctly and distinctly.—Ap-pall-ing, not *ap-pal-ing:* con-victs, not *con-vics:* weap-'ns, not *wee-pons;* in-fa-mous, not *in-fer-mous:* sub-or-di-nate, not *sub-or-dun-it:* a-gainst, pro. *a-genst:* at-tempt, not *at-temp:* in-stant-ly, not *in-stunt-ly:* ter-min-a-tion, not *term'na-tion.*

2 Con'-victs, *n.* persons found guilty of crime.
War'-den, *n.* a keeper, one who [guards.
4. Brig'-ands, *n.* robbers, those who live by plunder.
5. Mot'-ley, *a.* composed of various [colors.
De-mo'-ni-ac, *a.* devil-like.
6. Sub-or'-di-nate, *a.* inferior.
Per'-il, *n.* danger.
7. Ma-rines', *n.* (pro. *ma-reens'*) soldiers that serve on board of ships.
De-mean'-or, *n.* behavior, deportment.
8. Rat-an', *n.* a small cane which grows in India.
Par'-ley, *n.* conversation or conference with an enemy.
11. Im-pre-ca'-tions, *n.* curses, prayers [for evil.
12. In-dom'-i-ta-ble, *a.* that can not be subdued or tamed.
16. Quell, *v.* to subdue, to crush.
17. Blench'-ed, *v.* gave way, shrunk.
19. Car'-nage, *n.* slaughter.
Re-prieve', *n.* a delay of punishment.
20. Ex it, *n.* passage out of a place.

REBELLION IN MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

1. A MORE impressive exhibition of moral courage, opposed to the wildest +ferocity, under the most +appalling circumstances, was never seen, than that which was witnessed, by the officers of our State Prison, in the rebellion which occurred about five years since.

2. Three convicts had been sentenced under the rules of the prison to be whipped in the yard, and by some effort of one of the other prisoners, a door had been opened at midday, communicating with the great dining hall, and through the warden's lodge with the street.

3. The dining hall is long, dark, and damp, from its situation near the surface of the ground; and in this all the prisoners †assembled, with clubs, and such tools as they could seize in passing through the workshops.

4. Knives, hammers, and chisels, with every variety of such weapons, were in the hands of the ferocious spirits, who are drawn away from their †encroachments on society, forming a congregation of strength, vileness, and talent, that can hardly be equaled on earth, even among the famed brigands of Italy.

5. Men of all ages and characters, guilty of every variety of †infamous crime, dressed in the motley and peculiar garb of the institution, and displaying the wild and demoniac appearance that always pertains to imprisoned wretches, were gathered together for the single purpose of preventing the punishment which was to be inflicted on the morrow, upon their comrades.

6. The warden, the surgeon, and some other officers of the prison, were there at the time, and were alarmed at the consequences likely to ensue from the †conflict necessary to restore order. They huddled together, and could scarcely be said to consult, as the stoutest among them lost all presence of mind in overwhelming fear. The news rapidly spread through the town, and a subordinate officer, of most mild and kind disposition, hurried to the scene, and came calm and collected into the midst of the officers. The most equable-tempered and the mildest man in the government, was in this hour of peril the firmest.

7. He instantly dispatched a request to Major Wainright, commander of the marines †stationed at the navy yard, for assistance, and declared his purpose to enter into the hall and try the force of firm demeanor and persuasion upon the enraged multitude.

8. All his brethren exclaimed against an attempt so full of hazard: but in vain. They offered him arms, a sword and pistols, but he refused them, and said, that he had no fear, and in case of danger, arms would do him no service: and alone, with only a little ratan, which was his usual walking stick, he advanced into the hall, to hold parley with the selected, congregated, and enraged villains of the whole †commonwealth.

9. He demanded their purpose, in thus coming together with arms, in †violation of the prison laws They replied, that they

were determined to obtain the remission of the punishment of their three comrades. He said, it was impossible; the rules of the prison must be obeyed, and they must submit.

10. At the hint of submission, they drew a little nearer together, prepared their weapons for service, and, as they were dimly seen in the further end of the hall, by those who observed, from the gratings that opened up to the day, a more appalling sight can not be conceived, nor one of more moral †grandeur, than that of the single man, standing within their grasp, and exposed to be torn limb from limb instantly, if a word or look should add to the already †intense excitement.

11. That excitement, too, was of a most dangerous kind. It broke not forth in noise and imprecations, but was seen only in the dark looks and the strained nerves, that showed a deep determination. The officer †expostulated. He reminded them of the hopelessness of escape; that the town was alarmed, and that the government of the prison would submit to nothing but unconditional surrender. He said, that all those who would go quietly away, should be forgiven for this offense; but, that if every prisoner was killed in the contest, power enough would be obtained to enforce the regulations of the prison.

12. They replied, that they expected that some would be killed, that death would be better than such imprisonment, and with that look and tone, which bespeaks an indomitable purpose, they declared, that not a man should leave the hall alive, till the flogging was remitted. At this period of the discussion, their evil passions seemed to be more inflamed, and one or two offered to destroy the officer, who still stood firmer, and with a more temperate pulse, than did his friends, who saw from above, but could not †avert the danger that threatened him.

13. Just at this moment, and in about fifteen minutes from the commencement of the tumult, the officer saw the feet of the marines, whose presence alone he relied on for †succor, filing by the small upper lights. Without any apparent anxiety, he had repeatedly turned his attention to their approach, and now he knew that it was his only time to escape, before a conflict for life became, as was expected, one of the most dark and dreadful in the world.

14. He stepped slowly backward, still urging them to depart, before the officers were driven to use the last resort of firearms. When within three or four feet of the door, it was opened, and closed instantly again, as he sprang through, and was thus unexpectedly restored to his friends.

15. Major Wainright was requested to order his men to fire down upon the convicts through the little windows, first with powder and then with ball, till they were willing to retreat; but he took a wiser as well as a bolder course, relying upon the effect which firm determination would have upon men so †critically situated. He ordered the door to be again opened, and marched in at the head of twenty or thirty men, who filed through the passage, and formed at the end of the hall, opposite to the crowd of criminals huddled together at the other.

16. He stated that he was empowered to quell the rebellion, that he wished to avoid shedding blood, but that he should not quit that hall alive, till every convict had returned to his duty. They seemed †balancing the strength of the two parties; and replied, that some of them were ready to die, and only waited for an attack to see which was the most powerful, swearing that they would fight to the last, unless the punishment was remitted, for they would not submit to any such punishment in the prison. Major Wainright ordered his marines to load their pieces, and, that they might not be suspected of trifling, each man was made to hold up to view the bullet which he afterward put in his gun.

17. This only caused a growl of determination, and no one blenched, or seemed disposed to shrink from the foremost †exposure. They knew that their number would enable them to bear down and destroy the handful of marines, after the first discharge, and before their pieces could be reloaded. Again, they were ordered to retire; but they answered with more ferocity than ever. The marines were ordered to take their aim so as to be sure and kill as many as possible. Their guns were presented, but not a prisoner stirred, except to grasp more firmly his weapon.

18. Still desirous to avoid such a tremendous slaughter, as must have followed the discharge of a single gun, Major Wainright advanced a step or two, and spoke even more firmly than before, urging them to depart. Again, and while looking directly into the muzzles of the guns, which they had seen loaded with ball, they declared their intention "to fight it out." This †intrepid officer then took out his watch, and told his men to hold their pieces aimed at the convicts, but not to fire till they had orders; then, turning to the prisoners, he said, "You must leave this hall; I give you three minutes to decide; if at the end of that time, a man remains, he shall be shot dead."

19. No situation of greater interest than this, can be conceived. At one end of the hall, a fearful multitude of the most desperate and powerful men in existence, waiting for the †assault; at the other, a little band of disciplined men, waiting with arms presented, and ready, upon the least motion or sign. to begin the carnage;

and their tall and imposing commander, holding up his watch to count the lapse of three minutes, given as the reprieve to the lives of hundreds. No poet or painter can conceive of a spectacle of more dark and terrible sublimity; no human heart can conceive a situation of more appalling suspense.

20. For two minutes, not a person nor a muscle was moved, not a sound was heard in the unwonted stillness of the prison, except the labored breathings of the †infuriated wretches, as they began to pant, between fear and revenge: at the expiration of two minutes, during which they had faced the ministers of death with unblenching eyes, two or three of those in the rear, and nearest the further entrance, went slowly out: a few more followed the example, dropping out quietly and deliberately; and before half of the last minute was gone, every man was struck by the panic, and crowded for an exit, and the hall was cleared as if by magic.

21. Thus the steady firmness of moral force, and the strong effect of determination, acting deliberately, awed the most savage men, and suppressed a scene of carnage which would have instantly followed the least †precipitancy or exertion of physical force.

BUCKINGHAM.

QUESTIONS.—What is the use of the state prison? Where is the penitentiary of this state? What accounts for the conduct of the subordinate officer, who, though ordinarily the mildest, was on this occasion the firmest? Suppose Major W. had fired through the windows, as he was advised, what would have been, in all probability, the result? Narrate the substance of the 19th and 20th paragraphs. What gained this bloodless victory?

Explain the inflections, and point out the emphatic words in the last two paragraphs.

ARTICULATION.

When similar sounds come at the end of one word, and at the beginning of the next, they must not be blended.

He sinks *s*orrowing to the tomb. Man loves *s*ociety. Time flies *s*wiftly. The birds *s*ing. Man *n*ever dies. The heart *t*urns away The lip *p*ants. The dim *m*ournful light *t*ries vainly to enter. The quick *cr*ak comes grating. Give vantage-ground.

LESSON XCII.

REMARK.—In reading poetry that rhymes, a slight pause should be made at the end of each line, in order that the harmony of the similar sounds may be perceived.

PRONOUNCE correctly and ARTICULATE distinctly.—Heav-en-ly, pro. *heav'n-ly:* be-wil-der'd, not *be-wild-ud:* sounds, not *souns:* sweet-est, not *sweet-es:* burst-ing, not *bus't-in:* dif-fer-ing, not *dif-f"rin.* health-i-est, not *health-i-es:* sa-tyrs, not *sat-uz:* fes-tal-sound-ing, not *fes-t'ls-ound-in.*

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1. Shell, *n.* an instrument of music.
   Cell, *n.* a cottage or place of residence.
   Force'-ful, *a.* acting with power.
2. Re-coil'-ed, *v.* started back.
6. Mien, *n.* appearance, look.
7. Veer'-ing, *a.* turning, changing.
8. Se-ques'-ter-ed, *a.* private, secluded.
   Run'-nels, *n.* small brooks, rivulets.
9. Bus'-kin, *n.* a kind of half boot.
   Gem'-med, *p.* adorned, bespangled.
   Sa'-tyrs, *n.* a kind of God, imagined by the ancients to have power over the woods.
   Syl'-van, *a.* living in the woods.
10. Ec-stat'-ic, *a.* delightful beyond measure.
    Zone, *n.* a girdle, a band round the waist.
    Tres'-ses, *n.* ringlets, curls of hair

THE PASSIONS.

1. WHEN Music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet, in early Greece, she sung,
The †Passions, oft, to hear her shell,
†Thronged around her magic cell;
†Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the muse's painting:
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, †refined;
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, (for madness ruled the hour),
Would prove his own expressive power

2. First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords †bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

3 Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hand, the strings.

4. With woeful measures, wan Despair
Low sullen sounds his grief †beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'T was sad, by fits; by starts, 't was wild.

5 But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail:
Still would her touch the strain †prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft †responsive voice was heard at every close:
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

6 And longer had she sung, but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien;
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

7 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed—
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing †themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate

8. With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;

And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound:
Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole,
Or, o'er some †haunted streams, with fond delay,
(Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing),
In hollow murmurs die away.

9. But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an †inspiring air, that †dale and thicket rung
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear.

10. Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet †entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempé's vale her native maids,
Amid the †festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied †minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay †fantastic round,
(Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound),
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand †odors from his dewy wings.

COLLINS.

QUESTIONS.—What is that figure of speech, by which passions, etc., are addressed as animated beings? What is meant by "shell" in the 3d line? What is this ode intended to illustrate? Who were the Fauns and Dryads? What do you know of Tempé's vale? What parts of the above sketch should be read in a lively manner? How should stanzas 2, 3, 4, and 8, be read? How should the 6th stanza be read?

LESSON XCIII.

REMARK.—While each pupil reads, let the rest observe and then mention which syllables are pronounced wrong, and, also, which syllables or letters are omitted or indistinctly uttered.

Am-a-teurs', *n.* lovers of the fine arts, such as music, painting, &c.
1. Haut'-boy, *n.* (pro. *ho'-boy*) an instrument of music.
2. Throes, *n.* extreme pain, anguish.
3. Brawn'-y, *a.* fleshy, having large muscles.
Goad'-ed, *v.* pricked.
5. Jole, *n.* the cheek: *cheek by jole means*, with the cheeks close together.
Dul'-cet, *a.* sweet to the ear, melodious.
6. Erst, *adv.* formerly, long ago.
8. Dire, *a.* horrible, dismal.

THE AMATEURS.

This piece is a †*travesty* or †*parody*, that is, it is written in the style of a serious poem, but for the purpose of rendering its subject ridiculous or ludicrous. It is written in the style of the *Ode on the Passions*, the lesson that precedes it, and is designed to ridicule a self-conceited and ignorant musician who is represented in the piece under a fictitious name.

1. WHEN *Festin*, heavenly †swain, was young,
When first †attuned his viol rung,
And the soft hautboy's melting trill
Confessed the magic-master's skill;
Beneath his opening windows round
The admiring †rabble caught the sound;
And oft, at early morn, the throng
Besieged the house to hear his song.
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
With one consent, they brought around
Dire instruments of grating sound;
And each, (for madness ruled the hour),
Would try his own sky-rending power.

2 First in the ranks, his skill to try,
A stout and sturdy clown was there;
A deafening hautboy, cracked and dry,
Brayed harsh †discordance on the air:
With breath retained, and labored grin,
Rapt by his own tumultuous din,
With blood suspended in his face,
And paws that could not find their place,

The champion played: while every peal confessed
How strong the throes that heaved his †massy chest.

3 Next, came a brawny nurse, but six feet high,
With leathern lungs, and throat of brass supplied;
Striving with "Chevy Chase" and "Lullaby,"
To drown the screeching infant at her side.
And ever and anon the babe she seized,
And squeezed and sung, and sung and squeezed:
Although sometimes, each dreary pause between,
The strangled infant's piercing †shricks,
And writhing limbs, and blackening cheeks,
Full well confessed the secret pin,
That keenly goaded him within,
Yet closer squeezed the nurse, and louder was her din.

4 A †wheezing sawyer, standing by,
Industriously was sawing wood;
Though dull his saw, his throat was dry;
Awhile he used them as he could.
At length, grown tired of toil in vain,
The wretch resolved to change his strain;
With fell intent, defying nature's law,
He paused, and held his breath—to whet his saw.
With eyes half closed, and raised to heaven,
And starting teeth from sockets driven,
And clinching jaws, convulsed with †ghastly smile,
Across the wiry edge he drew the screaking file.

5 A boy came next, loud †whooping to the gale,
And on his truant shoulders bore a pole:
Two furious cats, †suspended by the tail,
Were swinging, cheek by jole.
O dulcet cats! thus hung at leisure,
What was your delighted measure!
Entangled in no faint embrace,
With claws deep buried in each other's face,
How did you hiss and spit your venom round,
With murderous yell of more than earthly sound!
O dulcet cats! could one more pair like you,
The †concert join, and pour the strain anew,
Not man could bear, nor demon's ear sustain
The †fiendish caterwaul of rage and pain.

6 A fish cart next came rattling by;
Its lusty driver, perched on high,
Recruited by his recent bowl,
Poured through the deafening horn his greedy soul.

Such notes he blew, as erst threw down
Old Jericho's substantial town;
While scarce was heard, so loud he wound his peal,
The mangled cur that yelped beneath his wheel.

7 Then came a child †eloped from home,
Pleased in the streets at large to roam;
His cart behind he dragged; before
A huge tin coffee-pot he bore,
Which, ever and anon, he beat
With sticks and stones in furious heat:
Nor heeded he, that at his heels
The crier rung his frequent peals:
With brazen throat, and hideous yell,
That distanced all the hounds of hell,
In air his †stunning bell he tossed,
And swelled, and shouted, "lost! lost! lost!"

8. Emblem of justice, high above,
A †ponderous pair of steelyards hung;
Hooked by the nose, his weight to prove,
A living hog beneath was swung.
Dire was the squeal that rent the sky
With sounds too dread for earthly throat;
While not a butcher †lingered nigh
To stop the howling monster's note.
Fast to escape the hated strain,
With ears †comprest, some fled †amain,
While others paused, all hopeless of relief,
And mourned that fortune had not made them deaf.

9 Thus, long ago,
Ere Colin drew his fiddlebow,
While jarring sawmills yet were mute;
The jarring, howling, deafening choir,
With notes †combined in concert dire,
Could shake the sky, the solid earth could move,
While milder thunders burst unheard above.

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

QUESTIONS.—What is a travesty or parody? For what purpose was this lesson written? Name the several performers described.

Point out some instances in this lesson, to which Rule I, for inflections, applies. Rule II, or any of the particulars specified under it. Rule IV.

Parse "grown" and "tired," in the 4th paragraph. "Lost," in the 7th "Hooked," in the 8th. "To escape," in the same.

LESSON XCIV.

REMARK.—Be careful not to slip over or mispronounce the small words.

SOUND the *r* distinctly in the following words in this lesson: beware, scattered, Cumberland, there, despair, merciless, coward, bird, far, stars, fire, peerless, banners, mark, marshaled, swords, their, are, harvest, claymore, cover, lore, where, near.

Es-pous'-ed, *v.* embraced.
Dis-as'-trous, *a.* unfortunate.
2. Low'-lands, *n.* the south of Scotland, called thus because the land lies comparatively low. The northern part is called the Highlands, because it is hilly.
7. Pran'-ces, *v.* bounds as a high-spirited horse does.
18. Reek, *v.* to give out steam or vapor.
20. Go'-ry, *a.* bloody.
21. Do'-tard, *n.* a foolish old man.
22. Phan'-tom, *n.* a specter, an apparition
34. A'e-rie, *n.* (pro. *a'-ry*, or *e'-ry*) an eagle's nest.
35. Crest'-ed, *a.* wearing a plume; *here used figuratively for* proud, lofty.
Peer'-less, *a.* having no equal.
48. Clay'-more, *n.* a two-handled sword used by the Scotch.
55. Mys'-tic-al, *a.* secret, obscure.
Lore, *n.* knowledge, instruction.
78. Sooth'-less, *a.* truthless, false.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Lochiel was a brave and influential Highland †Chieftain. He espoused the cause of Charles Stuart, called the Pretender, who claimed the British throne. In the following piece, he is supposed to be marching with the warriors of his clan, to join Charles' army. On his way he is met by a Seer, who, having, according to the popular superstition, the gift of second sight, or prophecy, forewarns him of the disastrous event of the †enterprise, and exhorts him to return home, and avoid the destruction which certainly awaited him, and which afterward fell upon him at the battle of Culloden, in 1745.

Seer. LOCHIEL! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight;
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies †frantic and far?
'T is thine, O Glenullin!* whose bride shall await,

* Another name for Lochiel.

Like a love-lighted watchfire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning; no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin!* to death and captivity led!
O weep! but thy tears can not number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantom of fright.

Seer. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle †exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his †havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'T is the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his aerie that †beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the †battlements' hight;
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Loch. False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clan Ranald the †dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Seer ———Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man can not cover what God would reveal:

* The poetic name for Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:*
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country †deplores;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner?† Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is †muffled, and black is the bier;
His death bell is tolling; oh! mercy! dispel
Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters †convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in †agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Loch. ———Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale,
Though my perishing ranks should be †strewed in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the †surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, †untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor †exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death bed of fame.

CAMPBELL.

QUESTIONS.—Who was Lochiel? For whom did he fight? What is meant by a Seer? What is meant by the "lowlands?" What is a clan? On which side was Cumberland? What do you understand by their bosoms being "hoof-beaten?" Explain the reference to the steed. How did Lochiel reply to the warning of the Seer? Explain the reference to the "eagle." Explain the figure of the "reapers." Who were "Clan Ranald" and "Moray?" What is meant by "plaided?" What became of the King, or Pretender, as he was called? How did Lochiel boastingly reply to the Seer? Were his notions of the glory of such a death correct? What became of Lochiel?

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* Alluding to the narrow escape of Charles by water from the west of Scotland.
† He refers here to Lochiel.

LESSON XCV.

REMARK.—The tones of the voice, and the manner of reading, should correspond with the nature of the subject. (Deep emotion is to be expressed in the following soliloquy.)

PRONOUNCE each word correctly and distinctly.—Sha-ken, pro *sha-k'n:* fa-vor-ite, not *fa-v'rite:* land-scape, not *lan'skip:* hid-e-ous not *hid-je-ous;* fam-i-ly, not *fam'ly:* vi-per-ous, not *vi-p'rous:* pur-chase, not *pur-chis.*

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4. Fiends, *n.* (pro. *feends*) infernal beings.
Vi'-per-ous, *a.* like a serpent.
5. Ex-hale', *v.* (pro. *egz-hale'*) to send out.

CHARLES DE MOOR'S REMORSE.

1. I MUST rest here. My joints are shaken asunder. My tongue †cleaves to my mouth. * * * How glorious, how †majestic, yonder setting sun! 'Tis thus the hero falls, 't is thus he dies, in godlike majesty! When I was a boy, a mere child, it was my favorite thought, to live and die like that sun.

2. 'T was an idle thought, a boy's †conceit. There was a time, there was a time, when I could not sleep, if I had forgotten my prayers! Oh that I were a child once more!

3. What a lovely evening! what a pleasing landscape! That scene is noble! this world is beautiful! the earth is grand! But I am hideous in this world of beauty! a monster on this †magnificent earth! the prodigal son! My innocence! Oh my innocence! All nature †expands at the sweet breath of spring: but, oh God, this †paradise, this heaven is a hell to me! All is happiness around me, all is the sweet spirit of peace: the world is one family, but its Father there above is not *my* father.

4. I am an outcast! the prodigal son! the companion of murderers, of viperous fiends! bound down, enchained to guilt and horror! Oh! that I could return once more to peace and innocence! that I hung an infant on the breast! that I were born a beggar, the meanest kind, a †peasant of the field!

5. I would toil, till the sweat of blood dropped from my brow, to purchase the †luxury of one sound sleep, the †rapture of a single tear! There was a time when I could weep with ease Oh

days of bliss! Oh mansion of my fathers! Scenes of my infant years, enjoyed by fond †enthusiasm! will you no more return? No more exhale your sweets to cool this burning bosom?

6. Oh! never, never shall they return! No more †refresh this bosom with the breath of peace. They are gone! gone forever!

SCHILLER.

QUESTIONS.—What had evidently been the conduct and character of the person who speaks in this lesson? Why was he now so wretched? Is a wicked man ever happy long? In what way can a man be truly and permanently happy? What inflection prevails in this lesson? Why? Point out the emphatic words in this lesson.

LESSON XCVI.

ARTICULATE the *h* clearly: high, heart, happiness, heaven, hard, had, hearken, here, have, happy, whit, howling, hearth, whenever, hypocrites.

ARTICULATE the *d:* seem'd, talk'd, mind, call'd, preferr'd, England, land, launch'd, soil'd, round, intend.

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2. Per-son'-i-fied, *p.* represented with attributes of a person.
   Al'-le-go-ri-zed, *p.* turned into an allegory, or a figurative description.
   En-shri'-ned, *p.* preserved in a sacred chest.
6. Spon-ta'-ne-ous-ly, *adv.* of its own [accord.
7. Prim'-i-tive, *a.* first, original.
9. Pu'-ri-tan, *n.* a name given to those who separated from the Church of England, in the days of Queen Elizabeth. They were so called because they professed to follow the *pure* word of God.
   The-o-crat'-ic-al, *a.* conducted by the immediate agency of God.
10. Pen'-ta-teuch, *n.* (pro. *Pen'-ta-tuke*) the first five books of the old Testament.
    Im-bu'-ed, *p.* tinged, dyed, *used [figuratively.*
13. Ar'-ro-ga-ting, *p.* claiming more respect than is just.

CHARACTER OF THE PURITAN FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

1. ONE of the most †prominent features which distinguished our forefathers, was their determined resistance to oppression They seemed born and brought up, for the high and special purpose of showing to the world, that the civil and religious rights of man, the rights of †self-government, of conscience, and independent thought, are not merely things to be talked of, and woven into

theories, but to be adopted with the whole strength and ardor of the mind, and felt in the profoundest recesses of the heart, and carried out into the general life, and made the foundation of practical usefulness, and visible beauty, and true nobility.

2. Liberty with them, was an object of too serious desire and stern resolve, to be personified, allegorized, and enshrined. They made no goddess of it, as the ancients did: they had no time nor inclination for such trifling; they felt that liberty was the simple birthright of every human creature; they called it so; they claimed it as such; they reverenced and held it fast as the †unalienable gift of the Creator, which was not to be surrendered to power, nor sold for wages.

3. It was theirs, as men; without it, they did not esteem themselves men; more than any other privilege or possession, it was †essential to their happiness, for it was essential to their original nature; and therefore they preferred it above wealth, and ease, and country; and that they might enjoy and exercise it fully, they forsook houses, and lands, and kindred, their homes, their native soil, and their father's graves.

4. They left all these; they left England, which, whatever it might have been called, was not to them a land of freedom; they launched forth on the pathless ocean, the wide, †fathomless ocean, soiled not by the earth beneath, and bounded, all round and above, only by heaven; and it seemed to them like that better and †sublimer freedom, which their country knew not, but of which they had the conception and image in their hearts; and, after a toilsome and painful voyage, they came to a hard and wintry coast, unfruitful and †desolate, but unguarded and boundless; its calm silence interrupted not the ascent of their prayers; it had no eyes to watch, no ears to hearken, no tongues to report of them; here, again, there was an answer to their soul's desire, and they were satisfied, and gave thanks; they saw that they were free, and the desert smiled.

5. I am telling an old tale; but it is one which must be told, when we speak of those men. It is to be added, that they transmitted their principles to their children, and that peopled by such a race, our country was always free. So long as its inhabitants were †unmolested by the mother country, in the exercise of their important rights, they submitted to the form of English government; but when those rights were invaded, they spurned even the form away.

6. This act was the revolution, which came of course, and spontaneously, and had nothing in it of the wonderful or unforeseen. The wonder would have been, if it had not occurred. It was,

indeed, a happy and glorious event, but by no means unnatural; and I intend no slight to the revered actors in the revolution, when I assert that their fathers before them were as free as they — every whit as free.

7. The principles of the revolution were not the suddenly acquired property of a few bosoms; they were abroad in the land in the ages before; they had always been taught, like the truths of the Bible; they had descended from father to son, down from those primitive days, when the †pilgrim, established in his simple dwelling, and seated at his blazing fire, piled high from the forest which shaded his door, repeated to his listening children the story of his wrongs and his resistance, and bade them rejoice, though the wild winds and the wild beasts were howling without, that they had nothing to fear from great men's oppression.

8. Here were the beginnings of the revolution. Every settler's hearth was a school of independence; the scholars were apt, and the lessons sunk deeply; and thus it came that our country was always free; it could not be other than free.

9. As deeply seated as was the principle of liberty and resistance to arbitrary power, in the breasts of the Puritans, it was not more so than their piety and sense of religious obligation. They were emphatically a people whose God was the Lord. Their form of government was as strictly theocratical, if direct communication be excepted, as was that of the Jews; insomuch that it would be difficult to say, where there was any civil authority among them entirely distinct from †ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

10. Whenever a few of them settled a town, they immediately gathered themselves into a church; and their elders were magistrates, and their code of laws was the Pentateuch. These were forms, it is true, but forms which faithfully †indicated principles and feelings: for no people could have adopted such forms, who were not thoroughly imbued with the spirit, and bent on the practice, of religion.

11. God was their king; and they regarded him as truly and literally so, as if he had dwelt in a visible palace in the midst of their state. They were his devoted, †resolute, humble subjects; they undertook nothing which they did not beg of him to prosper; they accomplished nothing without rendering to him the praise; they suffered nothing without carrying up their sorrows to his throne; they ate nothing which they did not †implore him to bless.

12. Their piety was not merely external; it was sincere; it had the proof of a good tree in bearing good fruit; it produced

and sustained a strict morality. Their †tenacious purity of manners and speech obtained for them, in the mother country, their name of Puritans, which, though given in derision, was as honorable an appellation as was ever bestowed by man on man.

13. That there were hypocrites among them, is not to be doubted; but they were rare; the men who voluntarily exiled themselves to an unknown coast, and endured there every toil and hardship for conscience' sake, and that they might serve God in their own manner, were not likely to set conscience at defiance, and make the services of God a mockery; they were not likely to be, neither were they, †hypocrites. I do not know that it would be arrogating too much for them to say, that, on the extended surface of the globe, there was not a single community of men to be compared with them, in the respects of deep religious impressions, and an exact performance of moral duty.

GREENWOOD.

QUESTIONS.—What was one of the prominent traits of character in the Puritans? How did they regard liberty? What was their conduct in support of liberty? Why was the revolution a perfectly natural event, or just what might have been expected? From whence were derived the principles of the revolution? How were their systems of government formed? What was the character of their piety? As a community, how will they bear comparison, for moral worth, with all other communities past or present?

Which are the pronouns in the 12th paragraph? For what noun does "their" stand? For what does "it" stand? Parse "which." Parse the last "as."

ARTICULATION.

Shrill, trump, scramble, scribblers, scrawl, strange, scratch.

The *shrill trump* of victory. We *scrambled* up the hill. *Scribblers scrawl strange stories. Diamonds scratch glass.* They *furl'd* the *sails.* His *chains clank'd.* He *handles* the *instruments skillfully.* The *blue waves curl'd.* We were un*harm'd* amid the *conflict* of *elements.*

LESSON XCVII.

GIVE each letter its full and correct sound.—Gov-ern-or, not *guv'nor* come-li-ness, not *come-li-niss:* e-rect, not *e-rec:* hon-or-a-ble, not *hon-rer-ble:* hands, not *han's:* venge-ance, not *venge-unce.*

Come'-li-ness, *n.* that which is becoming or graceful.
Port, *n.* manner of movement or walk.
At-tire, *n.* dress, clothes.
Rife, *a.* prevalent.
Tarn'-ish, *v.* to soil, to dirty.
Av-a-lanche', *n.* a vast body of snow sliding down from a mountain. [give.
Vouch-safe', *v.* to yield, to condescend, to
Net'-ted, *v.* caught in a net.
Fledge'-ling, *n.* a young bird.
Rec-og-ni'-tion, *n.* acknowledgment of acquaintance.
Pre-con-cert'-ed, *p.* planned beforehand.
Cai'-tiff, *n.* a mean villain.
Thrall'-dom, *n.* bondage, slavery.
Scan, *v.* to examine closely.
Neth'-er, *a.* lower, lying beneath.
Blanch, *v.* to turn white.
Gust, *n.* taste, relish.

WILLIAM TELL.

[The events here referred to, occurred in 1307. Switzerland had been conquered by Austria; and Gesler, one of the basest and most tyrannical of men, was her governor. As a refinement of tyranny, he had his cap elevated on a pole, and commanded that every one should bow before it. William Tell proudly refused to submit to this degrading mark of slavery. He was arrested and carried before the governor. The day before, his son Albert, without the knowledge of his father, had fallen into the hands of Gesler.]

SCENE 1.—*A Chamber in the Castle. Enter Gesler, Officers, and Sarnem, with Tell in chains and guarded.*

Sar. DOWN, slave! Behold the governor.
Down! down! and beg for mercy.

Ges. (*Seated.*) Does he hear?

Sar He does, but braves thy power.

Officer. Why do n't you smite him for that look?

Ges. Can I believe
My eyes? He smiles! Nay, grasps
His chains as he would make a weapon of them
To lay the smiter dead. (*To Tell.*)
Why speakest thou not?

Tell. For wonder.

Ges. Wonder?

Tell Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.

Ges. What should I seem?

Tell. A monster.

Ges. Ha! Beware! Think on thy chains.

Tell. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down
†Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect, with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, †usurper, to thy teeth,
Thou art a monster! Think upon my chains?
How came they on me?

Ges. Darest thou question me?

Tell. Darest thou not answer?

Ges. Do I hear?

Tell. Thou dost.

Ges. Beware my †vengeance.

Tell. Can it more than kill?

Ges. Enough; it can do that.

Tell. No; not enough:
It can not take away the grace of life;
Its comeliness of look that virtue gives;
Its port †erect with †consciousness of truth;
Its rich attire of honorable deeds;
Its fair report that 's rife on good men's tongues:
It can not lay its hands on these, no more
Than it can pluck the brightness from the sun,
Or with †polluted finger tarnish it.

Ges. But it can make thee writhe.

Tell. It may.

Ges. And groan.

Tell. It may; and I may cry,
Go on, though it should make me groan agair

Ges. Whence comest thou?

Tell. From the mountains. Wouldst thou learn
What news from them?

Ges. Canst tell me any?

Tell. Ay: they watch no more the avalanche.

Ges. Why so?

Tell. Because they look for thee. The †hurricane
Comes †unawares upon them; from its bed
The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track

Ges. What do they then?

Tell. Thank heaven, it is not thou!
Thou hast †perverted nature in them.
There 's not a blessing heaven vouchsafes them, but
The thought of thee—doth wither to a curse.

Ges. That's right! I'd have them like their hills,
That never smile, though [+] wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.

Tell. But they do sometimes smile.

Ges. Ay! when is that?

Tell When they do talk of vengeance.

Ges. Vengeance? Dare they talk of that?

Tell. Ay, and expect it too.

Ges. From whence?

Tell. From heaven!

Ges. From heaven?

Tell. And their true hands
Are lifted up to it on every hill
For justice on thee.

Ges. Where 's thy abode?

Tell. I told thee on the mountains.

Ges. Art married?

Tell. Yes.

Ges. And hast a family?

Tell. A son.

Ges. A son? Sarnem!

Sar. My lord, the boy—(*Gesler signs to Sarnem to keep silence, and, whispering, sends him off.*)

Tell. The boy? What boy?
Is 't mine? and have they netted my young fledgeling?
Now heaven support me, if they have! He 'll own me,
And share his father's ruin! But a look
Would put him on his guard; yet how to give it!
Now, heart, thy nerve; forget thou art flesh, be rock.
They come, they come!
That step — that step — that little step, so light
Upon the ground, how heavy does it fall
Upon my heart! I feel my child! (*Enter Sarnem with Albert, whose eyes are riveted on Tell's bow which Sarnem*
'T is he! We can but perish. [*carries.*)

Sar. See!

Alb. What?

Sar Look there!

Alb. I do, what would you have me see?

Sar. Thy father

Alb. Who? That — that my father?

Tell. My boy! my boy! my own brave boy!
He 's safe! (*Aside.*)

Sar. (*Aside to Gesler.*) They 're like each other.

Ges. Yet I see no sign
Or recognition to betray the link
Unites a father and his child.

Sar. My lord,
I am sure it is his father. Look at them.
It may be
A preconcerted thing 'gainst such a chance,
That they †survey each other coldly thus.

Ges. We shall try. Lead forth the caitiff.

Sar. To a dungeon?

Ges. No; into the court.

Sar. The court, my lord?

Ges. And send
To tell the headsman to make ready. Quick!
The slave shall die! You marked the boy?

Sar. I did. He started; 't is his father.

Ges. We shall see. Away with him!

Tell. Stop! Stop!

Ges. What would you?

Tell. Time! A little time to call my thoughts together

Ges. Thou shalt not have a minute.

Tell. Some one, then, to speak with.

Ges. Hence with him!

Tell. A moment! Stop!
Let me speak to the boy

Ges. Is he thy son?

Tell. And if
He were, art thou so lost to nature, as
To send me forth to die before his face?

Ges Well! speak with him.
Now, Sarnem, mark them well.

Tell Thou dost not know me, boy; and well for thee
Thou dost not. I 'm the father of a son
About thy age. Thou,
I see, wast born like him, upon the hills;
If thou should'st 'scape thy present thralldom, he
May chance to cross thee; if he should, I pray thee
Relate to him what has been passing here,

And say I laid my hand upon thy head,
And said to thee, if he were here, as thou art,
Thus would I bless him. Mayest thou live, my boy!
To see thy country free, or die for her,
As I do! (*Albert weeps.*)

Sar. Mark! he weeps.

Tell. Were he my son,
He would not shed a tear! He would remember
The cliff where he was bred, and learned to scan
A thousand fathoms' depth of nether air;
Where he was †trained to hear the thunder talk,
And meet the lightning eye to eye; where last
We spoke together, when I told him death
Bestowed the brightest gem that graces life,
Embraced for virtue's sake. He shed a tear?
Now were he by, I'd talk to him, and his cheek
Should never blanch, nor moisture dim his eye—
I'd talk to him—

Sar. He falters!

Tell. 'T is too much!
And yet it must be done! I'd talk to him—

Ges. Of what?

Tell. The mother, tyrant, thou dost make
A widow of! I'd talk to him of her.
I'd bid him tell her, next to liberty,
Her name was the last word my lips pronounced.
And I would charge him never to forget
To love and †cherish her, as he would have
His father's dying blessing rest upon him!

Sar. You see, as he doth †prompt, the other acts.

Tell. So well he bears it, he doth †vanquish me.
My boy! my boy! O for the hills, the hills,
To see him bound along their tops again,
With liberty.

Sar. Was there not all the father in that look?

Ges. Yet 't is 'gainst nature.

Sar. Not if he believes
To own the son would be to make him share
The father's death.

Ges. I did not think of that! 'T is well
The boy is not thy son. I've †destined him
To die along with thee

Tell. To die? For what?

Ges. For having braved my power, as thou hast. Lead
Them forth.

Tell. He's but a child.

Ges. Away with them!

Tell. Perhaps an only child.

Ges. No matter.

Tell. He may have a mother.

Ges. So the viper hath;
And yet, who spares it for the mother's sake?

Tell. I talk to stone! I talk to it as though
'T were flesh; and know 't is none. I'll talk to it
No more. Come, my boy,
I taught thee how to live, I'll show thee how to die.

Ges. He is thy child?

Tell. He is my child.

Ges. I've wrung a tear from him! Thy name?

Tell. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now;
My name is Tell.

Ges. Tell? William Tell?

Tell. The same.

Ges. What! he, so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 't is said
His arrows never miss! Indeed! I'll take
†Exquisite vengeance! Mark! I'll spare thy life;
Thy boy's too; both of you are free; on one
Condition.

Tell. Name it.

Ges. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.

Tell Name the trial you
Would have me make.

Ges You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.

Tell Look upon my boy? What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it? Guessed the trial
You'd have me make? Guessed it
†Instinctively? You do not mean — no — no —
You would not have me make a trial of

My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.

Ges. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.

Tell. Is my boy to hold it?

Ges. No.

Tell. No? I'll send the arrow through the †core!

Ges. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. Great heaven, you hear him!

Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give:
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.

Tell. O, monster!

Ges. Wilt thou do it?

Alb. He will! will!

Tell. Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child?

Ges. Take off
His chains, if he consent.

Tell. With his own hand?

Ges. Does he consent?

Alb. He does. (*Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains; Tell unconscious what they do.*)

Tell. With his own hand?
Murder his child with his own hand? This hand?
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by?
'Tis beyond horror! 'tis most horrible!
Amazement! (*His chains fall off.*) What's that you've done to me?
Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I'll not
Murder my boy for Gesler.

Alb. Father! Father!
You will not hit me, father!

Tell. Hit thee? Send
The arrow through thy brain? Or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye? Or, if thine eye escape,
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips

Cover with kisses? Hit thee? Hit a hair
Of thee, and †cleave thy mother's heart?

Ges. Dost thou consent?

Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.

Ges. For what?

Tell. To shoot my boy!

Alb. No, father, no!
To save me! you'll be sure to hit the apple.
Will you not save me, father?

Tell. Lead me forth,
I'll make the trial!

Alb. Thank you!

Tell. Thank me? Do
You know for what? I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms,
And lay him down a †corse before her.

Ges. Then he dies this moment, and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.

Tell. Well, I'll do it: I'll make the trial.

Alb. Father!

Tell. Speak not to me:
Let me not hear thy voice: thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be. Earth should be dumb;
And heaven — unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver!

Ges. When all's ready.

Tell. Well, lead on! KNOWLES

QUESTIONS. — Why does Gesler express joy that his subjects are unhappy? Why does Albert appear not to recognize his father? Why does Tell at last acknowledge Albert?

Parse the first two words in this lesson. Parse "to shoot" on the last page. "To save" on the same. "To take" and "lay."

LESSON XCVIII.

REMARK.—Do not slide over the little words, or omit any syllable of a word.

SOUND each letter distinctly and correctly.—Look-ers, not *look-uz:* smi-lingly, not *smi-l'n-ly:* rev-er-ence, not *rev-runce;* stead-y, not *stid-y.*

Is-sue, *n.* event, consequence.
Stanch, *a.* sound, strong.
Jag'-ged, *p.* notched, uneven.
Shaft, *n.* the stem, the body.
Quiv'-er, *n.* a case for arrows.
Per'-il, *n.* danger.

WILLIAM TELL.—(CONTINUED.)

SCENE 2.—*Enter slowly, people in evident distress—Officers, Sarnem, Gesler, Tell, Albert, and soldiers—one bearing Tell's bow and quiver—another with a basket of apples.*

Ges. THAT is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.
Tell. Is the line a true one?
Ges. True or not, what is 't to thee?
Tell. What is 't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing; a yard or two
Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.
Ges. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace † accords thee life on any terms.
Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler! Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun.
Ges. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?
Tell. I 'd have it at my back. The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I can not see to shoot against the sun:
I will not shoot against the sun!
Ges. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my mercy
Tell. I shall remember it. I 'd like to see
The apple I 'm to shoot at.
Ges. Stay! show me the basket! there!
Tell. You 've picked the smallest one.
Ges. I know I have.

Tell. O! do you? But you see
The color of 't is dark: I 'd have it light,
To see it better.

Ges Take it as it is;
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.

Tell. True! true! I did not think of that; I wonder
I did not think of that. Give me some chance [*force.*)
To save my boy! (*Throws away the apple with all his*
I will not murder him,
If I can help it; for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.

Ges. Well: choose thyself.

Tell. Have I a friend among the lookers on?

Verner. (*Rushing forward.*) Here, Tell!

Tell. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be †brief.
When once the bow is bent, we can not take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not tomorrow's sun
Set on the †tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the †courage
To stand it?

Ver. Yes.

Tell. Does he tremble?

Ver No.

Tell. Art sure?

Ver. I am.

Tell. How looks he?

Ver. Clear and smilingly.
If you doubt it, look yourself.

Tell. No, no, my friend:
To hear it is enough.

Ver He bears himself so much above his years—

Tell. I know! I know!

Ver. With †constancy so modest—

Tell. I was sure he would—

Ver. And looks with such †relying love
And †reverence upon you—

Tell. Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I 'm too much the father

To act the man! Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint—flint—flint. Do n't make me feel
I 'm not—do not mind me! Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees, and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me,
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady; tell him
I 'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More †briefly than I tell it thee.

Ver. Come, Albert! (*Leading him out.*)

Alb. May I not speak with him before I go!

Ver. No.

Alb. I would only kiss his hand.

Ver. You must not.

Alb. I must; I can not go from him without.

Ver. It is his will you should.

Alb. His will, is it?
I am content, then; come.

Tell. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

Alb. My father! (*Rushing into Tell's arms.*)

Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I? Go now,
My son; and keep in mind that I can shoot;
Go, boy; be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple. Go! God bless thee; go. My bow!
(*The bow is handed to him.*)
Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,
I 'm sure of thee. I know thy honesty,
Thou art stanch, stanch. Let me see my quiver

Ges. Give him a single arrow.

Tell. Do you shoot?

Soldier. I do.

Tell. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent; the feather, jagged.
That 's all the use 't is fit for. (*Breaks it.*)

Ges Let him have another.

Tell. Why, 't is better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I 'm to take. 'T is heavy in the shaft;
I 'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me see my quiver.
Bring it! 'T is not one arrow in a dozen

I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.

Ges. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.

Tell. See if the boy is ready.
(*Tell here hides an arrow under his vest.*)

Ver. He is.

Tell I'm ready, too! Keep silent, for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir; and let me have
Your prayers, your prayers, and be my †witnesses
That if his life 's in peril from my hand,
'T is only for the chance of saving it. (*To the people.*)

Ges. Go on.

Tell. I will.
O friends, for mercy's sake keep †motionless,
And silent. (*Tell shoots. A shout of exultation bursts from the crowd. Tell's head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself on his bow.*)

Ver. (*Rushing in with Albert.*) The boy is safe, no hair of him is touched.

Alb. Father, I'm safe. Your Albert's safe, dear father;
Speak to me! Speak to me!

Ver. He can not, boy!

Alb. You grant him life?

Ges. I do.

Alb. And we are free?

Ges. You are. (*Crossing angrily behind.*)

Ver. Open his vest,
And give him air. (*Albert opens his father's vest, and the arrow drops. Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert, and clasps him to his breast.*)

Tell. My boy! My boy!

Ges. For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!*

KNOWLES.

* Notwithstanding Gesler's promise, Tell was again loaded with chains, and confined in prison. Succeeding, however, in making his escape, he soon afterward shot Gesler through the heart, and thus freed his country from the most galling bondage. His memory is, to this day, cherished in Switzerland, as that of one of the most heroic defenders of liberty.

QUESTIONS.—In what kind of tone should you read, "True, I did not think of that," line 31? Why? Relate the whole story in your own language. What became of Gesler?

Parse each word in the last line.

LESSON XCIX.

UTTER each sound correctly and distinctly.—On-ward, not *on-word:* ex-ist-ence, not *ex-is-tunce:* fur-row, not *fur-rer:* nat-u-ral, not *nat-er-ul:* cow-ard-ly, not *cow-ud-ly:* hol-low, not *hol-ler:* fer-ule, pro. *fer-il*, or *fer-ule.* Mind, not *mine:* field, not *fiel:* low-est, not *low-es:* el-e-ment, *el'ment:* fi-nal-ly, not *fi-n'ly.*

1. Pat'-ri-ot-ism, *n.* the love of country.
2. Goad, *v.* to prick, to urge forward.
   In-gre'-di-ent, *n.* that which enters into any thing as a part of it.
3. Sub-li'-ming, *p.* exalting.
4. Mar'-tyr-dom, *n.* death or suffering on account of one's principles.
5. Vi'-tiate, *v.* (pro. *vish'-ate*) to injure the qualities of any thing.
6. Mar'-i-time, *a.* (pro. *mar'-e-tim*) bordering on the sea.
   Ar-cade', *n.* a long or continued series of arches.
7. Or-gan'-ic, *a. organic remains* are the remains of living bodies turned into stone.
9. Rem-i-nis'-cen-ces, *n.* recollections.
   En-act'-ments, *n.* the passing of laws.

THE PATRIOTISM OF WESTERN LITERATURE.

1. OUR literature can not fail to be patriotic, and its patriotism will be American; composed of a love of country, mingled with an admiration for our †political institutions.

2. The slave, whose very mind has passed under the yoke, and the senseless ox, which he goads onward in the furrow, are attached to the spot of their animal companionship, and may even fight for the cabin and the field where they came into existence; but this affection, considered as an ingredient of patriotism, although the most universal, is the lowest; and to rise into a virtue, it must be †discriminating and †comprehensive, involving a varied association of ideas, and embracing the beautiful of the natural and moral world, as they appear around us.

3. To feel in his heart, and to infuse into his writings the spirit of such a patriotism, the scholar must feast his taste on the delicacies of our scenery, and dwell with †enthusiasm on the genius

of our constitution and laws. Thus sanctified in its character, this sentiment becomes a principle of moral and intellectual dignity; an element of fire, purifying and subliming the mass in which it glows.

4. As a guiding star to the will, its light is inferior only to that of Christianity. Heroic in its philanthrophy, untiring in its †enterprises, and sublime in the martyrdoms it willingly suffers, it justly occupies a high place among the virtues which ennoble the human character. A literature, animated with this patriotism, is a national blessing, and such will be the literature of the West.

5. The literature of the whole Union must be richly endowed with this spirit; but a double portion will be the lot of the interior, because the foreign influences, which †dilute and vitiate this virtue in the extremities, can not reach the heart of the continent, where all that lives and moves is American.

6. Hence a native of the West may be confided in as his country's hope. Compare him with the native of a great maritime city, on the †verge of the nation; his birthplace the fourth story of a house, hemmed in by surrounding edifices, his playground a pavement, the scene of his †juvenile rambles an arcade of shops, his young eyes feasted on the flags of a hundred †alien governments, the streets in which he wanders crowded with foreigners, and the ocean, common to all nations, forever expanding to his view.

7. Estimate *his* love of country, as far as it depends on local and early attachments, and then contrast him with the young backwoodsman, born and reared amid objects, scenes, and events, which you can all bring to mind; the jutting rocks in the great road, half alive with organic remains, or sparkling with †crystals, the quiet old walnut tree, dropping its nuts upon the yellow leaves, as the morning sun melts the October frost; the grapevine swing; the chase after the cowardly black snake, till it creeps under the rotten log; the sitting down to rest upon the crumbling trunk, and an idle examination of the mushrooms and mosses which grow from its ruins:

8. Then, the wading in the shallow stream, and upturning of the flat stones, to find bait with which to fish in the deeper waters; next the plunder of a bird's nest, to make necklaces of the speckled eggs, for her who has plundered him of his young heart; then, the beech-tree with its smooth body, on which he cuts the †initials of her name interlocked with his own; finally, the great hollow stump, by the path that leads up the valley to the log school-house, its dry bark peeled off, and the stately pokeweed rowing from its center, and bending with crimson berries, which

invite him to sit down and write upon its polished wood: how much pleasanter it is to extract ground squirrels from beneath its roots, than to extract the square root, under that labor-saving machine, the ferule of the teacher!

9. The affections of one who is blessed with such reminiscences, like the branches of our beautiful trumpet-flower, strike their roots into every surrounding object, and derive support from all which stand within their reach. The love of country is with him a constitutional and governing principle. If he be a mechanic, the wood and iron which he molds into form, are dear to his heart, because they remind him of his own hills and forests; if a †husbandman, he holds companionship with growing corn, as the offspring of his native soil; if a †legislator, his dreams are filled with sights of national prosperity, to flow from his †beneficent enactments; if a scholar, devoted to the interests of literature, in his lone and excited hours of midnight study, while the winds are hushed, and all †animated nature sleeps, the genius of his country hovers nigh, and sheds over its pages an essence of patriotism, sweeter than the honey dew which the summer night distills upon the leaves of our forest trees.

DR. DANIEL DRAKE.

QUESTIONS.—What is patriotism? What must the scholar do in order to feel the spirit of patriotism? Next to what principal does it rank? Where is patriotism most likely to be found? What are the causes which encourage its growth in the West? Will you mention those objects and scenes which are referred to in the 7th and 8th paragraphs?

In the 7th and 8th paragraphs, how will you parse the words "rocks," "tree," "swing," "chase," "sitting down," "examination," "wading," "upturning," "plunder," and "stump?" See Analytical Grammar Rule I.

ARTICULATION.

Three, threats, thereat, throbbing, thrombus, throat.

Three thousand threats thereat. There is *throbbing* or *thrombus in* the *throat.* *Thrashing* and *thrusting* without *thriving.* See that thou *mark'st* my *words.* He *adopts* my *opinions* and *accepts* my *plans.* *Strychnia* is the *essential principle* of the *nux vomica.* His *productions* may be *philosophical,* but their utility is *problematical.*

LESSON C.

REMARK.—Avoid the habit of commencing a sentence in a high key and ending it in a feeble tone of voice.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Sa-cred-ness, not *sac-rid-niss:* im-port-ance, not *im-port-unce:* or-a-tor, not *or-it-ur:* il-lus-tri-ous, not *il-lus-tr'ous:* hos-tile, (pro. *hos-til*), not *hos-tile:* Eu-ro-pe'-an, not *Eu-ro'-pe-an.*

1. Theme, *n.* a subject on which a person writes or speaks.
2. Gib'-bet-ed, *p.* hanged and exposed on a gibbet.
   Sev'-er-ed, *p.* disunited, separated.
3. Mon'-arch-ist, *n.* one who is in favor of a kingly government.
   Ar-is'-to-crat, *n.* one who is in favor of a government placed in the hands of a few men.
   Con-fed'-er-a-cy, *n.* a union of states or persons.
4. Par'-ri-cide, *n.* the destruction of one's parent or country.
5. In-dis'-so-lu-ble, *a.* that can not be broken or separated.
   Dem'-a-gogue, *n.* a leader of the lower class of people.
7. Tac'-tics, *n.* the science of managing military forces.

DUTY OF AN AMERICAN ORATOR.

1. ONE theme of duty still remains, and I have placed it alone, because of its peculiar dignity, sacredness, and importance. Need I tell you that I speak of the union of the states? Let the American orator discharge all other duties but this, if indeed it be not impossible, with the energy and eloquence of John Rutledge, and the disinterested †fidelity of Robert Morris, yet shall he be counted a traitor, if he attempt to dissolve the union.

2. His name, †illustrious as it may have been, shall then be gibbeted on every hilltop throughout the land, a monument of his crime and punishment, and of the shame and grief of his country If indeed he believe, (and doubtless there may be such,) that wisdom demands the dissolution of the union, that the south should be severed from the north, the west be independent of the east, let him cherish the sentiment, for his own sake, in the solitude of his breast, or breathe it only in the confidence of friendship.

3. Let him rest assured, that as his country tolerates the monarchist and aristocrat of the old world, she tolerates him; but should he plot the dismemberment of the union, the same trial, judgment, and execution await him as would await them, should they attempt to establish the aristocracy of Venice, or the monarchy of Austria, on the ruins of our confederacy. To him as to them, she leaves freedom of speech, and the very †licentiousness

of the press; and permits them to write, even in the spirit of scorn, and hatred, and unfairness.

4. She trembles not at such efforts, †reckless and hostile as they may be. She smiles at their impotence, while she mourns over their infatuation. But let them lift the hand of parricide, in the insolence of pride, or the madness of power, to strike their country, and her countenance, in all the severity and terrors of a parent's wrath, shall smite them with amazement and horror. Let them strike, and the voices of millions of freemen from the city and †hamlet, from the college and the farm-house, from the cabins amid the western wilds, and on ships scattered around the world, shall utter the stern irrevocable judgment, self-banishment for life, or ignominious death.

5. Be it then the noblest office of American eloquence, to cultivate, in the people of every state, a deep and fervent attachment to the union. The union is to us the marriage bond of states; indissoluble in life, to be dissolved, we trust, only on that day when nations shall die in a moment, never to rise again Let the American orator discountenance, then, all the arts of intrigue and corruption, which not only pollute the people and dishonor republican institutions, but prepare the way for the ruin of both; how secretly, how surely, let history declare. Let him banish from his thoughts, and his lips, the †hypocrisy of the demagogue equally deceitful and degraded,

"With smooth dissimulation, skilled to grace
A devil's purpose, with an angel's face."

6. Let that demagogue and those arts, his instruments of power, be regarded as pretended friends, but secret and dangerous enemies of the people. Let it never be forgotten that to him and them we owe all the licentiousness and violence, all the unprincipled and unfeeling persecution of party spirit. Let the American orator labor, then, with all the solemnity of a religious duty, with all the intensity of filial love, to convince his countrymen that the danger to liberty in this country is to be traced to those sources. Let the European tremble for his institutions, in the presence of military power and of the warrior's ambition.

7. Let the American dread, as the †arch-enemy of republican institutions, the shock of exasperated parties, and the implacable revenge of demagogues. The discipline of standing armies, is the terror of freedom in Europe; but the tactics of parties, the standing armies of America, are still more formidable to liberty with us.

8. Let the American orator frown, then, on that ambition, which, pursuing its own †aggrandizement and gratification, perils the harmony and integrity of the union, and counts the grief,

anxiety, and †expostulations of millions, as the small dust of the balance Let him remember, that ambition, like the Amruta cup of Indian fable, gives to the virtuous an immortality of glory and happiness, but to the corrupt an immortality of ruin, shame, and misery.

9. Let not the American orator, in the great questions on which he is to speak or write, appeal to the mean and groveling qualities of human nature. Let him love the people, and respect himself too much to dishonor them, and †degrade himself, by an appeal to selfishness and prejudice, to jealousy, fear, and contempt. The greater the interests, and the more sacred the rights which may be at stake, the more resolutely should he appeal to the generous feelings, the noble sentiments, the calm considerate wisdom, which become a free, educated, peaceful, Christian people. Even if he battle against criminal ambition and base intrigue, let his weapons be a logic, manly, †intrepid, honorable, and an eloquence magnanimous, disinterested, and spotless.

10. Nor is this all. Let the American orator comprehend, and live up to the grand conception, that the union is the property of the world, no less than of ourselves; that it is a part of the divine scheme for the moral government of the earth, as the solar system is a part of the †mechanism of the heavens; that it is destined, while traveling from the Atlantic to the Pacific, like the ascending sun, to shed its glorious influence backward on the states of Europe, and forward on the empires of Asia.

11. Let him comprehend its sublime relations to time and eternity; to God and man; to the most precious hopes, the most solemn obligations, and the highest happiness of human kind. And what an eloquence must that be whose source of power and wisdom are God himself, the objects of whose influence are all the nations of the earth; whose sphere of duty is †co-extensive with all that is sublime in religion, beautiful in morals, commanding in intellect, and touching in humanity. How comprehensive, and therefore how wise and †benevolent, must then be the genius of American eloquence, compared to the narrow-minded, narrow-hearted, and therefore selfish, eloquence of Greece and Rome.

12. How striking is the †contrast, between the universal, social spirit of the former, and the individual, exclusive character of the latter. The boundary of this is the horizon of a plain; the circle of that, the horizon of a mountain †summit. Be it then the duty of American eloquence to speak, to write, to act, in the cause of Christianity, patriotism, and literature; in the cause of justice, humanity, virtue, and truth; in the cause of the people, of the union, of the whole human race, and of the unborn of every clime and age. Then shall American eloquence, the personification of truth, beauty, and love,

"———walk the earth, that she may hear her name
Still hymned and honored by the grateful voice
Of human kind, and in her fame rejoice." GRIMKE.

QUESTIONS.—How shall the orator be regarded who attempts to dissolve the Union? If he believes a separation desirable, what shall he do with his opinion? Why is freedom of speech and the press allowed to both bad and good? What feeling toward the Union must be cherished in every American bosom? How should the American regard party spirit, and demagogues? To what sentiments should he always appeal and to what others never? How shall he regard the Union in respect to the world?—To time, and to eternity?

LESSON CI.

ARTICULATE the *d* and *t* clearly: thou-sands, not *thou-sans:* dust, not *duss:* friends, not *frien's:* con-flict, not *con-flic;* ground, not *groun;* found, not *foun;* must, not *mus.*

Ser'-ri-ed, *a.* crowded together.
Phal'-anx, *n.* a body of troops formed in close array.
7. Ram'-part, *n.* that which defends from assault.
9. En-chant'-ed, *a.* possessed by witches or imaginary spirits.
17. Im-preg'-na-ble, *a.* that can not be moved or shaken.
18. Hor'-rent, *a.* standing out like bristles.
29. In-surg'-ent, *a.* rising in opposition [to authority.
30. Fray, *n.* quarrel, battle. [ing.
50. An-ni'-hi-late, *v.* to reduce to noth

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY.

At the battle of Lempach, A. D. 1315, between the Swiss and Austrians, the latter having obtained possession of a narrow pass in the mountains, formed a serried phalanx with presented spears. Until this was broken, the Swiss could not hope to make a successful attack. At last, Arnold Winkelried, leaving the Swiss ranks, rushed upon the Austrian spears, and receiving in his body as many points as possible, made a breach in the line, which resulted in the complete rout of the Austrian army.

1 "MAKE way for †Liberty!" he cried;
Made way for Liberty, and died!
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
5. A wall, where every conscious stone

Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all †assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear:
A wood like that enchanted grove,
In which, with fiends, Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in his breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would †startle into †hideous life:
So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with †projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine.
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.
Opposed to these, a †hovering band,
Contending for their native land:
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the †ignoble yoke,
And †forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:
Marshaled once more at freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell!

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was no where found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere †suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet;
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;

All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she can not yield;
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.
It did depend on *one* indeed;
Behold him! Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In †rumination deep and long,
Till you might see with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 't was no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won:
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried;
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp,
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While †instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free,
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

MONTGOMERY

QUESTIONS.—When, and between whom did the battle of Lempach take place? How were the Austrians drawn up? What was the necessity for the self-sacrifice of Winkelried? How did it result? Is war justifiable?

LESSON CII.

REMARK.—Give the poetic pauses their appropriate prominence. In most of the following lines, the cesura is very decidedly marked.

PRONOUNCE correctly.—Fierce, not *fierce:* bird, not *bud:* crimson, pro. *crim-z'n:* (See McGuffey's Eclectic Spelling Book, page 49:) thun-der-er's, not *thun-d'ruz;* wing-lets, not *wing-lits.*

1. Beak, *n.* the bill of a bird.
10. Wri'-thing, *p.* twisting.
25. Wing'-lets, *n.* little wings.
Fledg'-ed, *p.* furnished with feathers.
38. Cleav'-ing, *a.* splitting, dividing.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

1. THERE'S a fierce gray bird, with a bending beak,
With an angry eye, and a startling shriek,
That nurses her brood where the cliff flowers blow,
On the precipice top, in †perpetual snow;
5. That sits where the air is shrill and bleak,
On the splintered point of a shivered peak,
Bald headed and stripped, like a vulture torn
In wind and strife; her feathers worn,
And ruffled, and stained, while loose and bright,
10. Round her serpent neck, that is writhing and bare,
Is a crimson collar of gleaming hair,
Like the crest of a warrior, thinned in fight,
And shorn, and bristling. See her! where
She sits, in the glow of the sun-bright air,
15. With wing half †poised, and talons bleeding,
And kindling eye, as if her †prey
Had suddenly been snatched away,
While she was tearing it and feeding.
Above the dark †torrent, above the bright stream,
20. The voice may be heard
Of the thunderer's bird,
Calling out to her god in a clear, wild scream,
As she mounts to his throne, and unfolds in his beam;

While her young are laid out in his rich, red blaze,
And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays.
Proud bird of the cliff! where the barren yew springs,
Where the sunshine stays, and the wind harp sings,
She sits, †unapproachable, pluming her wings.
She screams! She 's away! over hill-top and flood,
Over valley and rock, over mountain and wood,
That bird is abroad in the van of her brood!

'T is the bird of our †banner, the free bird that braves,
When the battle is there, all the wrath of the waves:
That dips her pinions in the sun's first gush;
Drinks his †meridian blaze, his farewell flush;
Sits amid stirring stars, and bends her beak,
Like the slipped †falcon, when her piercing shriek
Tells that she stoops upon her cleaving wing,
To drink at some new victim's clear, red spring.
That monarch bird! she slumbers in the night,
Upon the lofty air peak's utmost hight;
Or sleeps upon the wing, amid the ray
Of steady, cloudless, everlasting day:
Rides with the thunderer in his blazing march,
And bears his lightnings o'er yon boundless arch;
Soars †wheeling through the storm, and screams away,
Where the young pinions of the morning play;
Broods with her arrows in the †hurricane;
Bears her green laurel o'er the starry plain,
And sails around the skies, and o'er the rolling deeps,
With still unwearied wing, and eye that never sleeps.

NEAL.

QUESTIONS.—What is the emblem of our country? Describe the habits of the eagle. What traits in the character of this bird are worthy of admiration? What is meant by the "thunderer," in the 21st line? What is meant by "her god," in the 22d line?

What is the nominative to "soars," in the 46th line? What to "broods," in the 48th line? To "sails" in the 50th line? What does the nominative denote?

See "PINNEO'S ANALYTICAL GRAMMAR," the work to which all the grammatical questions in this book have reference.

LESSON CIII.

REMARK.—Let the pupil stand at a distance from the teacher, and then try to read so loud and distinctly that the teacher may hear each syllable.

UTTER each sound correctly and distinctly.—In-vi-ting, not *in-vi-t'n:* phil-o-soph-ic-al, not *phil'soph'c'l;* in-flu-ence, not *in-flu-unce:* re-spect, not *re-spec:* de-scend-ants, not *de-scend-unce;* cult-ure, (pro. *cult-yur*), not *cul-ter*, nor *cul-tshure;* mints, not *mince;* pop-u-lar, not *pop-py-lar;* kind, not *kine;* his-to-ry, not *his-t'ry.*

1. Top'-ics, *n.* subjects of discourse.
2. Germ'-in-a-ted, *v.* sprouted, began to grow.
4. Trans-cend'-ent, *a.* surpassing all, very excellent.
Dru-id'-ic-al, *a.* belonging to the time of the Druids. These were the ancient priests of Great Britain.
10. Co-los'-sal, *a.* very large.
11. Em-bod'-i-ment, *n.* a union in one body.
12. Fer'-vid, *a.* burning, zealous.

EUROPE AND AMERICA—WASHINGTON.

[Extract from an address delivered by DANIEL WEBSTER, at the celebration of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843.]

1. FEW topics are more inviting, or more fit for philosophical discussion, than the action and influence of the New World upon the Old; or the contributions of America to Europe.

2. Her obligations to Europe for science and art, laws, literature, and manners, America acknowledges as she ought, with respect and gratitude. And the people of the United States, descendants of the English stock, grateful for the treasures of knowledge derived from their English ancestors, acknowledge, also, with thanks and filial regard, that among those ancestors, under the [4] culture of Hampden and Sidney, and other assiduous friends, that seed of popular liberty first germinated, which, on our soil, has shot up to its full hight, until its branches overshadow all the land.

3. But America has not failed to make returns. If she has not canceled the obligation, or equaled it by others of like weight, she has, at least, made respectable advances, and some approaches toward equality. And she admits, that, standing in the midst of civilized nations, and in a civilized age, a nation among nations

there is a high part which she is expected to act, for the general advance of human interests and human welfare.

4. American mines have filled the mints of Europe with the precious metals. The productions of the American soil and climate, have poured out their abundance of †luxuries for the tables of the rich, and of necessaries for the sustenance of the poor. Birds and animals of beauty and value, have been added to the European stocks; and †transplantations from the transcendent and unequaled riches of our forests, have mingled themselves profusely with the elms, and ashes, and druidical oaks of England.

5. America has made contributions far more vast. Who can estimate the amount, or the value, of the augmentation of the commerce of the world, that has resulted from America? Who can imagine to himself what would be the shock to the Eastern Continent, if the Atlantic were no longer †traversable, or there were no longer American productions or American markets?

6. But America exercises influences, or holds out examples for the consideration of the Old World, of a much higher, because they are of a moral and political character. America has furnished to Europe, proof of the fact, that popular †institutions, founded on equality and the principle of representation, are capable of †maintaining governments; able to secure the rights of persons, property, and reputation.

7. America has proved that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind; that portion which, in Europe, is called the laboring or lower class; to raise them to self-respect, to make them †competent to act a part in the great right and great duty of self-government; and this, she has proved, may be done by the diffusion of knowledge. She holds out an example a thousand times more enchanting, than ever was presented before, to those nine tenths of the human race, who are born without †hereditary fortune or hereditary rank.

8. America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind. Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own!

9. The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to any of the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out on the

relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not that, by a †suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be—Washington!

10. This structure* by its uprightness, its solidity, its †durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtue and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld not by the inhabitants of a single city, or a single state, ascends the colossal grandeur of his character, and his life. In all the constituents of the one, in all the acts of the other, in all its titles to immortal love, admiration, and renown, it is an American production.

11. It is the embodiment and vindication of our trans-Atlantic liberty. Born upon our soil, of parents also born upon it; never, for a moment, having had a sight of the old world; instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people; growing up beneath, and penetrated by, the genuine influence of American society; growing up amid our expanding, but not luxurious civilization; partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our agony of glory, the war of independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the constitution; he is all, all our own! That crowded and glorious life,

> "Where multitudes of virtues passed along,
> Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
> Contending to be seen, then making room
> For greater multitudes that were to come;—"

that life was the life of an American citizen.

12. I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies, and the misgivings of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage, and for consolation. To him who denies, or doubts, whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness; to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed any to the stock of great lessons and great examples; to all these I reply, by pointing to Washington! WEBSTER.

* Bunker Hill Monument.

QUESTIONS.—Where is Bunker Hill? What event of importance occurred there in the war of the revolution? How long since? For what things is America indebted to Europe? For what, is Europe indebted to America? In what respect is the monument a fit emblem of Washington's character? Explain how it may be considered that the character of Washington is purely an American production.

LESSON CIV.

AMERICA.—NATIONAL HYMN

1. My country! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with †rapture thrills
Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound †prolong.

4. Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of Liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might
Great God, our King! S. F. SMITH

LESSON CV.

COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people!
Saith your God.
Speak ye †comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her,
That her warfare is accomplished,
That her iniquity is pardoned:
For she hath received of the Lord's hand
Double for all her sins.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the Lord;
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God!
Every valley shall be †exalted;
And every mountain and hill shall be made low;
And the crooked shall be made straight;
And the rough places plain:
And the glory of the Lord shall be †revealed,
And all flesh shall see it together:
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.
The voice said, Cry! And he said, What shall I cry?
All flesh is grass,
And all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:
The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:
Because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it:
Surely the people is grass.
The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:
But the word of our God shall stand forever.
O Zion, that bringest good tidings! get thee up into the high mountain;
O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings!
Lift up thy voice with strength;
Lift it up, be not afraid;
Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!
Behold! the Lord your God will come with strong hand,
And his arm shall rule for him:
Behold! his reward is with him,
And his work before him.
He shall feed his flock like a shepherd:

He shall gather the lambs with his arm,
And carry them in his bosom,
And shall gently lead those that are with young.
Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand,
And meted out heaven with the span,
And †comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure,
And weighed the mountains in scales,
And the hills in a balance?
Who hath directed the spirit of the Lord,
Or, being his †counselor, hath taught him?
With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him,
And taught him in the path of judgment,
And taught him knowledge,
And showed to him the way of understanding?
Behold! the nations are as a drop of a bucket,
And are counted as the small dust of the balance:
Behold! he taketh up the isles as a very little thing
And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn,
Nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.
All nations before him are as nothing;
And they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.
To whom then will you liken Me,
Or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One.
Lift up your eyes on high, and behold!
Who hath created these things?
That bringeth out their host by number?
He calleth them all by names: by the greatness of his might,
(For that he is strong in power,)
Not one faileth.
Why sayest thou, O Jacob! and speakest, O Israel!
My way is hid from the Lord,
And my judgment is passed over from my God?
Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard,
That the everlasting God, the Lord,
The Creator of the ends of the earth,
Fainteth not, neither is weary?
There is no searching of his understanding
He giveth power to the faint;
And to them that have no might he increaseth strength.
Even the youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall:
But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
They shall run and not be weary;
And they shall walk, and not faint.

BIBLE.

LESSON CVI.

THE POWER OF GOD.

[A different translation of this sublime specimen of Hebrew poetry will be found in the Third Reader, Lesson LIV.]

1. BLESS Jehovah, O my soul! O Jehovah, my God, thou art exalted exceedingly! Thou puttest on glory and majesty, covering thyself with light, as with a garment. Who spreadeth out the heavens like a tent; who layeth the beams of his chambers on the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariots; who walketh on the wings of the wind; who maketh the winds his messengers; his servants, a consuming fire.

2. He established the earth on its foundations; it shall not be removed forever and ever. Thou didst cover it with the floods as with a garment; the waters arose upon the mountains. From thy rebuke they fled, from the roar of thy thunder they hasted away The mountains rise up; they flow down into the valleys, to the place which thou hast appointed for them. Thou hast established a limit, which they shall not overflow; they shall not again return to cover the earth. He setteth loose the springs in brooks; they flow among the mountains. They give drink to all beasts of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst. Near them the fowls of heaven inhabit; they sing from among the branches.

3. He watereth the hills from his chambers; the earth is filled with the fruit of his works. He causeth grass to spring up for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man; that he may bring forth food from the earth, and wine which gladdeneth the heart of man, and oil to make his countenance to shine, and bread which increaseth the strength of man.

4. The trees of Jehovah are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted. There the singing birds make their nests; the fir-trees are the habitation of the stork. The high hills for the wild goats, and the rocks are a refuge for the conies.

5 He appointeth the moon for seasons; the sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness and it is night, in which all the beasts of the forest move forth. The young lions roar for prey, and demand from God their food. The sun ariseth, they withdraw, and lie down for repose in their dwellings. Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labor until evening.

6. How manifold are thy works, O Jehovah! In wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches: so also this great and wide-spreading sea. There are moving creatures innumerable; living creatures, small and great. There go the ships; there that leviathan, which thou hast made to sport therein. These all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their food in due season. Thou givest it unto them, and they gather it; thou openest wide thy hand, and they are satisfied with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are terrified; thou takest back their life, they die, and to the dust do they return. Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.

7 The glory of Jehovah shall endure forever! Jehovah shall rejoice in his works. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; He toucheth the hills, and they smoke. Long as I live will I sing to Jehovah; I will sing praises to my God while I have my being. My meditations of him shall be sweet; and I will be joyful in Jehovah.

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8. O praise God in his holiness; praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him in his noble acts; praise him according to his excellent greatness. Praise him in the sound of the trumpet; praise him upon the lute and harp. Praise him with cymbals and dances; praise him upon the strings and pipes. Praise him upon the well-tuned cymbals; praise him upon the loud-sounding cymbals. Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord. PRAISE YE THE LORD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HEBREW, BY CHEEVER.

LESSON CVII.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

1. AND I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold! the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

2. And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold! I make all things new. And He said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. And He said unto me, It is done! I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

3. And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will show thee the Bride, the Lamb's wife. And He carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God. * * And the city was of pure gold, like unto clear glass. * *

4. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, (for there shall be no night there); and they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

5. And He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever.

BIBLE

THE END.

NEW CLASS BOOKS,

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DESCRIPTION

OF

PINNEO'S PRIMARY GRAMMAR.

The following are some of the points in which this work differs from all others:

I. EXERCISES.

The Exercises in Pinneo's Primary Grammar are *more numerous, more extensive, more simple,* and *more varied* than in any other work of the kind. Their object is to teach Grammar by *practice,* to fix in the mind the nature and peculiar characteristics of the parts of speech, and the principles of construction by their *proper use,* rather than by a *mere description;* as a mechanic learns more by *using* tools *himself,* than he would by years of instruction without trying them. This is the true secret of teaching Grammar, and more may be learned in a few months, in this way, than by years of study on the old plan. The exercises are of the following kinds, viz:

1. Exercises composed of short sentences, in which the pupil is to point out a given part of speech, with or without its properties, according to his state of progress.

2. Exercises of the second class contain blanks in which a given part of speech is to be supplied by the pupil.

3. Exercises of the third kind consist of single words to be included in sentences to be formed by the pupils. The difficulty of the exercises is very gradually increased as the pupil can bear.

A very important feature of this book is, that *all* the EXERCISES are preceded by a *model*, showing so *minutely* and *clearly* how the exercises are to be used, that any obscurity or difficulty may be considered impossible.

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The *extensive* and *frequent reviews* form a peculiar feature of PINNEO'S PRIMARY GRAMMAR. At the close of each subject there are questions for *general review*, frequently including all that has gone before, and at the close there is a *complete review* of the *whole subject.* Thus, while the pupil progresses, he is not permitted to forget what he has learned.

III. ONE THING AT A TIME.

Another excellence of this book is, that it teaches but *one thing at a time*, and it teaches that thoroughly before another is introduced. A particular examination will show that this feature is carried out more thoroughly than in any other work of the kind.

IV. SIMPLICITY OF ARRANGEMENT AND TERMS.

Great care has been taken to *simplify* the arrangement and terms. Thus, the *article* is included in the *adjective*, and the *participle* in the *verb*, and the *tenses* are arranged *clearly* and *distinctly* under their appropriate heads of *present*, *past*, and *future*. *English* terms are preferred to *Latin*, and *simple*, *plain* words to *technical*. Thus, the words *imperfect*, *perfect*, and *pluperfect* are rejected, and the plain English terms, 1st *past*, 2d *past*, and 3d *past* substituted. The terms used are made to signify, as far as possible, that for which they are used. Care has been taken, however, to avoid any change which would create confusion.

V. INDUCTION.

The inductive method has been adopted in this book, that is, *names* and *things* are taught first, and *principles* deduced from them, as children learn to talk by learning names and words first.

VI. PROGRESSION.

It has been attempted to introduce in this work, the simplest and easiest gradation possible. No one principle, or description is given; until all that properly precedes it is thoroughly explained and understood. This easy gradation is very much aided, by the frequent reviews mentioned.

VII. COMPOSITION.

Many of the exercises in this work afford valuable instruction in the *construction* of *sentences*, which is the first step in composition. The pupil is taught by these exercises to put language together properly, as soon as he has learned the nature of a single part of speech.

The Primary Grammar, thus very briefly described, in a few of its prominent points, may be used as an introduction to Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, where the subject is continued, or if time and opportunity for study are limited, the Primary will, of itself, give a more thorough knowledge of Grammar, than is generally acquired by years of application in the ordinary way. To this, all who have tried this system, will bear abundant testimony. By its *numerous thorough*, and *varied* exercises, by its frequent and complete reviews, by its confining its instruction to one thing at a time, by its simplicity of arrangement and terms, by its inductive method, and easy progression, and we may add, by its beautiful typography, it presents facilities for the study of Grammar, which need only to be impartially examined to be duly appreciated.

DESCRIPTION

OF

PINNEO'S ANALYTICAL GRAMMAR.

This work presents a *complete view* of the well established principles of the English language. The following are some points in which the Analytical Grammar differs from similar works.

I. ITS ANALYTICAL CHARACTER.

PINNEO'S ANALYTICAL GRAMMAR explains the principles of Grammar in their practical bearing on the ANALYSIS and CONSTRUCTION of sentences. The subject of analysis is introduced early in the volume, and *exercises*, *explanations*, and *illustrations* in it are continued to its close. Thus *Grammar* and *Analysis* are taught together, aiding and adding interest to each other.

II. EXERCISES.

The EXERCISES in this work, though more difficult than those in the Primary Grammar, are formed on the same plan. They are much *more numerous*, *more varied*, *more simple*, and *more systematic* than in any other similar work. They embody for *practice* each principle as soon as it is explained, as one learns penmanship by *forming* the letters *himself*, and not by learning the manner of their formation merely.

or as one acquires a foreign language by using the words in conversation and writing. This has always been the great defect in teaching Grammar, and in this work an attempt has been made to remedy it. Preceding each exercise a model is given of the manner in which the exercise is to be used, so that there can be no difficulty or obscurity in this respect.

III. REVIEWS. Here, as in the Primary Grammar, are frequent and thorough REVIEWS. These reviews generally include all that has preceded, and thus keep in mind what has been taught, and also give a connected view of the whole subject.

IV. The ARRANGEMENT of WORDS in a sentence is treated of more particularly, and in a more systematic and interesting manner, than is usual, by means of exercises as well as rules.

V. ERRORS *to be avoided* have an important place under each rule, with *directions* and copious exercises, and are treated of more *systematically, extensively,* and *particularly,* it is believed, in this work, than in any other.

VI. COMPOSITION is taught in connection with Grammar and Analysis in this work, as in the Primary Grammar, but to a much greater extent, inasmuch as the exercises are of a more difficult character, and almost all of them require the pupil to construct sentences correctly.

VII. CAREFUL and EASY GRADATION is preserved.

VIII. SIMPLICITY of *diction, terms,* and *arrangement* has been studied.

IX. INTEREST in the study is *insured* by the variety and attractive nature of the exercises and matter in general.

X. SUPERFLUOUS and UNIMPORTANT matter has been carefully excluded, so that much more instruction is contained than in any other work of the same size. Of this, every teacher who uses it will be fully convinced.

These works, the Primary and Analytical Grammars, have received the approbation of the most intelligent and best educated teachers, and it is confidently believed, that impartial examination and trial in the school-room, will satisfy the observing and judicious educator, that they very much *abridge* the *labor* and *increase* the *interest* of a study, which has hitherto almost uniformly been found to be dry, tedious, and *unprofitable.*

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